Chikyuu kara Kita Tenseisha no Koroshikata Ch 1-72

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Prologue: The Earthling was Sent to Kill the Earthlings

"These Earthlings are *reeeeeeallly* annoying, they are!! What the hell's with them? Did they teach them to make trouble in other worlds since they were kids or something!?"

The Orc Queen O'Luna stamped her feet on the castle flooring, venting her anger.

That night the sounds of the Queen's yelling and the floor being stomped on rang throughout the castle.

So noisy, I thought, plugging my ears.
"Oi Luna, calm down. What time do you think this is. You're worrying the servants"

The Lesser Orc maids gathered in the Queen's room were funnily looking at her flusteredly pacing around the room like an NPC. So irritating ….

However the Queen Luna, despite her maids' worries, became more and more heated up.

Luna's Elf-like beautiful face scowled as she continued to curse, "Earthlings, unforgivable … I'll definitely kill them … I'm seriously going to kill them …"

She was completely irritated by the Earthlings no words were able to enter her ears.

Well, it's obvious that she's mad.

Just now, the Orc fortress at the foot of mount Schera fell by the hands of a reincarnator from Earth.

The Earthling did it half for fun.

They were fooling around with the cheat power the goddess gave them when they reincarnated.
They denounced the demihumans of this world [Monsters] and bullied them.

Luckily, nobody died this time but the damage was great.

Queen Luna, after being woken up in the middle of the night and heard about the fall of the fortress, raged in her room, breaking everything she could get her hands on.
She then roared like a wild beast.

The maids sleeping in the other rooms and I heard that sound and came over to this place.

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“Damn them all — … I’m really mad right now — … Earthlings are really damn irritating — … You can’t just do whatever you want just because we’re orcs — …”

Luna kept on grumbling into daybreak. She was hugging her knees up on her luxurious bed and mumbled her grudges on and on.

“I know, I know. I really do”

Sitting next to the bed, I put in just whatever words in to accompany her.
Somebody once told me that when a woman is angry you should first symphatize.

By the way, the Lesser Orc maids were sleeping on the floor all around.
Sleeping in their master’s room, really, these guys are useless.

While I was saying “I know, I get why you’re mad” back at her, my eyes are rooted on her chest.

Because the chest button on Luna’s white nightdress negligée was undone, her twin hanging hills were *veeery* close to peeking out.

If she stooped over just a tiny little bit more the tips were going to be visible …

“I’ve decided!!”

Luna suddenly stood up on the bed. She tightened her fist, seems like she has come to a decision.

“I’ve decided … to kill each and every one of the reincarnators who came to this world from Earth!”

“All of them? Hee. So you’ll kill me too?”

Sorry for the late introduction, but my name is Kato Tomoki.
A reincarnator from Earth.

Having died on Earth, I received a certain unique skill from the goddess, and reincarnated into this world with that cheat.

My race is Human — meaning a completely normal human being, but stuff happened and right now I'm staying as a guest at the Orc Queen O'Luna's castle.

Normally, a reincarnator from Earth would be considered an Orc's natural enemy, but Luna and I had been through some things together and we're friends now.

"Kato, even though you're an Earthling you're my friend! You alone I would not kill. Yes, you're my equal here"

Looks like Luna exempted me from her kill-list because I'm her friend.
Thank goodness. Now I can get friendly with this sexy Orc Queen for a little while longer.

"By the way Kato. I have something to ask of you as a friend …"

Luna poked both her index fingers together and twisted her body bashfully.

"Will you kill the Earthlings in my stead …? Those Earthlings are all strong. I can't win against them. But as another Earthling, you …"

Being friends is fine and all that, but why do I have to kill my fellow Earthlings? Stop kidding me!
I was enraged and almost yelled at her — but wait.

If I listen to her request now — then I can make her mine more easily, can't I?

"Alright"

Hearing me agree, Luna turned all smiles and jumped.

"Really!? I just wanted to try asking you know! You're the best Kato!! The best!! Whee! So cool! You're shining the brightest now!"

"However," I continued. "There's a condition"

"C, condition …?"

"Yup. I will kill my fellow reincarnators all for your sake, and in return for that — Luna, I want you to let me do what I like with your body"

I have always wanted Luna.

Well, she’s hot, y’know.

01 – The Happenings until the Reincarnation – Past 1

My name is Katou Motoki.

I was originally born on Earth as an ordinary man.
Born to a pair of parents who both worked in the city council, I was raised without want, and after graduating from university I became employed in a government office like my parents.

Until this point, my life had gone well.

However, three years after graduating, I resolved to aim for the dream of becoming, of all things, an actor. I then quit my job and joined a small theater troupe.

Now that I think back to it, that might have been a belated rebellious period.

I wanted to change from being the "Good Boy" I've always been and decided to become an actor.
Because actors become completely different people on stage.

Of course, my parents flew into a rage. *What do you think you're doing in your mid twenties* they said.

I couldn't stay with my parents and left home, and for the first time of my life I lived alone.

The days after that, well, they were hard.
And the underground troupe I joined, they had no money.

Even with all the members working part-time jobs, we can't even gather money to summon a producer, and we could only perform cheap surreal dramas on stage.

Of course, there's no way that kind of troupe can attract customers.

Our base in the undergrounds of Shinjuku was always devoid of audience.

Still, I had fun.

As someone who could only be a Good Boy up until now, I could now become completely different people on stage.

Pro baseball player roles, hoodlum roles, teacher roles — I became all kinds of people.

I was satisfied. I was happy. I thought I could continue on like this.

However, with the part time jobs and practice my sleeping hours lessened and it ate into my body.

On the final day, I collapsed flat on the stage — and came into this world.

I died, I reincarnated into another world.

When I came to, I was standing in a human town in this world, [Coura].

Seeing the medieval townscape gave me a bad shock but having read a lot of reincarnation webnovels back in my last life I easily understood, “Ah, so this is a reincarnation”.

Having realized I reincarnated, I immediately tried to check my status and skills.

It’s become a trope that when you’re reincarnated you are granted a powerful ability. I was very sure I had one as well —.

First, to check my physical strength I tried hitting some random trees and rocks, but I only hurt my fist for it and could not destroy them. Looks like it’s not a physical thing.

I tried running fast or jumping high to see if it were the case, but not those, either.

Next I tried willing fire or ice to appear out of my palms, but not even so much as a spark came out. The world itself seems to have magic, but it doesn’t look like I could use it.

I tried many other things, but it didn’t look like I was blessed with any special powers.

Oi oi, did I really reincarnate just the way I was? Are you doing your job properly goddess? I faced to the sky and swore.
Well, I wasn’t really sure that it was a goddess who reincarnated me, though.

Being depressed, I let my back lean against the wall surrounding the town, then started walking aimlessly along the street.

It had shops standing on both sides and people going to and fro.

They all looked busy but happy.

The sight of a child holding hands with his parent caught my eye.
The boy strongly gripping his father's hand had a happy smile on his face.

"Ah, that's nice," I thought.
Having no worries, smiling innocently, I envy him.

I want that kind of peace of mind.
I want to be that boy —.

"—"

Right then, my body pulsated.

My body dispersed like foam — and reformed once again.

When I realized it, my body had went through a considerable change.

My palm had become smaller and my height had become lower.
Without knowing what happened, I looked at myself in a river that went through town. What I saw there was the boy that I saw walking just now.

It seems like I had transformed into the shape of that boy. The same face and the same body. Even my clothes are the same.

"Is this … My skill?"

I then did many experiments.
Watching the townspeople walk, I strongly willed "I want to be that person" like I did before.

Then, my body changed in the same way. I could transform any number of times.

"Cool …!"

I seem to have been gifted with the best skill for an actor in my previous life by the goddess.

I called this skill that allows me to become any person I want, [Mirror].

I resolved myself.

I want to master this skill and survive.
No, not just survive, but somehow become a hero!

There were only humans in this town, but I'm sure there are evil beings like Goblins and Orcs living in this world.

I'll kill them and become the hero!

— that was what I thought that time.

02 – The Happenings since the Reincarnation – Past 2

I used the otherworld skill Mirror and began my life in the alternate world.

First was intelligence gathering. Honestly, this one's easy.

After all, I could take on the form of anyone just by seeing them once.

If I saw someone who looked well-connected walking in town, I could take his form and go into taverns or temples.

Then, I could nonchalantly listen to people talk.
I wasn't suspicious, since from the outside I looked just like a citizen who lived in this world.

Just like I expected, this world has various fantasy creatures living in it.

Other than ordinary Humans, there are Demihumans like Elves, Dwarves, Goblins, and Orcs, each of them continually skirmishing against each other.

This Coura was a human town so I can't meet with Demihumans right now, but my heart throbbed, dreaming of the forms of the yet unseen fantasy races.

Maybe, maybe there are Dragons too —?

But before daydreaming, I have to first arrange my own living.

After all, I had nothing else to my name in this world other than this Mirror skill and the clothes I had on me back on Earth.

I have to somehow guarantee my income and lodging.

But that too was surprisingly easy.

I'm getting repetitive but my Mirror skill lets me take the forms of people only by seeing them once.

With that skill, I could become a thief with frightening ease.

I entered the homes of rich people using their owner's forms and pilfer gold and silver coins — well I know I was doing something bad but this is necessary.

I'll at least give half the money I stole to poor homes as atonement for my sins.

Like a certain mouse youngster.

Then with the remaining half I stayed at a cheap inn and once morning came I used Mirror to change and went out to gather information again — after spending half a month doing that I became completely used to this world.

Once I did, I wanted to do something different.
I wanted to go on an adventure.

I wanted to go on a trip and fight Goblins and Orcs …!

Once I decided to start on a trip, I turned to the shopping street to make preparations.

I didn't use Mirror so that I can find weapons and armor that suited my real body and walked just like that along the street with shops all around.

Then —.

"Ah—! Found someone in Earth clothes—!"

I turned towards the voice and there was a young girl in highschool uniform.

I met for the first time a reincarnator from Earth other than myself.

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03 – The Happenings until I Joined My First Party in the Alternate World – Past 3

"You're a reincarnator from Earth right? Me too! Wow, such a coincidence—! Wheee—! We have more friends now!"

The one who called to me was a girl called Ruruka and was a high school student before she reincarnated into this world.

Ruruka was wearing the uniform of the school she went to before she reincarnated.
Those clothes looked really high-class, probably from some elite girl's school somewhere.

"So a fellow reincarnator. That's nice"

I grinned despite myself.

By meeting a compatriot, I felt released from despair. Most of all, there's any man would be happy going together with a cute girl.

Happy having met with me, Ruruka jumped like a rabbit.
I saw pink panties peeking from under her uplifted skirt. I could also see her navel a few times from the edge of her blazer.

What will happen between Ruruka and I now, I began having evil delusions.

"By the way, what's your name? *Vous* haven't introduced yourself!"

"Hm? Ah, Motoki. Kato Motoki. Nice to meet you"

"Motoki-kun! Then Mokkun, okay! — so Mokkun, this might be early but let's introduce my friends!"

"Eh, friends …? You have them?"

It was a bit disappointing that it wasn't just the two of us with Ruruka, but having more friends is good.

If there's another man I might be going to fight over Ruruka at some point, but Ruruka and I have the common point of being a Reincarnator from Earth.

At the end of the story I'm going to end up going out with this girl anyway, I thought as I went to where her friends were.

"These are my friends! O—i guys—! I got us a new friend—! Introducing Mokkun from Earth!"

Ruruka's friends are two people.

First a female Elf that looked like a magic caster.
Her name was Elieya. A roving Elf who was Ruruka's first friend since she came into this world.
She looked to be the type to be moody but would stick to you like glue once she falls for you. This kind of Elf is common on the net.

Then the other one is —.

"Yo there! I'm Kai. I'm from Earth too"

A man named Kai.
What, so he's another reincarnator?
Are reincarnators really so common here …?

Kai offered me a handshake on our first meeting, looks like the nice guy type.

Kai had a greatsword.
The Demon Sword [Ghulcyut]
Seems like he got it from the goddess when he reincarnated.

Looking at Kai, I received a huge shock.
Kai was more of a [Main Character] compared to me.

Even though we came from the same world, my skill was plain and I was a thief too.
It's not the case that just by reincarnating from Earth, anyone can live brilliantly.

The reason I came to this world was to become Kai's foil[1].
[1] «TN: A literary term, meaning a secondary character designed to provide contrast to the main character's personality and actions and thus make him stand out even more»

Which means this was how it was:

Kai … Protagonist
Ruruka … Heroine

Elieya … Support (Stalking horse[2], Harem member)
Me … Support (Kai's foil)
[2] «TN: *Ateuma*; A rival love interest brought into the story in order to advance the relationship between the main couple»

… Looks like I wasn't going to become someone even in another world.
Was my soul just simply made that way?

Well, nothing gets done by being pessimistic, so I meekly joined Kai's party as the foil.

Thus Kai, Ruruka, Elieya, and I, the four of us started on our journey.

We went off to subjugate the Demihumans who had been making the Humans suffer.

Incidentally, Elves are the only ones allied with the Humans, so we mostly hunted Goblins and Orcs.

I wasn't the Protagonist, but by defeating Goblins and Orcs, I could make a name for myself as a member of the hero party! — or that's how I encouraged myself.

At that time, I never would have thought I'd later betray these friends and joined hands with the Orc Queen.

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04 – And Thus I Decided to Join the Orc Queen – Past 3

Demon Swordsman Kai
Twin Blade Ruruka
Healer Elf Elieya
And the Unique Magic [Mirror] user Motoki, namely me

The party of us four steadily advanced.

We defeated Demihumans like Goblins and Orcs and destroyed many of their fortresses, enlarging the Human living space.

We were invincible.

“We’re unmatched aren’t we! The strongest! All we have to do now is drink!”

“Yup, just drink! Actually I don’t want to do anything *but* drink! If we had the time to breathe then we better fill it with booze!”

“Idiot, won’t you die if you don’t breathe~”

“I’ll drink even when I’m dead~”

Kai and Ruruka were like this every time we took down a fortress.
Surrounded by flames, they drank the booze they bought in a nearby town until morning.

“Don’t fool around … I don’t think it’s good”

The Elf Elieya seemed to be the voice of reason and muttered for Kai and Ruruka to stop, but her hands never let go of the bottle.
She’s really the one who wanted to drink the most, isn’t she?

Everyone was caught in the moment.
Well, of course they would. When it’s a good moment you can’t help but be caught in it.

However, I was having a little problem with our situation.

“What’s wrong, Motoki? You’ve been silent all the time. You feeling unhealthy …?”

Elieya worriedly talked to me.

"No, just feeling a bit unwell. Drunk, maybe"

"Want me to cast healing …? Huh, but does healing even work on drunkenness? I guess I can try casting on your liver …?"

"No, I'm good. Can't let you use Elven healing magic to sober up, right — I'll go catch some air"

I made an excuse and separated from the party.
Elieya did not insist on asking any more than that.

She's a nice girl, but basically all she thinks of was Kai.
Even when talking to me, she kept on sending glances at Kai getting along with Ruruka.

I walked along the grass and looked down from atop a cliff.

What I saw was the Goblin fort we destroyed just now.
The Goblin houses and watch towers were still thunderously ablaze.

We did this.

My party members thought nothing of taking Goblin lives, but I was having feelings of guilt about it.

It's not that I was a nice person.
It was because I was the one who understands goblins the most.

My role in this party was infiltration and intelligence.

Using my skill Mirror, I transformed into Demihumans and before the fighting began I infiltrated into the enemy settlements.
While living alongside the Goblins and Orcs, I exposed their military scale, where their traps are, and also the food situation, and brought them back to my friends.

While living with the Demihumans, I came to understand lots of things.

I came to understand that Humans and Demihumans weren't all that different.

On the streets, Goblins and Orcs are treated as barbarian brutes, but they had a normal society.
They had feelings, too.

Seriously, Humans and Demihumans were just the same.

Well, I'm not saying let's all be friends and all that.
Fighting is fine.
That was a matter of course.

Fighting and having little wins and losses are healthy.

But in reality, the Humans were overwhelmingly dominant.
Humans always won.

Why was that?
Because only Humans had warriors summoned from Earth.
And they had cheat skills.

The reason why the reincarnations happen, only the Human King and his close aide the Priest knew.

Anyway, if this keeps on the Humans and their Elven allies were going to have the hegemony over the world — That creeps me somehow.

A world where even though everyone's the same, only the Humans were king.

"That would be boring, no matter how you put it"

Ever since I became able to use the transformation skill [Mirror], I had come to love the thing called [Diversity]

It's better to have lots of variety.
Having just one is boring.

To have the world under one justice and reasoning — That's too boring. That's hell.

If only.
If the Goblins and Orcs had a way to resist reincarnators from Earth.
Then the battles would become even again.

— That way is more interesting.

"Then let's do that, shall we"

When I made up my mind it was like an auspicious day, I decided to set off on my own.

From now on I'll go around the leaders of the Demihumans — the Orcs, Goblins, Trolls, Ghosts, Kobolds, and tell them how to kill the reincarnators. I can easily make contact with them using Mirror.

While living with Kai's party I had come to notice the weakness of the Earth expatriates.
If they used that well they can resist.

"Bye Kai, Ruruka, Elieya"

I whispered, and ran along the grassy plains.

First, I'll head to the Orc country.

* *

Thus I transformed into an Orc and entered the demesne of the Orc Queen O'Luna.
I was able to meet with the Queen Luna.

Luna was vigilant against me at first, but after settling two or three incidents as her subordinate, she accepted me as a friend.

I wasn't planning on staying in the Orc country for so long but — when I noticed, I had been staying in Luna's castle for over a year.

Well, that's because Luna's too much of a beauty.

I heard Orcs and Elves came from the same s k, but the Elven blood seems to be strong in Luna, giving birth to a miracle woman with the build of an orc and beauty of an Elf

I fell for her at first sight.

The other day Luna made a request of me.
"Kill the Earthlings in my stead", she said.

I didn't want to kill my fellow Earth expatriates with my own hands, but — we came to a deal that whenever I kill a single Earthling, Luna would surrender more of herself to me.

I'll do it then.

For now, if I killed this target, Luna would allow me to fondle her breasts for an

entire night.

“Umm, the top-grade fruits that are my breasts … do … do what you like …!”

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05 – You Simply Have to Have a Cute Girl on Your Journeys, Right

This island that was under the direct control of the Orc Queen O'Luna was called Ogre'Den

It was in the shape of an ellipse elongated toward the north and south, and if you looked at a map it looked just like an egg.
The size was about the same as the island of Great Britain on Earth.

Roughly speaking, the north of the island belonged to the Orcs, while the south belonged to Humans.

However, both the Orcs and Humans had exclaves here and there, so there were frequent battles for territory as if it were a game of Go.

There were also several disputed areas scattered throughout the island.

If you weren't a capable warrior, you wouldn't come to any of those disputed areas.
You'd die.

* *

"So why are we deliberately going to a dangerous zone like that! Isn't it weird! I'm against it!"
The High Orc girl Ka'Liu angrily protested.

"Oh shut up, just be quiet. And get your head down, they'll notice you"

I frowned at Liu for being so fussy.

"Like hell I can stay quiet here! I only came with you cause you said you were going to give me some tasty meat so why are we in a dangerous zone! It's a dangerous zone!"

"Calm down, there are times in life where you gotta do that"

"Yeah like hell there is!"

I decided to ignore Liu's yelling and focused on how the battle was progressing.
About one kilometer ahead of us, Human and Orc armies were having a battle.

Warriors brandished swords and drew bows on the verdant grassland.

An Orc fortress was under attack by the Humans.
It was a rather strong fortress but it was already on the verge of falling.
They were undoubtedly going to lose.

After all, there was a reincarnator from Earth among the humans.

“I see, I see, it’s him, isn’t it?”

Still under cover, I peered through a telescope, confirming the reincarnator attacking the Orcs.

It was a boy. Probably a middle schooler.
He was restlessly launching fire and ice out of his hands.

He had a magic-type cheat that allowed him to use any kind of magic.

He was unmistakably a reincarnator who tormented the Orcs.

“Such a shame, reincarnating that young. I’m sure his parents cried being left behind back on Earth. Well, I’m going to kill him here in this world, anyway”

“What are you blabbering about …! We have to run away stat or we’re gonna be killed you know! I don’t wanna die young! I’m not supposed to be here! Let me go home!”

“You really won’t shut up will you … and stop it with the death flags”

After having received the request froh the Orc Queen O’Luna to “Kill all the reincarnators from Earth”, I immediately made preparations and departed.
With the noisy High Orc girl Ka’Liu in tow.

Even though she had the fault of being noisy, she’s a rather useful fellow.
She was a talented personnel necessary to accomplish the objective — or that’s the official reason anyway.

In reality, I took her along because she was cute.
High Orcs were beauties comparable to Elves.
And having healing is a must in a journey.

I told her, “I’m going to give you tasty meat,” and she happily, cheerfully, came along.
What a dumb kid.

“You take a look too. That’s the one we’ll be fighting after this”

I handed Liu the telescope.

Liu was reluctant inside, but nevertheless looked through the telescope.

“… Uwaa, you Earthlings are really something aren’t you. What’s with that, he’s using magic like it’s nothing. Is he backed by the goddess or something? Even the great me won’t be able to reach that, I’ll lose”

“Well, we are going to lose if we fought him head on. He’s a cheat after all”

“… But Motoki, you’re an Earthling reincarnator too, right? You can win if you tried hard can’t you? You can win, right?”

“No, well, I’ll lose if we fought head on. My skill isn’t something you’d use in a fight, you see — remember this, never ever fight a fair fight against reincarnators. Never do an intelligence contest either!”

“Wha …! If you’ll lose then what can I do!”

“Calm down, I’m only saying that we don’t have to fight fairly. That way we can win. — but I need to create the best condition in order to win. The important thing I need from you is for the care of my heart and body along the way. Erotically speaking”
While saying that, I glanced at Liu’s chest.

Orcs have a preference for slack clothing, and because Liu was prone, her chest area was full of openings.
Her smallish breasts were conspicuously peeking out, you simply have to have a look ….

“Whoa there …!”

Liu covered her chest in a fluster.

“If you do anything weird I’m reporting you to the Queen!”

“Ah, Luna already gave permission. [Liu always looks down on people, so you go put the fear of men in her], she said”

“My Queen— …!!”

06 – This is How You Kill an Earthling

"So let's begin the First Strategy Meeting!"

"Whee—! I've been waiting for this! Strategy meetings are the best!!"

"Liu, aren't you being too high spirited?"

"My heart's gonna be crushed unless I force myself to be high spirited! — Ah, waiter! Refill my beer please! I'm not gonna be able to cope without a drink, goddammit!!"
The High Orc girl Ka'Liu desperately chugged down her beer.

It's been a week since we set off from Luna's castle.
Liu and I arrived at the Human town Coura.

Most of the Earthling reincarnators who appeared in this island settled in Coura.
Our target reincarnator-*kun* was definitely also living in some inn somewhere in this city.

He's on an expedition right now, but he's sure to come back.
People, once they found a place for themselves, don't easily leave.

And then we, while waiting nearby for a contact with the target, were having a drinking party under the name of a strategy meeting.

"When they come back to this town we're finally going to start the assassination plan, right? Then that means our destiny ends there, right? Uu … if I was going to die anyway I should've stolen and drunk the booze Queen Luna hid away …"

Seeing the target's true strength the other day, Luna was completely crestfallen.
We can't win against that, she thought.

Liu trembled and shivered while pressing her chest against my arm.
Even through her clothes, I can clearly catch the feel of the points at the tips of her breasts.

It felt really good, but I shouldn't get excited now, but calmly continue the talk.

"Hey Liu, I'd like you to calm down and think a little, but why do you think those reincarnated guys are strong?"

“Hmm …? Thash coz they have the goddess backin them right? Aren’t you the one who said that?”

“Yep, that’s right”

Some of the people that died young on earth were scouted by the goddess.
[You, do you want to reincarnate into another world? Accept now and get a totally cheat skill!], something like that.
I had no memory of that happening, but the other reincarnators said they had a direct talk with the goddess before they reincarnated.

“But you know, Liu. why do you think the goddess bothered to do all that? What do you think’s in it for her to give powers to youngsters like us and send us to another world?”

“Mmm … yeah, probably she wanted to rid the world of Orcs and Goblins, I’m sure”

“Maybe, but then there’s no explanation why she would only send youngsters like us into this world. It would be more efficient to send, say, dead soldiers over to exterminate the Demihumans”

“Sheesh! Stop being roundabout—! Get to the point already *s’il vous plaît*!”

“All right, all right, … this is what I think: The goddess enjoys watching us”

Giving youngsters with little experience in life great power and sending them into another world.

Then observing them.

[So what will they do with the great power they were suddenly given? Will it get into their heads and they try to become the strongest? Or maybe build harems? — Ah, this is fun]

“In other words, we reincarnators are here for the gods’ amusement. This is what I assume, but I don’t think I’m wrong”

“Having fun in a safe place watching people struggle, so awesome, so cool, the goddess must be completely off her rockers”

Liu didn’t hold back on her disgust.

“That’s what joy is all about. It’s simply that we reincarnators were given power

in order to please the goddess, that's all. The goddess, she's just being a patron. — which is why we have a gap to exploit"

I gave her a grin.

"Patrons are terrible things, you know. Once you can't act in accordance to their support, they will heartlessly throw you away"

The name of our target this time was [Yuutarou].
He possessed a cheat skill that allows him to manipulate all the elements.

Now what does the goddess expect from Yuutarou by giving him that skill?

Probably, to become peerless and build a harem, to get carried away.
She wanted him to show her that.

In that case —.

"We don't need to beat down Yuutarou from the front. If we interfered with his peerlessness and his harem-building — if we destroy his Narrative, the goddess will throw him away"

It would be hard to interfere with his matchless strength.
In that case, what we have to do is —.

"We have to thoroughly interfere with his harem-building. Steal his women!"

That way, the goddess will be disappointed in him.
Something like, [Hey hey, this Yuutarou kid, so he can't make a harem after all? What a miscalculation].

Then when Yuutarou loses his power, I'll kill him.

"So, a clever strategy don't you think? … eh"

Somewhere along the way, Liu had gone drunk and fell asleep.

Being irritated, I peeked at her defenseless breasts and enjoyed the sight of her twin hills not covered by underwear.

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07 – Reincarnators are Popular Like I Thought They Would Be

— I want to be him.

I imagined the form of the person I wanted to borrow and willed myself, then I instantly transformed into him.
That's my unique skill Mirror.

This time, I decided to borrow the form of a man who had worked for a long time at the human town Coura as a shoemaker.

In that form, I entered the town tavern.

"Oh, the shoemaker! This is rare. You said you don't drink, didn't you?"

A man, probably the shoemaker's acquaintance, came up holding a beer mug in one hand.

Doesn't look like I was found out. I had perfectly taken the shape of the shoemaker.

"I do drink every now and then. The wife's going to kill me so keep this a secret will ya? Like, I wasn't here today, okay?"

"Ha ha, being hen-pecked is hard, huh"

"You too, right"

While chatting like that, I smiled.

Then when he was completely open, I asked the main question.

"By the way, I heard there's a reincarnator who came from Earth a while ago. They say he's called Yuutarou or something?"

"Ah, that guy, he's something alright! He learns any kind of magic just by reading the grimoire just once. No matter the aptitude and system!"

I see, so he had the cheat I thought he had.

I continued my intelligence gathering.

“Anyway, that Yuutarou, I think he was walking along with a cute girl”

“A girl walking with Yuutarou? Was it Lugin? Well, that knight is a beauty, but I’ll pass. She’s a scary girl you know? You make fun of her and stab she goes”

Lugin — that girl would be the Heroine in Yuutarou’s Narrative.

Probably, Yuutarou reincarnated and met with this Lugin girl, then fell in love.

Then the girl Lugin Yuutarou fell in love with was caught in some kind of problem and he found out about it.

Yuutarou then decided to fight to solve that problem — that’s how it goes, I suppose.

Every reincarnation story follows the same pattern.[1]

[1] «TN: You can say that again»

“Anyway, besides that Lugin girl, Yuutarou gets along with some other girls, doesn’t he?”

“Yeah, it’s all cute girls around him. First it was the grimoire shop’s Ruby was it, then the priestess Miria, also —”

* *

Thus I was able to get information on Yuutarou in just an hour.

The greatest thing was having gained intel on the girls around Yuutarou.
Before I forgot, I took my memo and wrote them down.

Lugin … Main Heroine, Female Knight, Strong Willed
Ruby … Harem Member, Grimoire Shop Girl, Timid
Miria … Harem Member, Priestess, Graceful
Kirisha … Harem Member, Noble’s Daughter, Tomboy

“I see”

In order to interfere with Yuutarou’s reincarnation story and turn it into something worthless, I had to begin by whittling the harem down.

The first target will be the grimoire shop girl Ruby.

08 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 1

— I want to be him.

Strongly willing it, I instantly changed form.
Confirming my looks on a mirror I brought into my room in the inn, I saw myself having perfectly copied the shoe store owner.

“It’s always awesome no matter how many times I see it … whoa, shit, it’s perfect”

Liu touched me all over my face and body.

Mirror’s transformation is perfect.
My clothes, my body, and my insides were perfectly transformed into the target.
Therefore, I can even transform into a woman.

“Btw I can even transform into you — watch”

This time I instantly transformed into Liu.

“You have a good body on you. It’s well built and easy to move in. — yup, your breasts are springy, too”

“Hold up! Please don’t do anything weird in my body!”

“Well, it’s my body now, and I’m free to touch my breasts all I want. Anyway, your nipples look well shaped, don’t they. They’re pink too”

“Ugh, even though nothing’s being done to me I feel like my body’s being played with …! Wait, if there’s two of me then … whenever I don’t feel like working then I can make you do them and play around as much as I like, can’t I!”

“I don’t mind doing your job, but I’ll be expecting appropriate compensation, okay? Corporeally speaking”

Having had enough of fooling around, I transformed back into the shoe store owner.

* *

In the shape of the shoe store owner, I walked through Cru'Se street where shops were lined up and entered a certain small shop by the city walls.

This was a Grimoire shop.

It was about ten square meters in size and had lots of bookcases lined up inside. In them there stood lots of books exquisitely bound.

"So these are grimoires …"

I tried taking one but there was a belt lock attached to it, so I can't open it to see what's inside.

That's because grimoires are items that teach magic to people.

By unlocking it and completely reading the words inside, magic would settle inside the reader's body.
People who want ice magic would read ice magic grimoires, and those who want fire magic would read fire magic ones.

However, it's not the case that you can use any kind of magic just by reading these.

Without a talent that matches the magic, it won't show great effect, and if you're not born with the aptitude, you won't be able to learn the magic to begin with.
There existed a wall called talent in this world.

"U, um …"

"Hm?"

I turned to face the voice, I hadn't noticed a petite girl standing there.

"G, g … good morning … mr, from the shoestore. A, are you, l l l l, looking for magic … g, grampa is out but … i i i if it's alright with you … y, you can consult with me …"

I see, so this is that Ruby girl.

The girl from the grimoire store.
Also, Yuutarou's harem member.

Looks like she knows the shoestore owner I turned myself into.

“Oh, good day Ruby. Uh, actually, I *am* looking for magic. Something to attack with, I guess”

“I, I I I see … . T, this way please … —”

Maybe out of no confidence in herself, Ruby hid her face behind long forelocks, and she was nervous all over.

According to what I’ve heard, the girl’s parents died when she was young and she had been living with her grandfather and kept this grimoire shop.

Normally, Ruby’s simple life would stay simple and end in this shop.

However, Yuutarou appeared.
And because of that, her fate was greatly changed —

“Er, yes, Ruby sure makes things easy to understand. — By the way Ruby, do you know the guy called Yuutarou? The hero’s been the talk of the town lately, it looks like he’s good with magic. I actually admire him despite my age. The reason I came here right now was because I thought I might meet with Yuutarou”

The moment Yuutarou’s name came up, Ruby’s face turned red.

“Y, yes … Yuutarou … I, I know him … he, he comes to this shop … a lot … yes”

“Really! Isn’t that amazing, you being friends with a reincarnator!”

Amazing, amazing, I praised Ruby.
By being praised, people would get carried away and make a slip of the tongue.

Ruby looked like she’s feeling better and talked all about Yuutarou.

When Orcs came to town and killed Ruby’s parents in front of her eyes three years ago, she fell into shock and stopped speaking.

Since then, she couldn’t make any friends and started reading all sorts of books while tending the store. She began living in a world of fantasy.
She didn’t want to look at reality.

However, Yuutarou appeared in front of her.

He found out about Ruby in town and came to the store.
[I’ll avenge your parents for you! With the grimoires from your store!]

He bought a secret grimoire from the store and learned magic.

Then half a month later, a rumor came to town.

One of the Orc fortresses had fallen.
The leader of the Orcs that previously attacked this town had died.

Yuutarou did it.
For Ruby's sake.

"Because of, Yuutarou … I, can, speak again … he, he's … my, my benefactor "

"R, right, Ruby didn't talk at all until a while ago, right! Uh, that's great, right! All thanks to Yuutarou!"

I followed along with her story.

I knew it, Yuutarou was a hero to Ruby.
It's a common story, but having your parents avenged is a huge thing.

However — there's a gap here to exploit.

The feelings Ruby had for Yuutarou was still on the level of yearning.
Something like what a child feels to the protagonist in a story.

In that case, there's yet another gap to exploit.

" … "

I nonchalantly stole a glance at Ruby's chest.

Ruby was fidgeting all over, but her breasts alone were magnificent. Explosively huge, so to speak.

They're too good for a kid like Yuutarou.
I'll have them, no matter what it takes.

No, well, I'm just doing my job, okay?

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09 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 2

That night, the Human town Coura was energetic even though it was late.

That was because recently, the hot topic reincarnator Yuutarou had returned from his campaign.
In this campaign, he had destroyed two Orc fortresses and a village belonging to their allies, the Trolls.

Everyone was in the tavern gathered around Yuutarou.
Men who wanted war stories, and women who wanted attention.

The feast continued until late at night.

“Ruby is probably fidgeting isn’t she”

The grimoire shop girl Ruby wanted to meet with Yuutarou but not having courage to go to the bar, she was probably sitting on the bed with her knees in her arms.

“So, let’s go see her, then”

I used Mirror in an alley near the grimoire shop and transformed into Yuutarou, having seen him earlier through the telescope.

The shop was shut tight, but I threw a stone at the window shutters to Ruby’s room.

Sure enough, Ruby was still awake. She then showed her face through the window.

“Yo!”

“Y, Y Y … Yuutarou … ! W … Why are, you here … !”

She became flustered, and hurriedly tried to tidy up her hair. She was adorable.

“Well, I was in a hurry to see you! Am I being a bother?”

“B, B B … Bother … ? N, Not at all ! I’m …. I I’m … happy to … !”

“I see, I’m happy too!”

I don’t know how Yuutarou speaks, but it’s probably something like this.
It’s easy to imagine a middle schooler trying to put up airs of being an ally of justice.
Ruby didn’t seem to doubt me, either.

“Say Ruby, there’s a place I want to take you, let’s go, shall we?”

“R, R R … Right now?”

“Yes. Sorry to ask you out so late, but I really want to go — come on, jump!”

“E, …. Eh!?”

With arms outstretched I urged her, “come on!”
Ruby hesitated a little, but she believed me, no, Yuutarou, and jumped down.

I easily received Ruby’s body.
I probably wouldn’t be able to do it as myself, but I’m Yuutarou now.

While being transformed, I was able to copy the abilities, skills, and magic of the person I was imitating.
Of course, it’s not perfect, but catching a single girl was a simple matter.

“S, So … w, where to … ?”

“Ah, to Ruby’s parents’ graves! I wanted to hurry and tell them we defeated the Orcs!”

Ruby became moved by that.
Any girl would be happy having her parents held dearly.

I started walking with Ruby in a princess carry.
With each step I took, Ruby’s huge breasts jiggled in my arms.

It looked really soft, and delicious in several meanings of the word … it took all I could to keep my sense of reason.

Then after a while, we reached the town graveyard.
There were lots of graves there.

“Um, now where’s Ruby’s parents’ graves now. Sorry, it’s too dark to see”

“T, that way … ”

Ruby guided me to where her parents’ graves were.
I put my palms together and began talking to the parents underground.

Good evening, my names is Motoki.
Right now I’m in Yuutarou’s body but I’m actually much more plain.

I’m sorry, I’m going to be toying with your daughter soon, but I have my reasons for that, please don’t begrudge me.

Done with the grave visit, we talked as we watched the stars.

Bit by bit, Ruby talked about her memories with her parents, she talked in embarrassment out of her gratitude to me … no, Yuutarou.

Then as the sky was turning white, I said

“Sorry, but it’s going to be morning soon — say Ruby, let’s make this night a special memory just for the two of us. It’s going to be clichéd if you talk about it, so let’s not talk about tonight, not even when it’s just the two of us together. Put it in the jewelbox of your heart and hold it dear”

I told Ruby not to talk about this stuff to the real Yuutarou in dressed up words.

“Y, Yes … ! T … the jewelbox … of my heart …”

Seems like she liked the phrase *Jewelbox of her heart*, she was enraptured.

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At the same time, the High Orc Liu went to work.

Using the Thief skill [Scale Wall], she climbed the grimoire shop’s wall on her two legs.

Then she entered the room through the window Ruby jumped out from — that is, an unlocked, wide open window.

Plop! Liu landed.

“Phantom Thief Liu-chan coming for a visit. Now that’s a brilliant skill if I may say so myself, it’s scary how I’m so talented, I wonder why everyone isn’t worshipping me already,” Liu bragged to herself.

Liu was the daughter of an Orc noble.
It is widely known that Orcs were basically an unsightly looking race, but the appearance of noble Orcs were mostly similar to Elves.
Beautiful, and endowed with talent in magic and skills.

Liu was also expected to be a prodigy since she was young.

Unfortunately however, her personality was problematic.
She was an absurd child who likes to pull out all the stops at pestering and pranking other people.

Therefore Liu kept on picking up skills related to Thievery.
She continually made trouble by creeping into other Orcs' houses and stealing anything she could find.

Not only that, she also repeatedly did acts that would land her and execution if it were found out, such as stealing some high-class wine from the castle of the Orc Queen O'Luna.

Then she was found out.

However, Luna did not judge Liu.
[If you're willing to be my friend I'm willing to let you go], she said.

Then being Luna's friend, she comes to the castle a lot.

That Liu caught the eye of Motoki who was staying at the castle.
Then, he took her on a journey, and they arrived at the current situation.

"Sheesh, what the hell does Motoki think I am. Pushing people around, peeking and touching their breasts, I'm going to give him a piece of my — ooh, there it is"

Liu found the thing Motoki asked her to fish out of Ruby's room.

A bundle of paper hidden underneath her bed.
There were words written down neatly on the paper.

"I wonder what he's going to do by having me steal this"

It was Ruby's novel.

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10 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 3

"I knew it, she was writing a novel. I was sure she was writing it in secret. She's a bookworm and she had no friends[1]. No doubt she's writing one"

[1] «TN: Is this a jab at WN writers?»

I was reading Ruby's novel that Liu stole on the bed in my room at the inn.
On the paper that filled a small wooden box, she described the world she created in her daydreams.

It was full of elaborate descriptions and was hard to read, but as expected from a bookworm, she had a way with words.

"Uwaa, Motoki, you're peeking at a girl's secret writings, you're the lowest son of a bitch aren't you. No way, you're the worst, hurry up and let me read it too!"

"What, so you're interested as well"

Liu and I sat side by side on the bed and skimmed through Ruby's novel together.

Ruby's novel amounted to 5 volumes of writing, also —

"Ghaa … ! This character's completely modeled on Yuutarou isn't he! And this one is modeled on Ruby herself! She's flirting with the boy she likes inside the story, hah … so bittersweet!"

Liu slapped her hand on the bed.
You're making a nuisance for the neighbors, please stop.

Ruby wrote a love story with Yuutarou and herself as the model.

A bashful hikikomori girl meets with a heroic boy, gained confidence, and became charmed by each other — that's the gist of it.

"Hold on, hold on, THEY'RE KISSING! Only in the story though! Uwaah, they started petting! Waha, they're stripping each other … ! Only in the story though!"

"Quiet down …"

Liu looked like she was engrossed in the daring scenes, she turned the pages over completely absorbed in the story.

She was gasping … and her lower half was fidgeting, so hot.

Well, I never expected that Ruby would be this extreme writing her novel.
I shouldn't make light of a shy girl's power of imagination.

She looks meek on the outside, but a beast inside.

I pictured Ruby with those enormous breasts of hers in a disheveled state, and gulped.

"Well now, Motoki, this lewd novel, no, Ruby's dark history. What are you going to do with it?"

"What else, it's obvious isn't it — I'm gonna make a book out of it"

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"Well then, I'll leave you with the binding"

Using the travel money Luna gave me, I left the scribes who copied Ruby's book to do the binding.
They said there would be a week until the delivery.

I'm sure Ruby would never have thought that the novel she was secretly writing was being made into a proper book right now.
It was unfortunate.
She should be noticing that her novel was missing from her room soon.

"You're late!"

"Sorry sorry, I've kept you waiting!"

Leaving the publishing guild's request room, I met with Liu who was waiting outside.
I promised Liu I would give her some tasty meat today.
It was thanks for yesterday's work.

With Liu in tow, I walk around the town of Coura.
By the way, I took the shape of a random man.

"Anyway, Motoki, why are you making a book out of Ruby's novel? You're a real son of a bitch aren't you, going ahead and making a book out of other people's dark history. Give me a copy too!"

“You’ve become a Ruby fan now I see … Well, if you ask why I’m doing this, it’s to separate Ruby from Yuutarou, to steal her. That’s the goal”

“Then how is this related to stealing Ruby? I don’t get it at all,” said Liu, “you’re being too roundabout about it. If you wanted to steal Ruby, couldn’t you just transform into Yuutarou and push her down?”

“Well, that method will definitely fail, I can tell you that”

“Hah? Why?”

“That’s because the goddess won’t be amused with us”

The goddess who gave Earthling reincarnators power wanted to enjoy seeing us spin interesting tales using our cheats.

Where a stereotypical reincarnator like Yuutarou becomes peerless and made a harem.
Or how an irregular trash reincarnator like me trying to crush that.

She was having fun from beyond the skies.

Between Yuutarou and I, the goddess will likely favor the one who has the more interesting story.

Which was why stealing Ruby the normal way was a no-go.
I had to be more indirect and more grand about how I go about making Ruby mine.

Goddess, I faced the sky and muttered.

Ruby is an outstanding talent, too good to be a mere member of Yuutarou’s harem.

My way will make her life into something much more interesting.

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11 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 4

The grimoire shop girl Ruby was in her room sitting with her knees hugged in her arms.

She hadn't gone outside for several days, not even to mind the store.
She didn't want to see anyone.

Somebody stole the dream novel she was secretly writing, made it into a book, and circulated it throughout town.

In the novel, Ruby and Yuutaro was having fun talking to each other, and at night whispered sweet nothings at each other, and in the end violently exchanged body fluids.

The wild delusions she feverishly wrote down every evening, every night, was now common knowledge.

(*Why … why would anybody do this …*)
She buried her face in her plump breasts and shivered.

Lots of people called out to her in town.

"I've read it you know *grin*"
"You're lively with Yuutarou, aren't you~. Is that a true story?"
"Outrageous, how outrageous"
"Gulp … *glances at Ruby's breasts*"

I wasn't the one who wrote it, she tried to deny, but the author name [Ruby] was stamped down on the book in gilded letters.
She really wanted to kill the one who made that book.

"Uu … uu … uuuuu …. So horrible"

Her grandfather tried to cheer his shut-in granddaughter, calling her from the other side of the door over and over again.

[Cheer up Ruby. I know you wrote about sex a lot in your book, but you shouldn't be ashamed about that. Literature is based on sex and violence to begin with, and writing about sex is actually an obvious thing, you know. If anything, you should write more magnificently on the sex stuff! Ah, your book is a literary

masterpiece. I'm sure of that. Your sex descriptions are really good, too]

Wanting him to stop saying sex this and sex that, she got angry at her grandfather for the first time in her life.
He had no tact at all.

Ruby's grandfather misunderstood that Ruby made the book on her own.
He thought the reason his granddaughter was depressed was because the published book didn't get the reception she wanted.

That's not it.
Somebody did it on their own. They stole the manuscript and made a book out of it.
Who the hell wants a book made out of their dark history!?

"Auuu …"

And what hurt Ruby's heart the most was that it's possible that Yuutarou had read the book too.

(*What would Yuutarou think … I made him do whatever I want in the book … I made him have s, sex with me … !*)

The day ended with her in anguish, and it turned into night.
The moonlight filtered through the window.

Usually, she would be starting to write her hobby novel right about now —

But that moment.

[Ah, Aaaah … ! Yuutarou … ah, …. aaah]

She heard a female voice from outside.
A woman was calling Yuutarou's name with gasping breaths.

" … eh …… "

She hurriedly opened the window and looked outside, what she saw there was a man and woman hugging each other and leaning on the town walls.

She didn't recognize the woman, but she can't mistake the man.

"Y, … Yuutarou … "

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“Sheesh, this novel is completely hopeless. A boy and a girl rutting about before they’re old enough to do so. This stuff should be banned I say, banned. Yes, this should be categorized as a harmful book. Is there a sequel by the way?”

“You’re totally addicted aren’t you …”

“Well, you let me read this didn’t you? It’s got captivating descriptions, sweepingly witty lines at every turn, and breathtaking offense and defense on the bed — when you read about the moment the characters in the book reached their climax the reader also … !”

Huff, huff … Liu panted as she read Ruby’s novel on the bed with her feet flapping about.

The other day, I made 40 copies of Ruby’s dream novel and put them here and there around town.
The meek huge breasted girl’s richly erotic story became the talk of the town — and everyone went to the author, Ruby’s house.

However, even though Ruby remembered writing it, she didn’t recall ever publishing it.

Unable to understand what was going on, Ruby seems to have locked herself up. Just as I planned.

Incidentally, the partner in the story, Yuutarou, was right now being pressed for questioning by his other harem girls for the whole day and night: “*did you really do all this with Ruby!?*”
Well, never mind that.

The important thing now was how Ruby was now locking herself up reeling from the mental shock.

“Come now Liu, let’s go out a bit”

I said that and took Liu’s hand.

“Mu, another job? I’ll tell you this, I’m not gonna work for free. Yep, I’m not a cheap girl you see”

“I’ll give you meat later”

“Ha ha—! You’re such a funny guy, thinking you can bait me with meat, you’re making fun of me aren’t you? So, what do you want me to do sir?”

She’s a cheap girl.

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Leaving the inn, Liu and I went to the grimoire shop.
It was late at night, but it’s a night of the full moon tonight, it was bright.
So this world has a moon too, I thought with a curious mood.

“Now then, let’s transform”

I used Mirror in an empty alley and transformed into Yuutarou.

I’d gotten used to using the skill lately, so the time the skill activates had become shorter and shorter.

“This way Liu”

“Eh, wait … Motoki?”

I pushed Liu’s back to the town wall behind the grimoire store.
I pulled down Liu’s loose tunic, exposing her shoulders and barely uncovering her smallish breasts.
Something pink peeked out slightly —.

“Hold on hold on … ! Are you out of your mind? Were out in public you know, even though it’s night time! Are you unsatisfied with your usual sexual harassment and finally gone so far as to do this kind of special play …!? And why are you transformed into Yuutarou anyway … !?”

“Quiet down, it’s just an act. — now you go and say [Aaahn, Yuutarou] out loud, at least loud enough so that she can hear you on the grimoire store’s second floor”

“Uu … even though this is a job, what will my parents say if they saw me like this …”

“Ah, your parents said [that girl ought to experience hell at least once, she keeps making light of society]”

“Papan, Maman … !”

Reeling from the shock, Liu began her “act”.
I made Liu indecently lift up a leg.

Liu coquettishly called out Yuutarou’s name over and over again.

Then I heard a shutter open behind me.

“Motoki, Ruby’s looking at us …”

“Sure she is, she would be curious after all”

“Sheesh … seriously, why do I have to do something like this”

“I’ll explain later. Anyway, we’re now in the ‘giving Ruby a trial’ phase already”

Liu had now completely turned into a Yuutarou harem member.

This was necessary in order to bring out the “Character” in Ruby.

A person needs to go through a trial before they could stand on their own.

An Initiation, they call it.

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12 – Even an Irregular Reincarnator Longs for a Harem

"Then I'll be counting on you today as well"

Right now, Liu and I came to the walls next to the grimoire store again.
I had once again transformed into Yuutarou and with Liu, were in the "act" of doing it.

"Uu … if this keeps on I'm going to get used to outside play, I don't want it … Well, I do love myself but looking at myself right now is a little, you know … well, I really do love myself though"
Liu was trembling with shame.

"Well, it's an act after all, just an act. When this is done I'll give you fresh fish today like I promised"

"Un, it may be late but fish ain't going to cut it for my motivation … glance"

Liu sent me a glance, obviously wanting something to coax her with.

"… Fine, I'll add booze to that. Drink all you want"

"Alright! Now come right at me!"

"Now you're obviously into it … "

Liu and I began our Act.

I made Liu deliberately say Yuutarou's name loudly and with gasping breaths.

We continued for a while and heard the sound of the shutters opening behind us.

Ruby was looking at us.
Her beloved Yuutarou was deliberately doing it with another woman near her home —.

"Ruby is shocked, I think," I muttered.

A lot must be going through Ruby's mind right now, after seeing the gut wrenching scene two days in a row.

[Why is Yuutarou doing it with another woman every night. And why did he deliberately do it so close. And why now, right after the novel had gone out. Is he insinuating something …]
Et cetera et cetera.

Even at the best of times, people would start thinking about all sorts of things when they lock themselves up.
When they stay in the same place without meeting people, they would have their imagination pointlessly amplified.

It's Ruby, who had a strong imagination, she's definitely going to be thinking and thinking about Yuutarou.
She would start thinking of Yuutarou, who she had unconditionally trusted until now, as just a person and try to guess what he was thinking.

Within Ruby, Yuutaro would turn from god into man.

"— Alright Liu, let's stop here for today. Sorry for making you do something shameful, even though it's just an act. We're going into the next phase starting tomorrow"
I called to her, but Liu didn't respond. She stayed completely still with her hands on the wall.

"Liu?"

I wondered what's going on and looked at her face. Liu was taking deep breaths with her mouth hanging open, and was narrowing her eyes heartrendingly.

"Are you, aroused?"

Liu had a flushed face and couldn't breathe properly, it looked tough for her.

Should I go and nurse her?
No —.

There's no reason to let this chance go away.
I'm a scrap of a reincarnator after all.
I have more than the average person's desire to hold a harem.

"Come here"

I pulled on Liu's hand and brought her to a place with really nobody around.

I pushed Liu against the wall of a ruined building.

“What’s this … all of a sudden … ”

Liu’s mouth said that but she didn’t make any move to resist me.

Then I should go ahead and take off Liu’s tunic — no.

It would be boring to take it off the normal way.

“I’ve come up with something good”

Using Mirror, I transformed to my former Elven friend Elieya.
Using her debuff skill [Destroy Armor], I stripped Liu naked.

“Eh, whoa … this is … ! What did you do!”

Liu went all flustered. The skirt she was wearing completely went apart in tatters and fell down.

“Guu … are you thinking this is more embarrassing than having me stripped completely naked in one go? What do you think I am, a fish dipped in water before I get cooked? When you said you’re going to give fish, am I going to end up being the fish in the punchline? Are you going for the double punchline of making me fall for you! You’re good aren’t you?”

“You still won’t shut up even at a time like this …”

It might just be Liu coping with the shame, but she’s talking three times more than usual.

While Liu talked, I completely tore her clothes off of her.

This was girl, completely naked in public, looking as beautiful as an Elf.

With the erect points of her twin hills shined on by moonlight.
Underneath, her maidenly private parts —.

With me pinning both her hands, Liu couldn’t cover herself, and looked up at me in shame.

“Hold it … Motoki. I’m sorry to say this when you’re aroused, but there’s something I want to ask from you, will you listen to me?”

“If you’re going to ask me to stop, I’m going to call you a demon for your whole life”

“If I’m a demon then what are you? The great king of hell? — no, nevermind *that*”

Liu continued bashfully.

“What I want … please turn back to the real you. I want you to do me in your real form”

Now that she mentioned it, I was still in Elieya’s form.

“You sure? Someone like me. Should I turn into Yuutarou or something?”

“Just FYI … about how I’ve been letting you do all sorts of sexual harassment to me, that’s because I don’t mind you. I’m telling you, don’t look down on girls, we don’t let people we don’t have feelings for touch our bodies you know …”

“Liu … ”

“Well, there’s also me calculating that having the position of an Earthling reincarnator’s legal wife would give me security for life, too”

“I, didn’t really want to know that … oh, whatever”

Such is life.
Since I never had the chance to have contact with a cute girl like this in my previous life, I wasn’t in any position to complain.

Liu quietly closed her eyes.

I turned back to my original body and gave Liu a kiss.

After that, it was no longer an act — it was the real thing.

Except that, since it was both our first times, it didn’t go all too well.

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13 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 5

"Motoki, when are you going to take Ruby from Yuutarou? You haven't done anything at all even though you were going on and on about stealing her. Hm, are you afraid of something? Pfft. Your chicken act's really going barefooted out the door, huh, well, chickens are barefooted to begin with, though!"

Liu said that and cackled, then chugged down her beer.
Even in the lively tavern, Liu's noisiness towered above the rest.

"You sure can talk to the one who did you just last night …"

I did it with Liu last night.
We gave each other our firsts.

Even though I thought we would have more of a sweet ambience having made love with each other once, Liu has been like this all morning.
She starts abusing me at everything.

… this is weird, what the hell.

"Liu, are you mad at me?"

"No no no, I'm not mad at you for taking my precious first time in public, or for tearing my favorite clothes apart with weird magic, or for not taking care so I don't get knocked up, I'm totally not the slightest bit mad. None, like, at all"

"I said I'm sorry already …"

Since I'm in the wrong here I decided to shift the topic.

"Liu, let's change the mood and talk about the plan, shall we"

"Su—re, let's so obviously shift the topic—"

Ignoring Liu's sarcasm, I continued.
I began explaining how I would go about stealing the grimoire store girl Ruby from Yuutarou.

"Listen up Liu, I'm going to explain. — The grimoire store girl originally existed to simply be a member of Yuutarou's harem"

If left alone, Ruby would be gobbled up by Yuutarou's Narrative and swallowed whole.

Because Ruby was weak.
Not weak in the fighting sense, but in character.
She had a weak ego. That's why she would easily be swallowed by destiny and become the strong Yuutarou's amusement.

Then to prevent that from happening:

"I'm making the existence called Ruby stand on her own as a character. I'm making Ruby's character strong enough to not be inferior to Yuutarou's"

"But still, how are you going to make her strong? That timid-*chan* isn't going to be independent you know — ah, another beer here please!"

"Nope, there's a definite way to make a character strong"

There are three processes a story must go through to make a strong character.

1. Trial
2. Meeting with the Benefactor
3. Departure

All together, this is called the Initiation.
We reincarnators all went through this.

1. The "Trial" of having died on Earth
2. "Meeting with the Benefactor" namely the goddess who gave us cheat skills
3. "Departure" to another world

Therefore we were strong.
Both in power and in character.

"That's what I'm doing to Ruby, giving her her Initiation. She's having her first Trial right now. When I'm all done with her, I can release a strengthened Ruby from Yuutarou's Narrative — and I would be waiting there with my jaws wide open"

I'm going to make those huge breasts mine.

This way, I'll steal one or two of Yuutarou's girls and destroy his Narrative.

“By the way, Liu. I’m going to be sleeping with lots of girls from now on, so how’s it sitting with you? Are you going to be jealous or something?”

I asked.
I think I want to see a jealous Liu.

“Well, I’m not going to be thinking nothing of it, but I already have your virginity right here stored inside my belly after all. I feel like the legal wife, so, yeah, I’ll at least allow you to play around”

“Stored?”

Still, she’s a tolerant girl.
I’m glad she was my first.

I recalled Liu’s look from last night.

In the town at night, with the thrill of maybe being seen by other people, in each other’s embrace.

I should hurry up and get Ruby —.

Those explosive breasts …!

“Of course, I’m going to have a problem with you imagining another girl’s breasts right in front of my nose”

“I’m not imagining anything, that’s a false accusation, stop it!”

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14 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 6

— I want to become her.

Using my Mirror skill, I transformed into Elieya the Elf.

I then hid in an alley and held my breath, watching the main street.

“He’s here”

The one who came along was the grimoire store’s owner, in other words Ruby’s grandfather, who came back from lunch.
I aimed at his back.

I used the Elven secret magic [Kiri (Delayed) Curse].

Ruby’s grandfather continued walking just fine, but the curse would show its effect later and make him faint. It wont kill him however.

“Now then”

I used Mirror once again, this time turning into another Elf besides Elieya.
The Elf’s name was Shukalaaya, Elieya’s older sister.

She was very tall for a woman, with long slitted eyes and a husky voice — an androgynous woman, who would have her own fan club in a girls’ school.

By the way, Shukalaaya uses the first person pronoun [*boku*].

After transforming into Shukalaaya, I waited for a little while, I then headed towards the grimoire store and entered.

Seeing my Elven form, Ruby’s grandfather widened his eyes.

“Well hello there miss Elf, never seen you around. What kind of grimoire would you be needing today?”

“Hm. Something on the lines of lightning attack magic, I suppose”

“That won’t be a problem but —”

I then engaged in negotiations with Ruby’s grandfather for a while.

Twenty minutes later—

“U … uuuh …”

Ruby’s grandfather suddenly collapsed. The [Kiri Curse] I cast earlier was showing its effect.

“Gramps!? What’s wrong? Are you okay?”

I deliberately yelled out loud.

Then sensing something amiss, Ruby who locked herself up in the second floor came down in a hurry.

“G g … grampa!?”

Seeing her grandfather with widened eyes, Ruby was upset.

“You’re the granddaughter? Gramps suddenly collapsed. Hurry and call a doctor. I’m new here, just came to town. I don’t know where I can find a clinic. Can you show me to it?”

I carried Ruby’s grandfather in a princess carry.
Then together with a pale-faced Ruby, we headed to the clinic.

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“Hm … overwork, I think”

The doctor who examined Ruby’s grandfather confidently declared.

The Kiri Curse was a nigh undetectable magic. The curse would go on without being noticed by the target and eat into their body.

Well, my imitated power don’t have that kind of strength, so it’ll wear off on its own if you left it alone.

“G … grampa … c, can you … save grampa … ?”

Ruby’s voice was quaking more than it usually was.

“Well, hm … I think he’ll be fine”

Hearing the doctor give an uncertain answer, Ruby’s body quivered.

To Ruby, her grandfather was her only remaining family.
Her beloved family, who kindly took care of her after losing her parents.

I'm sure Ruby would be thinking now: "if only Yuutarou is here right now …"

But right now, Yuutaro wasn't in town. He's off on another expedition.

I deliberately chose this timing and instigated an incident.

"Calm down little lady. I'm here"

I said so with a gentle voice, then I gripped Ruby's trembling hand.

Being helpless, Ruby gripped my hand back.

"Say, if this happened to gramps again, will you have money for the doctor's fees?"

I asked.

"D, doctor's fees … right … I, have to work … but, what should I, do …"

Since her grandfather collapsed, Ruby had to take over the grimoire store's management.
She had to earn both her living costs and her grandfather's medical expense.

However, that was clearly a difficult task.
Close to impossible.

Managing the store was a considerable task.

Ruby fell into despair —

"— by the way, I heard this from gramps, but did you write this?"

Choosing that timing, I took out a book from my purse.

The novel Ruby wrote — the one I made into a book.

"T, that one … !? No … no, not no … I wrote it … but, I didn't, publish it, as a book …"

"You've got the talent"

I declared.

"… eh ……?"

"You're a diamond in the rough, but you're good with the descriptions and character development. Hm, and the ambience too. The bed scene even excites me as a woman.

I continued.

"Say, if it's alright with you, are you willing to write the sequel? Make it longer and continue the story. Maybe two or three more volumes"

"T, that's … not, a short novel anymore …"

Ruby shook her head.

"A, also … t, this is n, not the time to … talk about this … "

"No, this is exactly the time to talk about this: if you're willing to write, I'll cover your living expenses and your grandfather's medical bills. I'll pay you one gold per volume you write"

"O, one gold … !? W, why do … you … "

Ruby was amazed.

"Hey hey, is it that weird? It's common for people with money to support people with talent, you know — I want to be your patron, that's all"

"B … but, I don't know, if I can do it …"

"I don't know either, whether you can or not. I'm not a god after all. Listen up, what's needed in a work is not confidence but a will. — do you want to write, or do you not want to write. Ask your own heart"

"……"

Ruby put her hands on her large chest.
She looked down and sank into silence.

She was probably thinking: which one would she rather do, manage the grimoire store or write novels.
But before that, which one *could* she do.

Ruby then raised her face.

“I, … I’ll write!”

“I see, then write. Let me say this beforehand, I’m a strict person so be ready, okay. — anyway, my name’s Shukalaaya, call me Shuka”

“I’m … Ruby”

Me in the form of an Elf and the timid huge breasted girl shook hands.

Phase two of her Initiation, “Meeting with the Benefactor” begins now.

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15 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 7

"I, … I did it," said Ruby. She timidly handed the Elf-transformed me her manuscript bundle.

"Hey hey, you're done already? That's some fast writing you have there! It's only been three days since I asked you to write the sequel"

I reckon there's about 100 pages of story there, at least.
It takes effort to be able to write this much by hand.

"I … I like, writing … and … and I wanted to, hurry … and show it to Shuka … "

"Hmm. So what they said about what one likes one is good at yadda yadda[1], it's true after all. — well, let's read the manuscript then"
[1] «TN: *suki koso mono no jouzu nare*; What one likes one does well»

I sat on the inn's bed and read the sequel of Ruby's dream novel in an editorial mood.

I flipped the pages one after the other, while Ruby looked at me tensely.

By the way, I'm a quick reader.
I used to be a bookworm back in my previous life, and even while job hunting I received offers from several publishers.

Well, in the end I decided to follow my parents and work in a government office — I never thought I'd be here after all this sitting in the editor's seat.

"I finished reading it all"

Smoothly, I laid the manuscript aside.

"You did well"

"R, … really … !"

"Yeah, you have good rhythm with your sentences, and the development was reasonable. You wouldn't think an amateur wrote that. But you know…"

I sighed and continued.

“— It was hopelessly tedious”

“Eh … ”

“It’s not a failure. In fact, it was difficult to find the fault there. But you know, it doesn’t have a charm, at all. There’s no spark of ‘you’ anywhere in this novel”

The first dream novel Ruby wrote about Yuutarou had an intense energy to it.
But the story was nothing much.
A timid girl meets a boy who looked like a hero, after interacting with him she opened her heart, and finally loved each other fiercely, that kind of common thing.

But it had the passion to spark a flame in the reader.
As evidenced by Liu writhing in agony after reading it.

But the new work did not have that passion.

“Peaceful everyday life with the partner she married in the previous book — are you making fun of sequels? Make it more lively, flirt the reader! This is boring, too boring! Don’t think you can fake skimping on development with pretty descriptions”

I threw the manuscript at Ruby’s feet.

“Rejected”

“U … uu … horrible … you didn’t have to … say it like that … ”

Ruby started to cry after the criticism.

Along with her trembling body, her giant breasts also jiggled … I thought I was going to lose it.
So I don’t lose my libido even when transformed into a woman, huh.

“Oi oi, you’re crying from just that? I’m appalled, mental weakness is fatal when you’re going to engage in literary work — so what’re you going to do? Quit? I don’t mind either way, though”

I said that to provoke her. Ruby bit her lip and stopped her tears.

“… uu, gh … I, won’t quit … !”

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“Alright, so a rival comes and they fight it over the boyfriend. Not bad, getting a new character in, but this rival girl, she reeks of being a stalking horse. She’s going to get jealous and cross paths and there will be misunderstandings, but there’ll be a happy ending anyways, right? I can see it from a mile away — rejected”

* *

“Oi oi oi, what the hell is this. I did say to make the development more lively, but making the boyfriend fall ill is way too easy. Haha, such a cheap story — rejected”

* *

“Okay, so she starts a shop with the boyfriend and competes with a rival shop. Are you making fun of businesspeople? There’s no detail at all. That stuff is the soul of business novels you know — rejected”

* *

No matter how many times Ruby rewrote and came back with the sequel, none of them were interesting.

She still had the beginners luck from the inspiration when she wrote the first volume.

But that won’t last long.
Inspiration will eventually stop.

Once it does, what will support the novelist will be her own abilities.

Her inborn talents and what she acquired through effort — reading experience, writing experience, and also life experience.

She wouldn’t be able to put in the same kind of passion like she did in the initial days unless she mobilized everything she had in her —.

… so I said, completely immersed in being an editor.

“But you see, you still haven’t grown, have you. You have a hobby wasting paper or something? So weird. Say sorry to the precious resource. Come on, say it, *I’m sorry*, I’m telling you say it. One, two, three, go!”

I put my elbows on the pile gathered from the bundles of discarded manuscripts and once again showered harsh words on Ruby.

"… But, I, I … w, worked hard … and, and Shuka, you … you keep on, saying h, horrible things … "

"Worked hard? So what? Don't get the idea that an author will be judged on how hard she worked. What your readers want from you is the brilliance of the end result. They won't care about anything else"

"U, uu … but … w, what should, I … do, Shuka … you, never say anything … other than rejected … you, you never did anything for me … "

"Hold on hold on, what are you saying. I'm the investor, aren't I? I shelled out the cash, didn't I? I don't have any responsibility to do anything more than that — but well, that might be too harsh"

I walked up to Ruby.
I grabbed her chin and pulled her face up.

"Eh … ah, um … Shuka, *san* … ?"

"There are two reasons why you can only write boring stories. The first one is: you have never looked at the world"

I parted Ruby's long forelocks.
A pair of cute eyes peeked. Eyes that were usually hidden.

"Hiding yourself, locking yourself at home, hiding your face with your bangs and protecting yourself. Working only the power of your imagination within your shell. That's what's wrong about you"

"That's … because, even, if I go outside … I have no … friends … "

"Hmm. Then that's why you were locking yourself up each and every day, is it?"

Listen up, I looked into Ruby's eyes.

"This world has no locks on it. You can go anywhere if you want. So long as you have the will to 'see', the desire to 'meet'"

I grabbed Ruby's hand.

"… Shuka … ?"

"Let's go out to town. This way first"

I took Ruby outside.

To begin her departure into a new world.

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16 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 8

“U, uh, Shuka … where, are, we … going … ?”

“Just come along and follow me”

I took Ruby and walked around town.

The shopping street was brimming with energy.

It was full of all kinds of sounds.
The voices of the townspeople talking, the creaking of the wagon wheels, and the peddlers hawking over each other’s voices.

The pair of a tall Elven woman and a young girl with wobbling huge breasts seems to catch attention and the townspeople sent curious gazes.

Ruby seemed bothered by the gazes and she hung her head in self-doubt.

“Nice town, eh? It’s bright and colorful. Why is it that you never go outside even though you live in such a wonderful town?”

“I, I only … don’t … f, find it enjoyable, to go outside …. W, why do you … p, people who like, to g, go out … always … t, talk about people like me … who like to be home, and, r, read books … l, like it’s a bad thing … ?”

Ruby pouted sullenly to my inquiry.

I feel like I was able to touch the girl’s inner feelings for the first time.

“No, well, I don’t think you’re doing a bad thing. Reading books at home is wonderful, too — But you know, if you really think that’s the most wonderful thing then you need to live more confidently”

I continued.

“I’m wondering, aren’t you feeling like you’re inferior to other people inside? Like, you feel like you lost against those people who could smile with their friends outside”

” … lost, against … ”

Looks like I hit the bullseye, Ruby cast her eyes downwards.

“And in order to get that loser-ness out of you — we’re going to have fun outside”

I smiled.

“Enjoying things, having fun, and having had fun you go home and read books, that’s how you spin a story”

“Having, fun … ”

“That’s right. — now, come on”

Ruby and I went inside a tailor’s.

Seeing Ruby, the tailor woman said, “oh, your order’s finished”

“O, order …?”

Ruby tilted her head to the side.

Not minding her, the tailor took Ruby behind the partitions.

She then said, “now, take your clothes off” as the peeled off Ruby’s plain robe.

“Eh, … kya … stop … !”

Ruby resisted but the tailor’s hands did not stop.

She even peeled off and threw her underwear aside.

Having transformed into an Elven woman, I appreciated the scenery with a nonchalant look.

“Those things are something, huh …”

I gulped.

There are two melon-like thingies enshrined on Ruby’s chest.

… I’ve never seen anything like those.

However, her body was petite overall, so she looked like she’d break if you gripped, say, her shoulders strongly.

Her skin was white from not getting enough sunlight.

The tailor woman skilfully put on fresh clothes on Ruby's body.

Ruby must think it strange. How did she prepare clothes that fit her perfectly even though she never made any measurements.

The reason was simple.

I transformed into Ruby using Mirror and came here to order clothes beforehand.

Something like a sundress.
It had cloth wedged under the chest bit, molding it into a pair of breasts that draws the male gaze.

"Ruby, that's a present from me"

I said that and smiled.

The normal me could never have made such a smug smile but I could do it somewhat now that I'm transformed.

"… no, way, t, this … looks so e, expensive …"

"It's fine, it's fine — now, next place"

The next place was a metalworking guild shop.

On the shop stands there, they had goods like belt buckles and accessories.

"This looks like it'll suit you"

I hung an accessory with an olive motif on Ruby's neck.

Sure enough, Ruby was reserved, saying "I, I can't take this … !" but I half forcibly pushed it on her.

With expensive clothes and jewelry, her disposition naturally changed.
Ruby was always looking down until earlier, but now she stood straight and looked forward.

She also stuttered less.

Just by changing her appearance a little, her attitude was completely different.

After that, we had a typical date.

We had a leaf-wrapped lunch at a chic eatery.

After lunch, dessert.
Cakes decorated with adorable fruits. Ruby ate two.
I'm very sure the nutrition all went into her chest.

It's not good to have me keep deciding our destinations, so I asked Ruby if she had anywhere she wanted to go. She confidently answered "I want to go … to the bookstore".

I had Ruby recommend me a book in the bookstore.
Ruby looked dazzling as she talked about the things she liked.

As the sun was about to sink into the night, I took Ruby to the theatre.

"… I haven't been to the theatre, for a long time …. Ever since, when I was small, my parents, took me here …"

Sitting on an open-air seat, Ruby recalled the memories from days of her youth.

I was the same, this was the first time I came to a theatre since I reincarnated.

Well, before that I was on the stage, though.

"Now this is nostalgic," I thought as Ruby and I enjoyed the play.

During that time, I let go of all of my underhanded tricks and genuinely enjoyed the show.

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17 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 9

Ever since Ruby started going outside, her novel's quality went up.

It felt more real and the tempo of the sentence and developments became better.

However —

"Hm–. Something's wrong though. The last one had more, uh, a burning pathos thingy but no matter how you look at it, this one's, you know, that."

Liu folded her arms and tilted her head.

"Saying 'that' doesn't tell me anything, but well, I get what you're trying to say"

I nodded.

Ruby's novel was lacking passion.

The reason was probably the main character's traits in the narrative.

The work's main character was a girl that's just like Ruby.

Just like the author, the girl's extremely passive.
She never does things on her own.
She just accepts everything, be it joy or sorrow.

Without the support of the main character, the novel's quality couldn't become better.

"Well, it really depends on Motoki's skills whether the sequel turns out good or bad, huh. Such a heavy job, huh. If it doesn't turn out good *imma stick it to ya buster!*"

"You sure are turning out to be a dangerous fan …"

But yes, I did have to do something about this problem.

If Ruby didn't become an author that could stand on her own two legs, my plans would be ruined.

＊ ＊

“Say, Ruby, I want you to tell me something. Why does your protagonist never do something on her own?”

I transformed into the Elf Shuka and visited Ruby in her room.

“……”

Hearing my question Ruby fell silent and cast her eyes down.

No, I’m not blaming you or anything.

“This is just my prediction, but I wonder if it’s because that you as the author is scared to do anything, and that trait of yours reflects in your protagonist”

“…”

Ruby fell even more silent.

“Say, do you have some trauma about going and doing something on your own? If it’s alright with you can you share with me? I want to help you”

“… I …”

Then, Ruby began telling her story.
About how she became the way she is now, a person who never takes initiative.

＊ ＊

Ruby had always loved reading books since she was small.

She finds the fantasy world inside books to be more enjoyable than going outside.

However, Ruby was by no means an introvert.
She had more curiosity than others, a lively child.

Whenever she found something fun outside, she would chase it, playing until it got dark out.

However —

Everything changed one day three years ago.

That day, Ruby was out with her parents having lunch.

Happy with a full stomach after eating a delicious meal, Ruby walked back — when suddenly a group of Orcs invaded.

The Human town Coura was under attack by the Orc army.

The Orcs set up ladders on the walls here and there and entered the town, slaughtering and pillaging.

Immediately, Ruby and her parents hid in an alleyway with bated breaths.

Luckily, the Orcs didn't notice the three of them.
It looked like they will live through this.

Right then, Ruby noticed something on the main street from the alley.

Her friend and their parent was being chased by Orcs.

— I have to help them!

Brimming with a sense of justice, she jumped out.

Being the daughter of a grimoire shop owner, she knew some magic.
I had to help my friend with it, she thought.

However, it's not a situation that a child can help by jumping out.

The parent and child was killed, and Ruby's parents were also killed covering for their daughter.

They were about to kill Ruby, too, but by a hair's breadth, the town's self defense force came to help.

In front of the dead bodies of her parents, Ruby thought:

— *If only I didn't do anything then.*

Then ever since, Ruby stopped taking any initiative on her own.

She never went outside, she didn't talk, she only worked as her grandfather tells

her to.

＊ ＊

“But … when I was as good as a corpse, Yuutarou came … and helped me”

Ruby smiled, remembering a happy memory.

“I see, I understand. So that’s what caused everything”

When Ruby was unable to do anything, the reincarnator called Yuutarou came and helped unconditionally.

He killed the Orcs that killed her parents and Ruby was able to talk again.

This was what Ruby thought, being helped without doing anything herself.

— I knew it, it’s better if I didn’t do anything on my own.

Yuutarou made a mistake.
Help is not something you one-sidedly give.

You have to help the person help themselves.
Otherwise, they would turn into a doll that can only receive help from others.

“I see …”

However, now I can see the way.

The way to release Ruby from Yuutarou’s Narrative.

| |

18 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 10

"Noow then, I'll be going for a lit-tle while. If anything happened to me please burn my desk at my parents' house, but don't look in the drawers. If you do I'll curse you from the next world"

"… all right, all right, just hurry up and go. You're not going anywhere *that* dangerous anyway"

shoo shoo, I shooed Liu away.

"You're somehow being rough with me lately Motoki. Is it 'that'? The one where you stop feeding the fish that you've baited. Please feed the fish, please be gentle to the Orc that you did it with once …!"

"Okay, okay, I'll give you anything you ask when you get back so hurry up and go!"

"All right! Now I feel more motivated! I'll be on my way then!"

With a grin on her face, Liu used the Thief skill "Scale Wall" and ran up the town wall.

Then she jumped down outside the town Coura.

I had Liu go on a little errand.

I had Liu deliver a letter somewhere it would take her five days on foot to get there.

Since the town gates were closed at night, I had Liu use her prided Thief skills to jump out of the walls. It's a rather urgent job after all.

* *

The next day, I transformed into the Elf Shuka and visited the grimoire store.

"I'm coming in"

"Ah, … Shuka … "

Ruby raised her head from the novel she was writing.

“I, I’ll be done soon …. I think I’m going to make it, good this time … !”

“No, I’m not here to ask for the manuscript today. It’s about your grandfather’s illness”

“G, grampa’s … ”

Ruby’s grandfather was now bedridden from an illness of unknown cause.

Well it wasn’t because of an illness actually, but because of the [Kiri Curse] I cast on him, but anyway —

“You know, I heard this from a peddler earlier, there’s a town east of here called Sephor, and there’s a famous healer there. I’m sure they would know what to give to gramps to make him better”

I continued.

“What are you going to do Ruby? Are you going to go to Sephor and buy medicine for gramps? Of course, I’ll come along if you do”

“A, another town … ”

Ruby’s face turned paler and paler.

She was of course helplessly frightened at the prospect of leaving Coura.

Since she was attacked by Orcs, she had locked herself at home.

Even though she might have been able to go shopping nearby, but she had probably never taken a step outside town.
No matter how many years passed, she would stay within these walls.

I dropped to my knees and looked up at Ruby’s face.

“Are you scared?”

“I, I’m scared … I’m shivering in fear …”

Ruby’s body clattered as she trembled.
This girl was always shivering, but today she shivered more than usual.

Of course, her breasts went *jiggle jiggle* like a pair of slimes, and even in a time

like this I thought I was going to get aroused.
… These boobs are dangerous weapons, they are.

"So you're scared, are you? Well, it's true that there's no real proof that gramps would be healed if you went and got the medicine after all"

As I said so Ruby looked relieved — but then she raised her face.

"I, I won't quit …! I'll go!"

＊＊

Once we decided we would be going, Ruby and I quickly made preparations.

We bought tough clothes and boots, also food and water for the journey.
Then we bought self-defense weapons, medicine, and leaves for insect repellent.

We also hired someone to look after Ruby's grandfather while we were away.

"Grampa … Ruby will be going away for a while, but, please don't worry … Ruby is going to find medicine to heal grampa …"

Ruby whispered to her grandfather's ear in his sickbed.
Gramps weakly said "never mind me … it's dangerous outside town …" to stop her granddaughter, but Ruby had already made her decision.

Then the next day, Ruby and I woke up early and met at the Coura town gates.
Ruby had a tense face carrying a backpack.

"Let's go then"

"Y … yes!"

But once we were about to take a step outside the gates, Ruby's feet stopped.

She was overwhelmed by the breadth of the world outside the walls.

Roads that seem to go on endlessly.
Ground covered by grass and trees.

She must be scared.

Of course, the unknown is a fearful thing.

I said to Ruby to her ear in a whisper.

“The gods won’t smile unless you tear down those walls”

When I did, Ruby seemed to have come to herself.

She then finally took her first step outside town.

Strongly, stamping her feet on the ground.

— Now it begins.

The last phase of the Initiation, “Departure”, begins.

I will make Ruby stand on her own along the journey, making a “Ruby” released from Yuutarou’s Narrative.

| |

19 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 11

"Ruby, are you doing all right? Should we take a break?"

"N, no … I'm fine …"

The second day after we left Coura, Ruby and I earnestly walked and walked.
We walked towards Sephor in order to find medicine to heal Ruby's grandfather with.

The road was well maintained but to keep on walking and walking was still a harsh thing.

The form of the Elf woman I borrowed was robust so I was fine, but Ruby who didn't normally exercise herself looked like she was having it hard.

Fatigue and muscle pains.
And the one most important thing you need to mind on a long journey: foot and groin sores.

"Oh, there's a good spot with trees. Ruby, let's take a break in the bower"

"Y, yess …"

Ruby collapsed dejectedly on the roots of one of the trees.

"Say Ruby, let's redo the salve coating"

"Please …"

I took off Ruby's shoes and coated her blood-clotted heels with medicine.

"Now, let's plaster it on your groin too. C'mon, nobody's here, take off your pants"

"U, um … I'll do the groin myself … kya!!"

She delicately resisted, but I took them off anyway.

Now only in her panties, Ruby resigned herself and spread her legs.

Faking calmness, I laid my hands between Ruby's thighs and smeared it with

ointment.

"No .. Shuka, it tickles …"

"Bear with it"

Those words were half meant for myself.
Just a little bit more, bear with it just a little more, me.

Bear with it a little more and Ruby will be mine.

＊＊

We continued walking the next day and the day after.

Rain fell on us somewhere along the way but we didn't get any night burglars and generally the journey proceeded peacefully.

As we walked, Ruby's countenance gradually changed.
She had always been fidgety up until now but she's optimistic now.

Journeys change people.

＊＊

Then on the fifth day.

"Say Ruby, I have a suggestion. What do you think, there's a little shortcut around here, want to take it?"

"Short … cut ?"

"Yep"

I spread the map open.

"If we go through this forest, we can shorten our round trip time by three days even taking the difficulty of the terrain into account. We can get the medicine to gramps sooner"

"L, let's take it!"

Ruby answered energetically.

"Right, that's a good answer"

Ruby and I together entered Lülüca forest.

It was a forest overgrown with tall trees.

Grass tangled at our feet and roots grew out here and there.

I was worried whether Ruby would trip and fall, but after walking for five days she had gotten used to walking.
Her gait was steady.

＊＊

“Waa … A spring …!”

Just around dusk, we reached the spring halfway through the forest.

The reflection of the moon flickered on the water’s surface, fascinating like a prostitute beckoning us.

“Shuka … I, want to take a dip … !”

“Ah, alright”

The two of us took off our clothes.

Ruby had gotten strong and was no longer embarrassed in female company.
Well, I’m a dude though.

When Ruby took her tunic off over her head her huge breasts flashily jiggled like pudding … hold back, me, hold back.

We entered the the warm water like dipping into a bathtub.

Ruby’s melon-like things floated in the water.

The Elf woman Shuka I transformed into had a good figure, but I can’t help comparing us ….

No, well, what was I going to do if I felt like I lost.

“E—i!”

“Oof… !?”

Ruby suddenly threw water at me.

Such a nostalgic thing.

“Haha, you’ve done it now. Take this!”

“Kya…!”

We both chased each other in the water while splashing about.

“Got you now!”

I caught her from behind with my arms around her chest area …. Really, these boobs are amazing.

Once we’ve gotten tired of playing, the two of us gazed at the perfect sky.

I was caught in a sentimental mood — wondering whether the world I used to be in was around one of those stars.

“Shuka”

Suddenly, Ruby called to me.

“Hm?”

“I … I’m glad I met with you. If you never came along, I … I won’t know what to do when grampa fell ill. I wouldn’t be able to do anything …”

“Hm? No, I didn’t do anything much. You worked hard because you had the strength to work hard in you. — And even if I didn’t help you , that Yuutarou kid would’ve gone and did it, wouldn’t he?”

” … Yuutarou, would come and help me, I think. He always does …”
“but,” continued Ruby.
“Now when I think about it … I don’t like myself when I was helped by Yuutarou. Everything got better even when I did nothing about it. Essentially, nothing about me had changed …”

“Is that so? What about now? Have you come to love yourself?”

“… yes, I feel like I can love myself now”

“Really? Good then”

I embraced Ruby in the water.

Tightly, until both our chests pressed against each other.

“When you’ve come to love yourself, I’m sure you’d be able to write the best novels”

* *

Ruby had fallen asleep by the water’s edge.

The weariness finally caught her. She slept without even making a sound, as if she was dead.

I got up quietly so as to not wake her up.

I went around to the other side of a large tree by the spring.

“I’ve kept you waiting, huh, Liu”

Liu was there, after I sent her on an errand a few days ago.

I gave her a map and told her to wait around here.

“Sheesh, what took you so long! You got the gall to make other people wait while you had fun fondling a huge breasted girl’s chest, haven’t you. What, you think you’re a nobleman now? A king? Huh?”

Liu’s complaints today were like an everflowing stream.

Being with Ruby wasn’t bad but sure enough, I can feel at peace being able to hear her like this.

Liu wasn’t alone.
She brought another Orc along.

Unlike Liu who looked like an Elf, this one was a stereotypical, ugly Orc.

“You must be … Milord Motoki, yes? Queen Luna’s guest? It’s an honor to meet you for the first time, my name is Dyra, private Dyra”

The Orc kneeled down at my feet.

He was one of the members who participated in the attack on Coura three years ago.

I asked Liu to go to a nearby Orc fortress and bring him to me.
I didn't care who it is, just to bring me one of the soldiers involved in the attack on Coura, so I told her.

"Now then Milady Ka'Liu, Milord Motoki, what would you have me do … no, I mean, I will do anything you ask of me"

The Orc Dyra asked us in a formal tone.

"Ah, I want you to do a little acting"

As I said that, I took out a small bottle from my pocket.

I covered myself in the clotted blood inside it.

"Liu, you go and head back to Coura. — Now Dyra, you're going to attack me. Grab me by the collars and lift me up. Pretend like you were going to kill me"

"O, okay …"

Though bewildered, Dyra did as he was told and picked me up.

Covered in blood and with an Orc grabbing me by the collar, I completely looked like I was being attacked.

Then what I did was:

"GUUAAAAAAAHHH…!!"

I screamed.

| |

20 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 12

Sleeping by the water's edge, Ruby had a dream.

Inside the dream, she was a doll that could not speak.
Her owner was the hero Yuutarou.

Yuutarou had several other dolls besides Ruby.

They were adorable, they were gorgeous.
But they were toys in the shape of people, unable to do anything by themselves.

Yuutarou kept adding and adding more and more dolls.
Every time he went on an adventure, he would return with another doll.

They decorated his doll showcase.

He doesn't let anyone else touch them.
They were only for himself to enjoy.
— Treasures only meant for Yuutarou.

As long as they remain dolls, he would guarantee their safety.
Yuutarou takes care of his dolls.

She was not unique, but he always, always protects her along with many other dolls.

Being his possession did not mean that there were no problems.

But she couldn't move on her own, not after she'd gone this far.

'You can't stay that way'

She heard a voice.

'You are a human being'

The voice denied Ruby's way of life.
She wanted to cover her ears, but the doll Ruby could not even move her hands.

She frantically, pretended not to hear.

After all, she can't return to being human anymore.

When Ruby was a human, she always failed and failed.
She couldn't save her friend.
She lost her parents.
Because she did something unnecessary—

Therefore she should stay this way.
Like this, forever, and ever —

Really?
Are you really okay with that?
Of course I'm okay, it's the best thing.

'Talk, move, be a human'

The voice insistently scolded Ruby.
Shut up, shut up.
Go away, now.
Don't lead me astray—!

Right then, something plopped down at Ruby's feet.

A bundle of paper, and a pen.

'— write!'

"Ah…"

A voice leaked out from her throat.
Even though dolls aren't supposed to be able to do that.

And then Ruby —

＊ ＊

As the dream ended, Ruby suddenly awakened.

When she opened her eyes, she saw starlight.

For an instant she was confused, *where am I now? Right, I'm on a journey*, she recalled.

She was with the Elven woman Shuka, heading towards Sephor.

“Shuka?”

Shuka wasn’t sleeping next to her where she should have been.
Ruby was all alone by the water’s edge.

Feeling helpless, Ruby looked around her — and right that moment.

“GUAAAAAAAHHH!!”

She heard a loud scream.

“Shuka …!?”

Ruby hurried towards where the sound came from.

“Eh …”

Shuka was there.

Shuka wasn’t alone.

There was an Orc there.

A horrible Orc was picking Shuka up.

“Ruby, run away!! It’s a stray Orc…!”

Shuka yelled at Ruby to run.

The Orc violently threw Shuka to the ground.

“GHAAH …!!”

Shuka let out a groan.

But Shuka soon picked herself up.
She was probably buying time for Ruby to run, she clung to the Orc by the waist, tackling it.

“Hurry up and run Ruby!!”

Shuka was covered in blood, wounded all over.
If this goes on, she would be killed.

“A … ah”

Ruby was petrified.

She remembered what happened three years ago.

She tried to save her friend from Orcs and jumped out of the alleyway.

But she wasn’t able to do anything.

Her friend was brutally killed, her parents too.

She shouldn’t have done anything.
It would have been better if she didn’t do anything —.

So now.
She shouldn’t do anything either.

She thought she could do something but in the end—

“…. ah”

In her head, she recalled the memory of the past few days.

She picked up the pen by her own will.
She wrote down a tale by her own will.

She was judged down time and time again.
Still, she took it all in.

It was harsh, but she felt an irreplaceable happiness.
She never felt the same when she was a doll.

“……tsk!”

If she didn’t move now, she wouldn’t be able to see that happiness ever again.

Move move move move —!

Her will flowed to her limbs.

Her white hot will melted her frozen body.

“Shuka, please hold on for a little longer!”

With a hand on the ground, Ruby yelled.

She drew a circle and chanted a spell.

Both her eyes were dyed in red.
Changing into a deep crimson.

“Shuka, get away …!”

Then Ruby invoked the magic.

A secret art passed down among grimoireurs.

[Crimson Hellfire]

“GAAAAAAA ….—!!”

The Orc screamed in agony.
Its horrible body went up in flames.

A few seconds later, it disappeared, not even leaving cinders behind.

Ruby hadn’t used magic for a long time, it exhausted her.

Her head felt faint, she staggered —

“Uh oh”

Shuka caught Ruby’s body in her arms.

She triumphantly smiled at Ruby.

“Thank you, Ruby. You saved me there. If you didn’t I’d be an Orc’s plaything right about now. You’re so cool, you’re the best!”

“N … no … I was able to change because of Shuka”

“No, I only helped you out a little bit. That will, that strength, you grasped it all on your own”

“Ruby,” said Shuka.

“— You’re a fine protagonist now”

“———”

That moment, Ruby was wrapped in a strange feeling.

She felt the chains that bound her disappear—

Ruby thought

— I feel like I can write a good story now.

| |

21 – The Grimoire Shop Girl Longs for Love with a Hero 13

Having been unconditionally saved by Yuutarou, Ruby thought she was all fine and well.

Just giving her heart and body to Yuutarou is enough.
Even if she wasn't Yuutarou's beloved, he would guarantee her happiness.
She should just follow along in Yuutarou's story—

Her mind was stained with such negative thinking.

Which was why in order to release her from Yuutarou, Ruby needs to stand on her own two feet.
And then walk on her own story.
Not Yuutarou's, hers.

What I did was first, gave Ruby's mind a burden.

I released the novel Ruby wrote in secret.
I showed her Yuutarou going at it with another girl.
Then cursed her grandfather, making him faint.

Ruby's mind fell into a deep depression.
Then I turned into the Elf Shuka and appeared.

With living expenses as bait, I made Ruby write her novel.
Repeatedly judging her work, I urged her to continue writing.

The unending effort strengthened Ruby's willpower.
Ruby was visibly changed.

However, that wasn't enough.

In order to release Ruby from her shackles, in order to make her story more dramatic — she needs to be rid of her trauma.

Ruby had to defeat an Orc by her own hands.

Which was why I whispered rumors of a healer living in Sephor and took Ruby on a journey.

Then, I prepared an Orc along the way.
Liu brought him along, the Orc Dyra-*kun*.

I bedaubed my whole body in blood and screamed, pretending to be attacked by Dyra, and calling Ruby.

Shuka attacked by an Orc — If it were the old Ruby, once she saw that scene she would've frozen in fear.

However, the Ruby that I had forged did not flinch.

She perfectly executed the magic and defeated the fated Orc.

I had expected, to an extent, that Ruby had some kind of great magic in her.
Being involved in Yuutarou's Narrative, there's no way she's an ordinary girl.
Though I didn't expect it to be that powerful….

Meeting his end, the Orc Ruby burned sent me a look, saying, "this was not what you said…!"
Sheesh, he doesn't know when to give up.
He's killed so many people before, and yet when it's his time to be killed, he complains.

Well, I'm not an ally of the Orcs or anything, after all.

＊＊

"Ruby, you've really become something great. Yeah, I'm proud of you"

I hugged Ruby in a deep embrace.

"Shuka, you're suffocating me …"

Ruby pushed her face out, suffocated, and then —

"———!?"

I covered Ruby's lips with mine.

Ruby twitched in surprise, but she soon accepted it.

Her eyes turned blank, intoxicated.

I moved my mouth near Ruby's ear.

"Ruby, may I do what I want to do with you?"

Ruby shivered at the question and cast her eyes down.

"Y … yes"

She gave me permission.

The time had finally come.
I had gone through hardship, schemed and schemed to take Ruby from Yuutarou — now the time had come where I can finally make her mine.

Since she said I can do whatever I like, I'll really do whatever I like.

The Elf woman Shukalaaya I'm transformed into possessed magic not inferior to her little sister Elieya.
Even magic you'd use for lewd things.

I used [Paralyze] on Ruby.

"… Ah—!"

Receiving an electric-like shock, Ruby's body spasmed.

I laid the quaking Ruby on the ground.
I opened her legs in the shape of the letter M.

"Next is …"

Next, I took out a black piece of cloth from the luggage and covered Ruby's eyes with it.

I can't let Ruby see me transform into a man.

Also, I cast Destroy Armor on Ruby's clothes, and undid my Mirror, returning to my original form.

As a result of Destroy Armor, Ruby's clothes gradually disappeared.

First was her lower half.

Since her legs was in the M shape, her privates were exposed to the night air.
If her grandfather saw her like this, he'd faint.

For although she was properly wearing clothes on top, she was wearing nothing on the bottom — very indecent, this is really something ….

However, her top also gradually disappeared.

Her navel was exposed, then her huge breasts showed their enormous shapes.

Ruby can't cover them now.
Even though she knows I was staring at her right now, she can't cover up.

A girl, completely naked, in a blindfold. Her legs opened in an M shape, her body convulsing in spasms … it was positively criminal.

Ah … it took so long to make her mine.

Let me enjoy the fruits of my labor—!

I took my own clothes and hung over Ruby's body.

The feel of the huge breasts pressed into my chest …!

And thus I did it with Ruby.
I took Ruby's chastity, and did it over and over again until morning came[1]
[1] «TN: Won't she find out he's a dude? Ah, he's thinking with his other head right now»

＊＊

Later, Ruby and I reached the town Sephro.
However, there was no healer there.

Obviously, because that was just a rumor I made up.
A week later, a dejected Ruby and I arrived back at Coura.

Incidentally, along the way I cheered up the dejected Ruby by doing her again and again.

And thus we were back at Coura, when —

"Grampa!?"

Ruby let leak a surprised voice.

“Ooh, Ruby. I felt better somehow”

Ruby’s grandfather had turned back to his normal, cheerful self.

Looks like the curse I cast had expired.

Ruby was happy, she reported what had happened to her grandfather.
Her grandfather looked proudly at the changed countenance of his granddaughter.

Since it would be rude to butt into the family reunion, I decided to leave the grimoire store.

I should meet up with Liu who came back to Coura earlier, exchange reports, make love with her after so long, and —

Then,

“Wait, Shuka!”

Ruby called me and ran out of the store after me.

“Well well, what is it Ruby? Are you okay with leaving your recovering grandfather?”

“I’ll be back soon … u, um … I want to ask you something …”

“Hm? What is it?”

As I asked, Ruby put both her arms around my neck as if to hug me.

Then she whispered to my ear and asked.

“Shuka — Are you actually a man?”

” …… ”

…… huh? I was found out …?
«TN: There you go»

“I’m not going to blame you, so please don’t hide it. There’s no way I wouldn’t notice… Even though you paralyzed me, … y, you did all those lewd things to me …”

“…… yeah, I’m a man”

I admitted.

“This is just a possibility … but were you the one who deliberately published my book? Geez … how long have I been dancing in your palm …”

Ruby giggled.

“Let me say this first. I’m not angry. It’s the truth that you got me to change, after all. Also … a boy making up all those schemes, desperately trying to get into my pants. It’s kinda funny now that I look back at it”

Ahahaha, Ruby laughed out loud.

“Just that,” continued Ruby.

“If you still felt guilty, please show me the real you”

“…”

I willed and undid Mirror.
I turned into my plain, original self.

“My name’s Motoki …”

“Ah, just like I imagined …. A contrarian boy that you just can’t hate … so cute”

Ruby brought my head tightly into the embrace of her huge breasts, saying “cute, cute” over and over again, exchanging kisses with me.

… what’s this, am I dreaming?

Did I die again —

“Say, Motoki-*kun* … since you did all those lewd things to me, you’ll take responsibility, right?”

“A, ah …”

She started calling me “-*kun*“, but that ain’t bad, actually.

“Also … If we get a baby, you’ll be responsible for it, too, right?”

“Girls are persistent about that, aren’t they …”

I flirted with Ruby on the empty street.

Then,

“R, Ruby …”

We suddenly heard a voice, Ruby and I turned our heads to the source.

Yuutarou was there.

The middle schooler boy who reincarnated from Earth.
He saw the girl who was supposed to be a member of his harem flirting with another man and froze in shock.

“Yuutarou … let me introduce you”

Ruby calmly said.

“This is my boyfriend, Motoki”

“A, ah … good for you”

Yuutarou congratulated Ruby in a trembling voice and went back the way he came pale as a ghost.

It must’ve been a heavy shock.
A middle schooler having the girl he likes taken from him.

“＿＿”

Then, I saw it.

From Yuutarou’s back, a wispy, smoky something came out.

That was probably a part of Yuutarou’s power.

Having stolen Ruby from him, I had broken a part of his Narrative. Yuutarou had lost a part of the goddess’s blessings.

— It worked.

If I keep stealing Yuutarou’s girls like this, he is sure to turn weaker.

| |

22 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 1

"Alright, now after he's done sinking his poison fangs into Ruby and devoured her enormous breasts, I think it's time for an *oppai* interview! How was Ruby's boobs, Motoki? Ah, excuse me, I mean, mister alien from planet Boob"

Liu was using a broomstick as a fake mike, pushing it at my mouth.

"Stop calling me alien from planet Boob …"

"Sorry, that was rude of me Count Boob"

"I'm telling you to change the 'Boob' part …!"

"Then, Duke of Boob?"

"My rank's not the issue here …!"

Haah …, I sighed.

I was back at the inn after capturing Ruby, and Liu insisted on picking a fight with me out of sheer boredom.

She told me she wasn't going to be jealous before, but sure enough, she was perturbed by the fact that the man she gave her first to was doing it with another woman.

If you see her like that, she's kinda cute. She won't shut up though.

"So, did anything change after you've captured Ruby, Boob King?"

"And I'm finally a King … — but if you ask whether there's a change after I captured Ruby, then the answer is a definite yes"

Having Ruby stolen and part of his harem wrecked, Yuutarou was certainly weakened.
And it was a total weakening, too.

Earning the goddess' disappointment and having part of his power taken away.
Also —

“With Yuutarou, he has a magic type cheat to begin with, right. Then losing the supplier of grimoires is going to damage him substantially”

I smiled.

“I’m going to go steal the other girls like this. The next one probably won’t take as much work as Ruby”

I had already decided on my next target.

“Next is the priestess Miria, she will be mine!”

＊ ＊

There was an old church in the middle of the town Coura.

And there was where the priestess of the organization of the faithfuls of the Goddess Quira, Miria, listens to the people’s troubles, cleanse the dead, and busily worked.

All on her own.
From what I heard of her, Miria was the only daughter of the previous priest.

She was protecting the place her parents left behind with all she had — isn’t that a sob story?

“It’s old … but it has the ambience”

Using the Mirror skill, I transformed into a boy and visited the church.

The reliefs, the altar, and the limestone statue modeled after the Goddess.
It felt just as if a goddess would just descend upon the place.

It was close to nighttime, nobody else was there but me.

I locked eyes with the goddess Quira statue.

“I don’t remember seeing you”

It’s just a possibility, but this goddess Quira wasn’t the one who sent me to this world.

I had no memory of it, but the goddess who reincarnated me would be more, like, looking good wearing an evil smile —

Then,

"— oh my oh my, what have we here, a little lost one. Good evening, what do you need?"

I heard a voice from the church entrance.

I turned around and I saw a woman in white habit carrying a paper bag.

Her long hair was golden and slightly wavy, and she was wearing a loving smile — so this was probably Miria.

"Ah, I'm sorry … I went in on my own"

As I'm transforming into a child, I cast my head down.

"My, why are you apologizing?"

"That's because … I'm not a disciple of Quira"
"It's all right, you'll be fine. The goddess Quira accepts all men and women young and old. Tolerance is the highest spirit"

"Also," continued Miria.

"Even if you're not a disciple of Quira now, that is only the case 'now'. You might become a devotee of Quira in the future … no, I'm sure of it. Therefore there's no reason for me to turn you away — Welcome, my future lamb"

Miria gently took my hand.

"I wil tho–roughly explain to you how great Lady Quira is, okay. I'll guide you, your family, and e–veryone, so there's no need to worry"

"Come, let's listen to Lady Quira's greatness," said Miria as she guided me inside.

… she's unmistakably the type of girl that never listens to people.

I feel tired just talking to her.

I'm glad I had Ruby for healing, I sighed inwardly.

No, well, but, it was now or never.
Once I've stolen two girls, I would have brought down Yuutarou's power to a level where he could be killed.

I’ll definitely go and get this woman.

Dreaming of the day I can trace my tongue along the skin under the habit, I fired myself up.

| |

23 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 2

"— And that is how this world is being supported by Goddess Quira's divine protection. How is it? Do you understand the greatness that is Lady Quira now?"

In a small room in the chapel, the priestess Miria sermoned me for several hours non-stop.

"Yes … I understand. I understand *very* well, Lady Quira is the greatest …"

Listening to that, I wearily nodded in my guise of a child.

"My, I'm glad the word reached you. Wise and prudent little lamb, I am sure you are in Lady Quira's favor"

There, there, Miria patted my head.
Her golden hair tickled my nose — it smelled nice.

"……"

I nonchalantly laid my eyes on Miria's chest.

The chest wrapped in a white habit was rather largish, though not as big as Ruby's.
The shape was good, too.

I gulped despite myself.

"I'll be heading home then …"

The religious education that was close to brainwashing wore out my ears and body.

I had other things to do today.

I have to hurry back and meet with Liu — I thought as I stood up from my seat, but then Miria gripped my shoulders strongly.

"Going home? My my what are you saying? We're just about to start the second sermon you know. I want you to hear how … how Lady Quira created and guides humans in this world that her august self had created"

“No .. but, I have to go home already … how many sermons are there anyway?”

“My my, having the sermons end is just unthinkable. Lady Quira’s power continues on everlasting after all, so the teachings also go on without end. That’s common knowledge, is it not?”

“But um … I really have to go …”

“No, you’ll be alright. No matter how late you go home I’m sure your parents will understand. Because there’s nothing more important in this world than Lady Quira’s teachings. Curfews are a trifle matter”

I tried to leave but Miria pulled my arm back.

… *oh shit, this chick’s cray-cray.*

She really doesn’t listen to a word anyone else says.

I think I understand why this church was empty even though the Quira Church was a rather large organization.

It’s because people don’t want to get involved with this wacko priestess.

It became a battle where I try to run and Miria kept me from running —

Then,

“Miria! Are you here?”

There was a voice from the chapel.

There’s a worshipper at this hour?

“This voice!”

Miria’s face was painted in joy, she raced towards the chapel in a fluster.

I followed behind her.

“Yuutarou …?”

I peeked from behind the slightly open door and saw the reincarnator Yuutarou in the chapel.

Miria was kneeling in front of him.

“Sir Yuutarou … most exalted reincarnator sent by the Goddess Quira to this world … what brings you here today?”

It looks like Yuutarou was a reincarnator sent here by Goddess Quira.
I see, so that’s why Miria loved Yuutarou and became a harem member.

“Yeah … I just came back from an expedition. I wanted to give Lady Quira my after-action report!”

Yuutarou made a refreshing smile.

The fact that his face looked a little sullen was probably because I just stole one of his women the other day.

“My my, that much is no problem. So what did you accomplish this time?”

Miria listened to Yuutarou’s exploits in the expedition and wrote it down on paper.

Miria then burned the paper on the altar fire.

It was the so-called “Heaven Sending Ceremony”

“My Lady Quira, your blessings be upon Yuutarou!”

At the same time Miria said so, an invigorating wind blew.
That wind was sucked into Yuutarou’s chest.

“… so that’s a Level Up?”

The main duties of a priest in this world are twofold:

The first one is to report an adventurer’s exploits to the goddesses.
In response to that, the goddess grants the adventurer a new power.

Well in short, a Level Up.

And the other one was — no, let’s leave that for later.

“My my? Don’t you think Lady Quira looks a little ang … no, disappointed?”

Miria turned to face the Quira statue and tilted her head in wonder.
There seemed to be something only she could sense.

I couldn’t grasp it clearly, but it should be vaguely showing on Quira’s face, I’m

sure.

Goddess Quira was angry — the reason was obvious.

Because one of the harem members had been stolen from Yuutarou who she sent.

I knew what I did really did damage on Yuutarou's camp.

I made a small guts pose and stealthily left by the church's back door.

＊＊

After escaping the church, I went back to the inn. I picked up Liu and went to a certain place.

It had gone late into the night because of Miria's long long sermon, but in fact, being so late at night was actually better.

After all, what I was going to do was — desecrating a grave.

Liu and I walked for half an hour and reached a graveyard without any people around.

"Well, I've known that you're a perverted freaky bastard for a long time Motoki, but to even bring me to a cemetery. I think I misread the extent of your perverseness there. All right all right what kind of play would you like? Do you want to push me down on a coffin for a bed? It looks like it's going to be cold on my butt but I can cope with it. Bring it on!"

"No, well, that's not what I'm going to do today … what's gotten into you, Liu, aren't you being assertive today"

"No, just … I think I'm having a sense of impending crisis"

Liu leaned her hand on a gravestone and sighed … *haah*.

"Impending crisis?"

" … you know the thing is, Motoki, I made light of you, I thought you won't be able to go all the way with another woman since you're a chicken, wahahaha. Something like that. Then you went ahead and gave Ruby a tumble or three. Now you're starting to lay your hands on the next girl and so I thought, *crap, isn't this going to be the one where the first girl, that's me, gets fucked and chucked away*?

So you see, I thought, maaaybe I should give you a bit of a freebie”

“Ha ha”

“Ah, you’re dodging it with an ambiguous laugh …! You’re dodging it, you!”

Liu stomped her feet.

“No, well, how should I say, I like that part of you, so I won’t throw you away — probably”

“*PROBABLY*!? Okay he said *probably*. That’s got to be the number one word you can’t believe in!”

“No, well, I’m not going to throw you away, okay. Anyway help me out here — watch around for people”

I sent Liu to be on the lookout and approached a certain gravestone.

I then used my Mirror power and turned into the Elf Elieya.

I used her magic [Earth Topple] to manipulate the earth underneath the gravestone and put it aside.

Then the coffin under the ground was exposed.

This time I transformed into an Orc, a member of Luna’s Royal Guard.
I used his superhuman physical strength to open the nailed-down coffin.

What appeared was a corpse with only bones and hair left.

“I wanted to try this, can I transform into someone whose flesh had rotted away?”

| |

24 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 3

"Mmmm…"

I was at my desk in the inn, pondering.

"Why are you holding your head Motoki? Is your head hurting? Ah, is your head broken?"

"What did you say … what are you calling broken!?"

"Then are you all completely broken?"

"What do you mean 'then', I'm not broken!"

«TN: wordplay is hard. She first said '*atama ga itai*?' (do you have a headache?), then changed it to '*atama ga warui*?' (are you an idiot?). Then when he said nothing was '*warui*', she continued with '*sonzai ga itai?*' (are you a total cringefest?)»

"Aww no, I hurt Motoki. My heart bleeds for you!"

She klonked her own head and stuck her tongue out. *tehepero*

…… shut up.

Disregarding the noisy Liu, I continued my ponderations.

Last night, my experiment failed.

I tried using my Mirror to transform into the person whose corpse I unearthed, but it didn't go well.

"Well, you'd normally think that it's impossible … but it worked before"

I muttered.

Previously, when Liu and I were traipsing on the dangerous zones, I found the corpse of a dead warrior laying down on by the roadside.

There was an arrow stuck into the corpse's head, he had died.

The idea struck my mind that time, I used Mirror on the dead warrior's corpse.

I then was able to transform into the warrior the way he was when he was alive.

Of course, there were no arrows on my head, no wounds anywhere on my body.

"Which means …"

My Mirror skill was equipped with the function of transforming into the living form of a person whose corpse I had seen.

However … I failed last night.
Maybe a rotten corpse was beyond usable — or.

This is just a hunch, but I'm sure it should've worked.
There's no reason why it shouldn't.

Then the reason why it didn't go well last night was —

"My level wasn't enough …!"

If I raised Mirror's system level, I'm sure I would be able to do it.

I have to.
I need to borrow the appearance of someone whose corpse had rotted away in order to capture Priestess Miria.

But how can I raise my level —.

"Hold on Motoki, what have you been mumbling on and on about. If you have any trouble then please discuss! This brilliant and talented Liu-chan has all the answers for you!"

"You're right, I have to consult this. — I'll be heading to the grimoire store for a bit, then. I'm going to consult with Ruby"

"Ha ha! What's the big idea here bub, ya got yer legal wife right here but off ya go and went to yer second imma kill ya dea — muguu!?"

I stopped up Liu's lips with mine.

"Mmmh— … hmmgg!?"

I put my tongue in and sloppily stirred up the insides of Liu's mouth.

Then once her resistance had weakened, I threw Liu on top of the bed.

It felt like I was going to be rough with her at this point — but I ran away from the inn.

I heard a voice yelling "*imma kill ya half-dead—!?*" from behind, but I ignored it.

＊＊

"Welco — ah, Motoki! What's wrong? Did you come to do lewd stuff …? We can't, it's still broad daylight … it's embarrassing"

As I opened the grimoire store door, Ruby who was minding the store greeted me.

"… you're making it sound like I'm only wanting you for your body"

"Aren't you?"

"I can't really refute, … but I have a little something I want to ask you today"

I sat facing Ruby behind the register on the chair she set out for me.

"Say Ruby, tell me about goddesses and level ups"

＊＊

As I expected, Ruby the bookworm knew a lot, she explained it in a way I could understand.

The adventurers in this world would first choose a goddess to serve among the many goddesses.

Then they would receive the goddess's favor and go on adventures.
Then when they returned from adventuring, they would, through the medium of priests, report the results of their adventure to the goddess.

Afterwards, the goddess would increase her favor in proportion to those results — that's how it works.

The goddess Yuutarou serves was Quira.
It was obvious since Yuutarou reincarnated into this world under Quira's guidance.

"But …"

The goddess I should dedicate myself to probably shouldn't be Quira.

The goddess that reincarnated me here should be someone else.
Therefore, I can't ask Quira to level me up.

"Say Ruby … from the goddesses that you know, who's the one with the worst personality?"

"W, worst personality …?"

"Yes. Like, pranks other goddesses, butts into their plans, stole something from mankind at the beginning of things … no-good things like that"

"Ah, in that case …!"

Ruby clapped her hands together.

"Probably, Lady Euva, I think. The younger sister of Lady Quira, she makes fun of her older sister and brings her into a tizzy. She stole the fire of wisdom her older sister granted to humans. The type to decide a soccer game with a drive shot right at the beginning"

"Goddess Euva …"

That bad character … there's no mistaking it, she must be the goddess who reincarnated me.

The one who interferes with other gods and disturbs stories.
The destroyer of tales — the [Trickster] god.

She totally stands in the same position as me.

"Say, does this goddess Euva's believers have a church somewhere in town?"

"Yes, they do. I'll draw you a map — ah, but …"

"Hm? What's wrong?"

"Once I drew you the map, you'll go there, right …? Even though we're finally meeting each other"

"＿＿＿"

She was so cute my consciousness half flew away.

I held back from doing it with Liu, but sure enough, I couldn't hold it down being shown this much cuteness.

Ruby's grandfather was asleep on the second floor, and customers might come in at any time. In that situation we killed our voices and did it.

Whenever I felt Ruby would leak out I would cover her mouth, it felt somewhat criminal and awesome.

…… Even though I did have thoughts of whether it was alright for me to be cavorting with a girl right before going to church to level up.

| |

25 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 4

"Is this it?"

I went to the church dedicated to Euva based on Ruby's map. It was located right in the middle of a tavern street.

The actual church also looked like a bar in the outskirts of town.

Is this really a church?
Well, Ruby wouldn't lie to me —

For now, I should open the door and try going in.

"Well, it really is a bar …"

Shelves s ked with bottles and a long counter.
It was totally a bar. Can't be anything *but* a bar.

Then there was a woman behind the counter.

"Hm …? Who are you, never seen you around?"

The dark-brown skinned woman glared at me with narrowed eyes.

She had a white shirt and a waistcoat on … must be a bartender.

Well, I totally made a mistake.

I sighed and said.

"… I think I mistook the place. Say, is this a church?"

"Church? Of course it's a church. What else d'you think it look like?"

"Maybe a bar, or a bar. Also, could be a bar …"

"Anyway, as you can see, I'm your humble priestess round these parts"

"No, well, you totally look like a bartender, and priests don't call themselves humble, or do they?"

“Well anyways, sit down customer. Came right when I got nuthin to do, you did, I’ll have a round with you”

“Priests don’t call their believers *customer* do they …”

There’ll be no end to it if I retorted each and every time so I meekly sat down on the seat.

With a full mug in one hand, I sat face to face with the woman behind the counter.

“The name’s Rania. Been a priestess in this town for a long time now. Well, nowadays some cheap pub’s been taking our believers away, and I don’t get much chance to pray, too”

“Churches don’t normally compete for customers with pubs, right …”

“The believers don’t come anymore, friends gone off and gotten married, and I’m left all alone out here. Sheesh, I’m lonely here, y’know”

Rania gulped down her drink.
There was a line of booze leaking out from her lips … so sexy.

“… well, yeah, it does get lonely when your friends are all married”

I don’t get where she’s going with this but I decided to chat with her.

“Oh, you understand? Seriously, right? … then when I went to the wedding they noticed and threw the bouquet at me. Get this, the bouquet flew. *Right. At. Me.* Told ’em to stop but what’s with that control. I was gonna be miserable but ended up catching it anyway”

“… so you caught it”

No, but, I came to church to level up, so why am I chatting with a woman over a drink.

“See, it’s not like I’m unpopular you know. But you see, whenever I told the guy that I’m doing a priest job they turn tail and run. Scared they’re going to desecrate the priesthood. I told them, *it’s fine already, c’mon, grow some balls and cross the holy threshold*. *I’m hitting thirty and still all alone just cuz you chickens don’t have the guts to rush in*”

“… o, oh”

"It's like that, y'know, life goes on and lotta things happen — have a drink and spit out what's stuffing your chest. I'll lend you an ear"

glance, Rania gave me a glance.

I see I see, so that's why she told me her life story all of a sudden.

If she told me her story first then it would make the mood easier for me to tell her mine.

That kind of concern just barely made her seem like a priestess. Barely.

But then again—

"Sorry to say this when you're being so considerate … the reason I came here today's not to make a confession but to level up"

"Hm? What, that so? Then why dintcha mention it earlier? Your face looked tired so I thought, *whoa, a depressed boy, gotta be considerate*"

"Well, I *am* worn-out though"

I did something very tiring right before I came here.
Ruby was really good today ….

"Then write down your exploits here. If you have 'em"

Rania handed me a pen and paper.

I was to write down what my exploits have been until now to report it to the goddess Euva.

But my exploits, huh ….
I don't think I had any worth called that[1].
[1] «TN: *Bukou* usually refers to exploits in battle»

I don't have a battle-type cheat and always did underhanded things.

Well, there's no use trying to smooth things over so I wrote them down as-is.

[Stole the reincarnator Yuutarou's harem member Ruby and had wanton sex. Meanwhile also had sex with fellow traveler Liu. Incidentally, no intent to go steady with either. Planning to treat them as sex friends]

Rania saw the paper I wrote my exploits on and her face cramped.

"… y'know, even though Lady Euva's that kind of goddess there's no way she's gonna get these sorts of exploits appro… — WHOAH SHE TOTALLY APPROVED!?"

The moment Rania lit the paper up, golden particles danced around it.

The golden particles revolved around my head.

Even though I wasn't a priest, I knew the goddess was happy.

I vaguely sensed the image of the goddess raising her thumb at me saying "Good job, you, really good job"

… I knew I was doing the right thing.
Looks like goddess Euva wants a sleazebag like me to harass and torment orthodox protagonists.

"…. oooh"

I felt my body brimming with energy.
I could clearly feel my status rising. If that's the case —

"… you, what are you?"

"The name's Motoki, your humble reincarnator"

"Reincarnator? Reincarnators are those, right? You don't have any family or annoying relatives this side? Aren't you guys the best with no fetters at all!"

Rania vigorously grabbed my shoulders.

"You, won't you stop playing with fire and settle down with me? Let's at least make a fait accompli with me tonight?"

Rania unbuttoned her shirt and her valley peeked out.

Seeing the sweat-soaked, deep, dark skinned valley … I gulped.

"Well … let's do that later"

Since I'm not the type to turn down a woman's advances I'd probably do Rania at some point, but today I had to hold back.

Today, there was something I had to try.

＊ ＊

That night, I once again went with Liu to the cemetery and dug up a rotten corpse.

Then —

“Right … !”

I finally gained a new power.

To look at an old, rotten corpse and reproduce its living form.

“With this …”

Miria was as good as captured.

I gulped, imagining Miria with disheveled golden hair raising her voice.

| |

26 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 5

"She's zealosly praying all morning, huh…"

Early morning, I transformed into a little boy and went to church to see Miria.

When I opened the door and peeked into the nave, Miria was kneeling in front of goddess Quira's statue, offering her morning prayers.

"… but she's sure taking a long time"

Doesn't her knees hurt doing the same things every morning?

After more than 30 minutes passed, her prayers finally finished and Miria rose to her feet.

Then, Miria noticed my presence and waved at me.

"My my, aren't you the little lamb from the other day?"

Miria rushed over to me with a smile covering her whole face.

"Morning *onee-san* …… wait, whoa!"

I was suddenly picked up and lifted [high and high] by Miria.

"Oh child with wise and prudent eyes, you must have come here wanting to understand more deeply about goddess Quira's teachings, right? You must! This is such an auspicious day. Ah … Lady Quira, I thank you for this precious meeting"

Miria spun round and round while still holding me up high.

Even though I'm in the body of a child, she's still quite the strong one.

Miria's slightly wavy blonde hair shined in a golden light under the morning sun.

"Are you really that happy I came …?"

"My my, of course I am!"

Miria let me down onto the ground and this time hugged me close.

I can feel the softness of her breasts through her habit.

… they, were larger than they looked.

And they're supple, too.

It felt about twice as large as Liu's.

She must be the type to look slender in clothing, absolutely awesome when it's off.

"The townspeople of Coura here don't come to church. Whenever I went and preached they would say 'Ah, nevermind all that …,' and run away for some reason …. So I am really happy that you came here a second time.

Miria was happier at my second visit than I expected.

This was a good start.

"By the way little lamb, I'll be cleaning up the church now, so please wait in the room until I'm done —"

"Ah, I'll help!"

I volunteered, and Miria said, "My my what a gentle little lamb" with a broad smile.

Then together with Miria, I polished the church's ornaments, swept the floors, and plucked the grass on the gardens.

It was harsh work for a child's body and I was totally exhausted, but I kept on going in order to deepen my bonds with Miria.

In order for this plan to succeed, I need to strengthen the bond between Miria and myself in the form of a child.

＊＊

"*Oneesan*, have you always worshipped goddess Quira since you were small?"

Miria and I were eating our lunch bread in the church courtyard when I asked her.

"When I was small? No no no. It was from long before that. I have always been Lady Quira's servant even before I was born. Faith never begins and never ends, it

is eternal. It is obvious — I was sent to this world in order to spread Lady Quira's teachings"

"Is that so …"

"Yes, yes, it is so — by the way little lamb, if it's alright with you, I wonder if you can bring your papa and mama to church too? I'm sure your parens will understand Lady Quira's teachings, as well"

"Ah, sorry, both my parents already died …"

That's my setting.

"Well … Is that so? I'm sorry, I didn't know. Will you forgive my rashness?"

"Mm, I'm not angry"

"Thank you, you're a gentle little lamb"

Miria laid her hands gently on my face.

She lovingly caressed my cheeks.

… what, so she's normally a good girl.

All the townspeople were unanimous that "Miria is totally bonkers, she never listens to what people say," calling her a crazy girl, but that's not the case.

Sure, she has times when she doesn't listen to people, but that much was part of her charm, right —

"Say, little lamb, I want to pray for your parents," said Miria abruptly, "you and me, let's pray for your parents until nightfall"

"N, nightfall …?"

It's lunchtime right now.

＊＊

And thus Miria *actually* prayed until nightfall.

She knelt in front of the statue, in the same pose the whole time.

She doesn't allow movement during prayer.

No sounds, either.

Now, that's a problem.

What will happen to your body if you keep it in the same pose for over seven hours straight?

… you'll get horrible pins and needles all over your body, some of your muscles can't move, and your kneecaps will inflame and throb painfully.

Most of all, staying in the same pose without any change for a long period of time is harsh mentally.

You feel dizzy and nauseous and will tear up for no reason at all.

That was halfway torture.

"……"

After we were done with the prayer, my body felt heavy as lead even though I wasn't exercising at all.

I stole a glance at Miria and as she finished her prayers she let out a satisfied "phew…"

She had plenty of strengh remaining.

And it never occured to her that she was doing something bad to the child that was me.

… I see, so this was the reason why the townspeople were calling Miria a nutcase.

She was under the impression that everyone in the world had the same level of faith as herself.

And speaking of the reason why Miria became like this —

"As I thought, the loneliness must have something to do with it," I muttered.

I recalled the information regarding Miria I had gathered beforehand.

Miria was once an orphan. She was picked up by the priest of this church and raised as his daughter.

The priest that was Miria's father was a rather strict believer of Quira.

He does not compromise on any matters relating to faith.

Religious faith is normally something that changes gradually depending on the spirit of the times.

However, that man never accepted those changes even once.

For that reason people started to draw away from Miria's father.

Even the other priests disappeared.

But Miria's father was never by any means all alone.

His daughter Miria was always close by his side.

However, when the father died, the daughter Miria became truly alone.

The lonely Miria continued to preserve her father's teachings all on her own.

Through the days of solitude, Miria became more and more absorbed in the Quira faith.

She was clinging to her goddess.

Behind every overattachment, there would almost invariably be loneliness.

"*Oneesan*, thank you for praying for my parents … I'll be going home today then —"

Then, as I was saying my goodbyes.

"Miria –! I'm here –!"

There was that voice resounding inside the church.

The person who appeared was my target reincarnator Yuutarou.

"Sir Yuutarou! Ah … the reincarnator sent by the goddess Quira, abundant in strength, what brings you here today?"

Miria happily rushed over to Yuutarou.

Her steps were light as a rabbit.

“Ah, I’m going to go on an expedition tomorrow, so I thought I should come see Miria!”

“My my, you are being too considerate …! Sir Yuutarou’s heart is Lady Quira’s itself”

Miria gripped Yuutarou’s hands with her own and sent him a warm gaze.

Her face was like an animal in heat.

To Miria, Yuutarou who was sent by Quira was her one and only kindred soul in the world.

A lonely girl meeting a boy who she could honor from the bottom of her heart — there was no way she wouldn’t fall in love then.

If this goes on, Miria will definitely be devoured by Yuutarou.

— However.

“… I’ll definitely take her”

Just like Ruby, I will have Miria.

I will definitely do it with Miria while Yuutarou went on this expedition.

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27 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 6

"— Now, it's open. A big round of applause for Liu-*chan*'s brilliant skill please"

"If it's brilliant you'll be found out won't you … and you're being too loud"

"It's fine, it's fine. There's no one around. I'm not that clumsy"

Late at night, Liu and I snuck out of the inn and visited Miria's church.

The chapel's door was locked tight, but that was no problem for Liu with her first-rate Thief skills.

The two of us were able to stealthily enter the church.

"… I've been curious about it since way back, but why are you so good with Thief skills? You're an Orc noble aren't you?"

I caught a sudden whiff of curiosity and asked Liu.

"No, well, this is when I was a little girl, you see. My old man got angry at me for skippng my studies and hid my toys in a locked shelf. I was determined to get them all back so I practiced breaking locks and got totally addicted to the fun of thwarting people. Yep, that's how it went. So the reason why I strayed from the path was definitely Papan's fault"

"Your dad was trying to get you walking on the right path … no, it's too late to say that now"

"So, Motoki. My wallet, I mean, my father aside, why are we sneaking into a church?"

Liu looked around inside the moonlit chapel.

"By my judgement, this place is nothing special"

"Hm? No, it definitely is, it's got really valuable trasures"

I walked towards the altar and stopped in front of it.

Using Mirror I transformed into a large-framed Orc.

Then I gripped the altar with my thick arms and lifted it out of the way.

“There it is”

There was a rectangular box set into a cavity underneath the altar.

“Is that, a casket?”

Liu scrunched her eyebrows seeing the casket that appeared.

“Why is something like this here. Whose is it anyway?”

“It contains the corpse of Silva, saint of Quira”

The saint who spread the Quira faith to Ogre’Den.

In his lifetime, he was the first flight magic user. He not only spread the faith of the goddess Quira to the Humans here but also the Orcs.

A great man’s remains would become an object of faith for a short while.

Some churches would enshrine the bodies of the saints of the locality.

The desire to live near the remains of a great person illuminated by the heavens is the same whether on Earth or in the otherworld.

“— Liu, open the casket please”

＊＊

Priestess Miria that night was half awake, it was a strange sensation.

She felt like her body was covered in warm water, and was being carried somewhere —

Miria timidly opened her eyes.

“…… eh”

There was no ceiling above Miria’s head.

She was right underneath the moon and stars.

“——!”

Unable to comprehend what was going on, she surveyed hr surroundings.

Where was she? She was supposed to be sleeping at the church—!

She roused herself up as if turning in bed.

She could see the roof of the church she lived in underneath her.

It seems she was floating somehow. She was barely able to comprehend that fact.

Right then—

[Goddess Quira's faithful servant, Miria]

Together with the solemn voice, a man appeared before Miria.

"Y, you are …!"

Miria's voice trembled.

She had seen his visage in the histories time and time again.

The great saint of Quira, Silva.

He who should have been peacefully sleeping in Miria's church was now talking to her.

— Saintly Visitation

Miria was now witnessing a miracle.

[You and your father posessed of true faith. Your father now serves by goddess Quira's side. As will you, when your time comes]

"—— ah"

Tears fell from Miria's eyes.

Her beloved father had never been accepted by anyone in his lifetime.

He was ridiculed, *hardheaded, eccentric*, and spent his last days all alone.

However, her father's faith was rewarded after his death.

Such joy …!

[The goddess is satisfied with your exceptional faith — but at the same time, she harbors dissatisfaction towards you]

Her heart jumped hearing Silva's words.

Her beloved goddess harbored dissatisfaction upon her—.

She believed she had offered everything she was to the goddess, but it was not enough.

"G, goddess, what should the likes of me …?"

[You have attained perfection as a disciple of goddess Quira. But you are not a mere disciple. You are a priestess, a missionary. Your dutiy s to spread the goddess's love to all her children the world over. That you have neglected]

"Ah …"

She couldn't even offer an excuse in that regard.

The church Miria kept drew almost no people.

Nobody ever comes along.

None but a single believer, a child, recently —

[Miria, why do you suddenly give long sermons to visitors to your church and force them into long prayers? Those strict trials aren't ones that a newcomer to the church could endure. That is why your believers never increased]

"I, it is as you said … but such are the teachings of Quira are they not? That enduring through hardship awakens the truly faithful heart. Such is the true way of our faith. — I was … protecting the ways …"

[Faith does not stand on ceremony!]

"———"

The thunderous roar made Miria's body freeze.

[Henceforth you shall gently enlighten the people. No need to be so strict on your self as well, be more flexible. That is the will of the goddess. Losing believers through strictness will amount to nothing. Understand this, you shall increase the

visitors to your church]

At that point Mira lost her consciousness.

＊＊

“Morning *onee-san* — eh, what happened!?”

In the morning, I visited the church in the form of the boy. Miria was laying down on the church floor in her habit.

“… my my, you’ve come again today, little lamb … I’m really happy … but I’m sorry, it’s over for me … everything, it’s all over … “

The light had disappeared from Miria’s eyes.

There was no strength in her body, and her limbs flopped down lifelessly.

… This was the sight of a girl in self-abandonment, but why is it so erotic.

“*Onee-san*, what happened … ?”

I asked.

“Actually, last night …”

Miria was very troubled by how the saint descended on her last night and rebuked her way of proselytizing.

— by the way, that saint was really me.

Using the strengthened Mirror I transformed into the saint, I floated Miria and myself using the saint’s inherent magic, and self-importantly scolded her.

Of course, transforming into a saint exhausted me greatly, and I was on the verge of fainting — but the results showed.

“— You’re amazing *onee-san*!!”

I said in a cheerful voice.

“… A, amazing … ? … what about this useless priestess with communication problems is amazing …? Even my beloved goddess scolded me …”

“The goddess scolded you because she loved you, right! *Sensei* is like that too,

she never scolds students she doesn't care about! Miria, you're amazing!"

I gripped Miria's hands.

"Say, let's try hard one more time. If you got scolded because of how you teach, then why not change it a little bit? I'll work hard too!"

Okay? I smiled at Miria. She then gripped my hand back strongly.

" … ah … little lamb, you are truly such a wonderful child … I am ashamed to be told off by one so young as you … You're right, it's not all over. In fact, it had only just begun"

Miria got up and hugged me strongly.

"I … will try … ! Little lamb, please stay by my side a little while … please, support this weak me …?"

"Yes!"

I buried my face in Miria's chest, enjoying those supple breasts of hers and giggled.

Miria was imitating the way her father lived.

The path of strict faith — not changing her ways no matter what others say, and in fact even forcing others to follow suit, and became alone.

Miria believed — that this was the correct way to live.

Nobody's voices reached her ears.

However, she of course couldn't ignore the words of her saint, and cannot help but change.

In order to shake Miria, I needed to borrow the saint's form.

— It begins here.

Showing Miria a new way to live.

Changing Miria, turning her into a normal girl.

And in the end, I will have Miria.

“I will surely fill this church with believers!”

| |

28 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 7

"In order to fill this deserted church with believers … hm, let's first review the way you've been spreading the teachings up until now. The reason this place is deserted is in the end because you've been doing it wrong, Miria *onee-san*"

I was having a strategy meeting with Miria in the guise of the boy.

How to increase Quira's believers, and how should we fill this church with people.

The two of us thought that over.

"My my, you're so harsh aren't you little lamb … so, what should I do?"

Miria listened to me seriously.

"Then, I'll pretend I'm a visitor wandering into the church, and you try and solicit me the usual way"

"Yes, alright!"

I went out the church for a moment, and went in again.

With the mental image of a visitor coming to the church for the first time, I fidgeted as I looked around me.

Miria walked up to me with a smile.

"My my, good day to you our lost sheep. What brings you here today? No, you don't need to answer. I completely understand. You are troubled and wish to seek relief from goddess Quira, yes, you must be! Come now, follow me over here. I will make sure you get the precious teachings of goddess Quira"

Miria rattled on and on without taking a break and dragged me to the lecture hall.

"Stop …! *Onee-san* STOP! This is totally no good!!"

I stopped the act.

“Huh … Where did I fail? I thought I was doing my best to hand down the teachings …”

“Well, spreading the teachings is one of the goals but that right now is …”

I took a deep breath.

“… *Onee-san*, for now let’s not just talk in one breath. It’s scary”

“My my … but there are a lot of things I want to say. I want to have more of Lady Quira’s teachings reach the ears of the lost sheep …”

“It’s meaningless if they won’t listen, right? — *Onee-san*, listen more to what people say. Let’s try not talking on your own but only answer when you’re being talked to? Speaking on your own is forbidden!”

“All right … I should do that. It’s true that Sir Silva scolded me on that point last night. But … how can I get people to talk to me … people have been keeping me at a distance ever since I was small”

“Maybe it’s your gravity that’s bad. Let’s make you feel more approachable. Can you try making a stupid grin *onee-san*? Like this! *smile*”

“A stupid grin …? Like this? … *s, smile*…”

Miria’s smile was stiff.

Her good upbringing was getting in the way.

“No, not like that! Make it more carefree, like this! *smile*”

“S, smile …!”

“That doesn’t work at all. One more time!”

“Uu … you’re being harsh today, little lamb …”

But even as Miria looked like she was about to cry, she continued her smiling practice

On top of being diligent, Miria had the mental fortitude to not get discouraged.

— Three days later

“How is this, little lamb, my smile!”

Miria’s face was adorned with a refreshing smile.

“Yes, I think it’s really good!”

Her usual loving smile wasn’t actually bad, but, how can I put this, it had a sacred feel to it, making her hard to approach.

The one she had now had a warmth that you’d want to talk with.

“Say little lamb, I wonder if people will really talk to me if I put on a smile? Will I have it easier to spread Lady Quira’s teachings?”

“H—m …”

I looked over Miria’s whole body again.

It’s still hard to approach.

She’s somewhat too prim and proper.

Probably, the habit has to go.

It was a holy habit made out of very good quality cloth.

It was a one piece affair, covering Miria’s entire skin without a gap.

The embroidery it had here and there were also austere.

“I know! Say *onee-san*, do you have a pair of scissors?”

“Hm? Yes, I do have them but …”

I had Miria bring me the scissors.

“So, let’s cut it. This may be dangerous so don’t move”

“Eh…!? Wait, little lamb!? What are you doing!?”

Ignoring the bewildered Miria, I ran the scissors over Miria’s habit’s skirt part.

I made a cut that went from the fringe to the joints of her thighs, cutting a deep slit into her habit.

“W, what did you do to the holy habit …! Little lamb, you are a really bad child … Repent over there! I’m going to give you a sermon!”

Miria bashfully held her skirt down even as she was scolding me.

Her face was dyed in red.

I proudly smiled.

“Now with this slit, *onee-san* will be shy and fidgety. You’ll be cute and easy to talk to. Also, you would feel to embarrassed looking like this to talk on your own, right, *onee-san*? We killed two birds with one stone”

“B, but … dishonoring tradition is …”

“Didn’t the holy saint who visited last night said to be flexible and change things here and there? Then don’t you suppose it’s fine to change the habit’s design, too?”

“T, that’s true … but, this is …”

An idea came to mind and I said, “I know, *onee-san*, take off your panties too!”

“P, panties …? W, why do I have to take off my panties!”

“Well if you take them off, you’ll feel more shy and fidgety, right? That means you’ll be more easy to talk to, right? And you’ll be less likely to talk on your own — Yep, that’s a good thing for spreading the teachings”

“B, but even if it’s for spreading the teachings, I can’t walk around outside without panties…! I can’t do that! I’m not a shameless girl!”

“Oh? So that’s the limit of your love for the teachings. What a disappointment,” I said in a cold tone.

“T, that’s not true … but, still, taking my panties off is …”

“No, it’s not too much. If you won’t take off your panties just because you’re embarrassed, then that’s all that your love to Lady Quira amounts to. If you really do love Lady Quira then you will take off your panties!!”

Being pressed by me, Miria opened her eyes wide.

“Yes … you’re right. It was wrong of me to put my own shyness ahead of my

love for Lady Quira. What you said is right, little lamb. — I'll take it off!!"

"Ah, then I'll help you out of it"

I put both my hands in the slit in Miria's skirt.

"Eh … wa, wait a minute little lamb … noo! … w, where are you touching …!"

While using the confusion to sneak a touch at Miria's privates, I gripped the edge of her panties.

I then slowly, deliberately, pulled her panties down.

Baring her nether regions.

Ooh, Miria … you're smooth even at this age.

"Uu … this is embarrassing, but this is for the sake of the teachings … this is for the sake of Lady Quira"

Miria shut her eyes tight, trying to bear the shame of having her panties taken off.

She was no longer able to notice that we were not doing anything related to the teachings anymore.

When the panties finally dropped from Miria's legs, she was very much fidgeting about, worried whether her private parts could be seen from the slit on her skirt.

The aura she had when I first saw her was completely gone.

"Say, little lamb … have … have I changed …?"

"Yes! *Onee-san* really is amazing!!"

"I, is that so? Thank you very much little lamb. This is all thanks to you!"

Ah, screwing with dumb girls is fun.

| |

29 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 8

As a result of my Miria Makeover, the church's visitors increased.

However, they didn't come to listen to the teachings of Quira.

"Miria's really showing her legs, huh … who the hell made that slit? That's just too good …"

"Seriously, premium stuff, a priestess's legs…"

The men who came to church whispered with each other.

It was simply a gathering of stupid men who came after hearing Miria was showing some leg.

While pretending to offer a prayer in front of the goddess' statue, they all sneaked a look at the leg showing from Miria's slit.

"U, um … my sheep … don't look at me so much … please listen to me more seriously about Lady Quira …"

Due to the embarrassment from showing her legs, Miria was unable to rattle on with her sermons like she usually does.

She desperately tried to pin down her slit, that was surely because there was nothing covering what's underneath.

Because she was made to take off her panties, Miria naturally mastered her bashful girl gestures.

The men who knew what Miria was like before were stimulated by the gap between that and how she was now, and was leering at her.

"We'll listen to however many sermons you want us to! So, why don't we have a drink together afterwards …!"

The men invited Miria one after another.

"I'm but a servant of the goddess … so I can't do something disreputable like cavorting with men …"

Miria frantically refused, but sure enough, she was so bothered by the slit and the fact that she wasn't wearing underwear that she wasn't able to strongly object.

This was my turn.

While in the guise of a boy, I put my small body in between Miria and the men.

"Uncles, if you do anything weird to a priestess of Quira — she'll tear it off"

Being threatened like that the men covered their crotches in fear, "eep", and scattered away.

Sheesh, it's this much work just to make a threat, I thought, wiping the sweat off my forehead.

"Little lamb, thanks for your help!"

Miria gently patted my head.

"Still, I was no use back there … We've finally gotten so many visitors and yet I could not make believers out of any of them. I wonder what's wrong with me …"

Miria pondered with a tired look on her face.

She was troubled, distressed.

Yes yes, I nodded seeing Miria in such a state.

She was now aiming to "increase the number of believers" through trial and error.

Which means that Miria right now was building her own "Character."

It was the same thing with Ruby, but a person's troubles as they tried to go through an ordeal builds character.

"*Onee-san*, don't think too hard! You've only gotten started, so let's just try one thing after another. I'll work hard with you as well!"

"My my … you always cheer me up, little lamb. Thank you … If you weren't here I'm sure I would have lost heart long ago"

Gyuu … Miria hugged me tight as if I were her favorite plush toy.

Ah … this is good …

I pressed my cheeks against Miria's chest.

Being able to do a big sister and shota play with the mind of an adult was my special privilege for being the holder of Mirror.

"Say little lamb, I wonder what I should do next … I'm a miserable one for always relying on you, but I don't know of any way to gather people"

Miria cast her eyes down dejectedly.

"I had always lived thinking about the goddess' heart, I don't understand human hearts …"

"It's all right *onee-san*. Ideas will come when you get to work! — Also, what we have to do to get more believers now is, a house visit!"

"House visit?"

"Yes. Not just waiting for people to come by to church, but going round to people's houses and ask them whether or not they want to join the Quira faith"

"House visit … actually, I've done something like street preaching before, but … whenever I talked about Lady Quira's splendor, people would run at full speed away from me …"

"… yah, well, it scares people when you suddenly turn up outside and rattle on about love for the goddess. Of course they'd run. But if it's the you now, it'll be alright! Your smile is wonderful, and you're cute when you're fidgety!"

Come on! I pulled Miria by the hand.

"We have to try everything!"

＊＊

"Sorry Miria-*chan*, I'm a little busy right now. Come by later"

"U, um … can you spare me just a little time …!"

In front of Miria the door closed with a thud.

Miria cast her eyes down dejectedly.

“My my … that was the 40th house, and the 40th failure. It’s not really going too well, is it?”

“Don’t lose heart now, *onee-san*! We’ll go around 100 houses today!”

I encouraged Miria.

“You’re right, yes. It’s not right to give up before I try. Let’s go to the next house!”

“Yes!”

We went to the next house and the one after that, they all turned us away.

Being a priestess, she wasn’t yelled at by the people, but they certainly looked like we were an annoyance.

Well of course, you’d be confused if a priest suddenly comes to your house and said “please join our church”.

When I lived on Earth, a lot of religious solicitors came by to my apartment being a bother, but I never thought I’d be on the soliciting side once I’ve reincarnated.

＊＊

“Huff …”

On the third day since we began visiting houses, Miria sighed on the street, tired.

“*Onee-san*, let’s take a rest”

I pulled Miria’s hand and the two of us sat down on the roots of a tree growing next to the ramparts.

As Miria sat down, she began nodding off.

She’s supposed to have stamina, but after continually being chased away by people, she had probably reached her mental limit.

Until now, Miria had had the self confidence that “since I am abiding by the teachings of the goddess I must be right!” and so she never minded what people thought about her — but now, that faith had been shaken considerably.

Because the other day, she was reprimanded by the goddess through the medium of the saint (though the saint was actually me)

Does the goddess not love me —

She was uneasy and sought company, but there were nobody around her.

She had never made bonds with others up until now.

“You’ll be all right”

I gently gripped Miria’s hand.

“I’m right here with you”

“My my … you’re really, really a gentle little lamb”

Miria rested her head on the shoulder of her one and only ally, me.

Her breathing becam calm and regular.

She had complete trust in me.

“It’s going well …”

I muttered to myself.

Everything’s going according to plan up to this point.

I gently flipped the sleeping Miria’s slit open and relished the sight of her parts that should not have been seen.

“……”

A maiden’s privates ….

I was immensely excited and my heart jumped.

A little more, bear with it just a litle more, me.

In just a few more days, this girl will be mine

| |

30 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 9

"Today is … no good, either"

Miria made a deep sigh and stood to a stop.

She had been visiting houses and accosting people on the road, but there were no people who would listen to Quira's teachings.

We had been doing this for five days, but we had nothing to show for it.

"*Onee-san* cheer up. We're just starting. It's not going to be successful right away. Let's try again?"

Transformed into a child as usual, I encouraged her.

"You're right. I have to work had to make it up to the little lamb who kept me company every day!"

Miria bravely showed her determination.

She gripped my hand and began walking again.

But continuing on preaching like this, bluntly speaking, was no use.

Miria had gotten used to dealing with people, but she was stlil clumsy at it.

She lacked the communication skills to draw people into the church.

To solve this —

"Say *onee-chan*, if it's all right with you let's get someone to teach us how to do this"

"Find a coach to teach us? But who?"

Miria tilted her head.

"Leave it to me, I have an idea! I'll bring her to church tomorrow"

＊ ＊

“And that’s why you’re bringin me along?”

The person I called and brought along the next day was the Euva priestess I just met the other day, Rania.

She looked like a bartender wearing her white shirt and waistcoat, but she was a full-blown priestess.

“But you sure can transform so perfectly, huh … are you really Motoki?”

Rania poked at my cheeks that had transformed into a child’s.

“I’m the real me, I showed you my real self, didn’t I? But keep this a secret from Miria”

“You reincarnators sure are a weird bunch … sheesh, I’m not gettin it at all”

I ignored Rania scratching her head and opened the church door. Then I called Miria.

“*Onee-san*! I brought the coach I talked about yesterday! A Euva priestess!”

Miria was offering her prayers to the Miria statue inside the chapel. She saw Rania and was surprised.

“… My my little lamb, so the person you said would coach us is a priestess of Euva … ah … why is this happening”

“Huh? Do Quiran and Euvan chuches not get along well?”

I heard the goddesses Quira and Euva were sisters, so I thought their believers must get along well together — but did I get it wrong?

“My my little lamb … how can we be getting along together? Goddess Euva always tricks and teases our Lady Quira … always causing so much trouble. Yes, I would like it if her believers don’t set foot inside this church please”

A vein popped on Miria’s head.

This is bad, is this going to be a fight—

But then.

“Uuh …”

Suddenly, Rania staggered. She seems to be feeling lightheaded.

“Are you alright Rania?”

I propped Rania up right away.

Miria also hurredly rushed towards us and lent her shoulder to Rania.

They’re fine with each other at times like this.

“Sorry, just a bit under the weather … can I sit over there? Sorry but can I have a glass of water?”

“Water is it? Alright!”

Miria went to fetch a cup.

Rania sat on the church pews waiting for Miria with the water.

“Phew …. Thanks … um, Miria was it? Sorry to trouble you, for the likes of me. You’re a great help. — Quira people are kind, aren’t they? We’ve got a lot to learn from you guys in this regard. Ah, you guys are great, really”

“My my, not at all … I only did the obvious thing … Loving others is a matter of course for us Quira faithful”

“Nope, you’re awesome. Say, this is a good chance, so why don’t we have a chat? Abouth the Quira church and our Euva church”

Then Miria and Rania had a long long conversation.

Looking at them, I was deeply touched.

Miria was talking normally with someone other than me …!

Rania was good at making people talk.

She would say a single question and then let Miria do all the talking.

She would then make exaggerated nods.

And thus an hour passed.

“— Right, lecture over”

Rania suddenly said that and stood up.

“Lecture … ?”

Miria tilted her head.

“You two, you wanted me to teach you how to talk about faith to people, right? That was what this was just now. When you go to people’s houses wanting to spread faith or sell something, what you first must do is to get inside the house by any means necessary. You can’t decide anything on the front porch”

Rania continued.

“Once you’re inside the house, next you ask the owner for some water or food. That way they’d get in the mood to talk. After that you praise the owner somehow or another and make them feel good, when they do they’ll be on board with the conversation, so then you make them talk for a long time and open their hearts to you. When you do that, solicitation’s a simple thing”

“Oooh …”

I leaked a voice of admiration.

Amazing, as expected from a bartender, I mean, priestess.

“…… tsk”

Miria bit her lips in frustration and cast her eyes down.

She must be ashamed to have been completely fooled by a Euvan and even received a lecture from them.

Rania brought her mouth close to my ear and whispered.

“You owe me one. Keep me company later sometime”

“Later,” Rania said and left the church.

… yep, she’s a great girl.

I’ll definitely do it with Rania soon, I hardened my resolve.

But before that, Miria.

“*Onee-san*, let’s try it the way she taught tomorrow!”

When I called out to her, Miria raised her face.

"… little lamb, I … it frustrates me that I received charity from a Euvan … but today, I felt it was fun. — It feels good talking to people. Thank you little lamb, thanks for bringing Rania here"

Miria bashfully smiled.

"*Onee-san*…"

This was a good sign.

The lonely Miria was able to talk with a peer — Miria was released from her isolation.

In the stories, one of the reasons a woman would join a man's harem was because she was alone.

The lonelier a person is, the easier they yield to a strong person.

Which is why this time, I worked to release Miria from her loneliness.

By transforming into the saint and reprimanding her, I softened Miria's strict faith.

Then in order to get her to relate to more people, I made her work to spread the faith.

Just a little bit more, a little more, and Miria will become a normal girl.

And when she clears one more event —

Miria will definitely be mine.

| |

31 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 10

"You're right, I'll go to the church next time then. Have to pray to Lady Quira"

"T, thank you, very much …! I'm sure Lady Quira will grace you with her favor!"

Miria put her palms together in deep emotion.

This was the second believer they had gained today.

We were going around the town's houses for solicitation, and it was going well.

"We did it—!"

Miria jumped up and down after leaving the house.

She didn't notice that her important parts were showing from the slits of her skirt, so I stealthily relished in it.

A sight for sore eyes.

But nevertheless —

"So solicitations can go this well just by changing the way we do it," I muttered

Yesterday, Miria was taught the know-hows of soliciting believers from a priestess of another faith, Rania, and became able to gain devotees.

In this week, the devotees of Quira increased by eight.

"It was not my own strength, it was thanks to Lady Quira's grace, and Rania's lesson — and also, little lamb, this is all thanks to you"

Miria hugged me tightly.

"Me? I didn't do anything though?"

"My my you jest. When I was caught in hard times, you were there by my side to cheer me on, weren't you. Even today you helped me spread the teachings — meeting with you is the greatest treasure of my life"

Miria rubbed her cheeks against mine, it felt so good I closed my eyes in

comfort.

It's nice to enjoy this once in a while.

A girl's motherlines is good …!

＊ ＊

Miria had more friends other than believers.

The grimoire store's Ruby started to come to church every once in a while.

I asked her "will you be a companion for Miria to talk with?" and gentle Ruby happily said yes.

She came here again today to consult with Miria about something that's been worrying her.

"Um … this is about my boyfriend Motoki who I talked about last time … but Motoki's head is full with boobs this and boobs that … even when he comes by he only unbuttons my coat and does perverted things with my breasts … he never reads the novels I write recently …"

"My my, Ruby, you've been taken by a bad boy, haven't you … you have to give that boy a piece of your mind once in a while. I know, how about using the attack magic you're proud of on him!"

"But … he was the boy I gave my first to, I can't get angry … I ended up forgiving him … Even though I wanted to roast him every now and then …!"

glance, Ruby threw a spiteful glare at me who was in child form.

"…"

I quietly left those two to their own devices.

＊ ＊

Yet another day, Liu came to church even though I didn't ask her to.

She clamored and let out all her grief on Miria.

"Listen listen listen here priestess! My boyfriend's horrible you know! He's a bad bad boy, yeah, bad. All he ever thinks about is boobs. All he ever talks about are about boobs. All he ever touches are boobs. And to top it off, he even gets a

second girlfriend with biig boobs, he's even thinking about getting a third now, that rotten …!"

Bang, bang, Liu slapped the long desk.

"My my … there has been a rise in the number of unscrupulous boys in this town lately. This is worrying, I wonder since when did our public morals get so low. You should talk him down every once in a while. I'll also allow violence in the name of Lady Quira"

"……"

I quietly left those two to their own devices.

＊＊

The townspeople started going to church to offer their prayers.

They all said to Miria, "you've changed a lot lately"

They praised Miria for becoming so gentle and cheerful.

"Hm hm hm— hm♪ laaah♪"

Miria was drying the laundry while humming an off-key tune.

She raised her hand and looked up at the dazzling sun. Her face looked full of the joy of being alive.

"Father"

Miria faced the sky and murmured.

"I'm not lonely anymore"

Then Miria gripped my hand tightly.

These were happy days — but Miria's peace would soon come to an end.

＊＊

That night, Miria awoke to a strange sensation.

She felt as if she was covered in warm water—

"……"

When she opened her eyes, she was suspended in the air.

The wind blew at her body.

Clouds danced in the night sky, and dazzling moonlight shined in from the gaps between.

The familiar sight of the town's houses were far below her.

It felt surreal.

It felt like, maybe she was always up in the air since she was born — that fantasy started to appear without her meaning to.

[— True servant of the goddess Quira, Miria]

Before Miria's eyes, there appeared the saint of the Quira faith, Silva.

"Lord Silva …"

Miria put her hands together and prostrated.

[Miria, you have done well increasing the believers of our faith. Lady Quira takes joy in the fruits of your labors]

"… the goddess … ah … such honor!"

Her beloved goddess had approved of her tireless efforts.

Miria's chest was filled with pride.

However —

"Lord Silva, the fruits of this mission was not of my work alone …! I would have never been able to do anything on my own. May the goddess grant her blessings not to me but to those who stayed by my side!"

[Your humble heart is proof of your devotion as the servant of your goddess more than anything]

Silva smiled.

[Incidentally, I come bearing a mission for you]

“A mission, for me? Y, yes! Please instruct me however you see it fit …!”

The visiting saint had a mission for her — for Miria, this was nothing less than an honor.

She intended to be willing to do anything, everything she was asked.

However —.

[Miria, in this place there is a boy nearby you. — you are to kill him]

“…… eh?”

Miria could not believe her ears.

| |

32 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 11

"W, why does he have to be killed!? That boy is a faithful servant of the goddess! There's no reason to …"

The saint Silva's order to kill the child put Miria in disarray.

The boy who stayed by her side through her darkest hour, the "little lamb".

To kill that boy — it sent shivers down her body just imagining it.

"Why … why is there a need to kill that boy!?"

Miria asked, and Silva answered from up in the sky.

[Indeed, there is no harm in leaving him alive now. However, in ten years' time, he will become enemies with the reincarnator sent by Lady Quira, Yuutarou. That was the future the goddess Quira foresaw"

"Little lamb will be, sir Yuutarou's enemy …? Sir Yuutarou's …"

Yuutarou — the reincarnator brought here from Earth by goddess Quira.

The strongest elementalist, given power directly by the goddess.

Gallant and noble — when she first met Yuutarou, Miria's heart throbbed for the first time in her life.

She thought she could offer anything for the sake of this person.

However, to think about killing a young boy for the sake of Yuutarou —

"Killing a child … I can't believe it! There's no reason why he would become Yuutarou's …"

[Miria. You have not noticed this, but that boy is a half-blood, born from a Troll and a Human. His father was the king of the Trolls in this island. That boy is the prince of Trolls!]

"Prince of …?"

[Indeed. And just last month, the king of the Trolls in this island was defeated by

Yuutarou. — do you understand what I'm saying?]

"……"

"Little lamb" was the prince of Trolls.

Then, the king of Trolls was killed by Yuutarou.

Which means, as the prince of Trolls, Yuutarou was none other than his parent's killer.

There's plenty enough reason for him to begrudge Yuutarou.

Probably, the reason he came to the church in the first place was to find and approach his father's killer Yuutarou.

[Miria, this is a trial you must face. By killing the boy you have your heart for, you will show that your devotion to the goddess is the real thing!]

＊＊

When Miria woke up, she was on her bed.

"I wish everything was just a dream …"

However it wasn't a dream.

The feeling of the wind on her skin deeply remained.

The saint of Quira, Silva, really did appear befor her last night.

Miria had to kill the "little lamb"

"… what should I do"

It was already time to begin her morning prayers, but Miria couldn't move.

She hugged her knees on the bed, rolling her body like a fetus.

And then —

"*Onee-san*, are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere? Should I call a doctor?"

"… eh"

She raised her face towards the voice, the “little lamb” was there.

He was worried because Miria didn’t come out to church and went into her bedroom.

He was so sweet in how he peered into Miria’s face in worry, so Miria descended from the bed and hugged him.

“My my, I’m all right little lamb. I only overslept a little”

“Hee, so *onee-san* oversleeps too, sometimes”

“Of course I do. I’m still a novice, after all”

squeeze, Miria put more strength into her arm, hugging the “little lamb”

The prince of Trolls, who lost both his parents in the war.

The clever, wise, and most of all gentle angel of a boy.

“… ah, hey …”

The little lamb poked into Miria’s chest with his nose, so she let out a voice in surprise.

This boy must be longing for a mother figure, or so Miria interpreted.

“My my little lamb, there’s just no helping you is there … all right, I don’t mind being your mama for today. You’re the baby, I’m the mama. — if you want to, have a suckle!”

Miria unrolled her nightclothes and exposed her breasts.

“There won’t be any milk coming out, but go on, suckle”

She didn’t know if she could kill him.

But for now at least, Miria wanted to be gentle to this pitiful boy.

＊＊

The next day and the day after that, Miria still couldn’t kill the “little lamb”

Several times when the little lamb turned his back to her, she tried to reach toward his neck.

She tried to stab a knife into his back.

But it was no good.

He stayed with her during the darkest days of her life.

This lonesome church was full of people again because of him.

She couldn't kill him.

Miria covered her face with her hands, and took some deep breaths.

"*Onee-san*, are you hurting …?"

The little lamb peered into Miria's face in worry.

"No … nothing's wrong. I'm all right. Thank you for worrying, little lamb"

"Don't lie! You've been suffering lately!"

The little lamb didn't let Miria trick him with a lie.

"Not at all … I'm really fine —"

"Is it my fault?"

"Eh …?"

bump, Miria's heart jumped.

"Are you hurting because of me?"

"T, that's impossible …! No way! I'm happy because you're here, that's obvious isn't it!"

Miria frantically denied, but the little lamb seemed to notice something.

He was a perceptive boy.

"*Onee-san*, you know … I don't care what happens to me if it's for you. You're kind to me, I don't want to make you hurt … — you know, I've never said this before, but I have Troll blood in me … so I won't complain if you kill —"

"WHO SAYS IT'S OKAY TO KILL YOU!?"

Miria interrupted the little lamb's words.

"Are you saying it's because you have Demihuman blood!? … that's nothing important! Close your mouth! Never put yourself down ever again …!"

"But … Quira says, you can't be friends with Trolls …? Because we're unclean"

"WHO CARES ABOUT THAT!!"

Miria let out a shrill scream.

Violating the dogma was unthinkable for the former Miria.

The moment she knew he was a Troll, she'd turn him away.

But she's different now.

Now that Miria knew the joy of connecting with people, she couldn't blindly follow the goddess' teachings.

She was no longer pure.

"Little lamb …"

She can't kill him, it was truly impossible.

Even if it was an order from her beloved goddess.

* *

That night, saint Silva appeared to Miria for the third time.

[Why would you not kill the Troll prince! Are you going against goddess Quira's orders!]

"I can't do it. I can't kill that boy …"

[You have been corrupted … such a disappointment. Very well, if you say you wont' kill it, we shall send Yuutarou himself to do it]

"N, no …! To make sir Yuutarou kill a child …! Sir Yuutarou would not do something like that! That person, something like that!"

That innocent reincarnator Yuutarou won't kill a child.

No matter if it was the goddess' order, he will definitely refuse like she did —

And then, Miria's consciousness cut off.

| |

33 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 12

Early morning, or rather, before dawn.

At this early hour when the sun had not yet appeared, I went towards the church.

Incidentally, I used Mirror and transformed into Yuutarou.

I knocked on the church's door.

"O–i Miria! It's me! Yuutarou! Open up!"

I knocked for a while and heard the noise of footsteps from inside.

The door opened and Miria's face appeared with her blonde bed-head.

"My my … sir Yuutarou … aren't you in an expedition? Why did you come here so early in the morning …?"

"No, yes, I was in an expedition, but a saint gave me an oracle(?) or something in a dream so I hurried and went back!"

"Oracle … sir Yuutarou, may I ask what kind of oracle it was …?" Asked Miria timidly.

"Ah, well it's — anyway Miria, do you know where the boy who's loitering around the church recently is?"

"A b, b, b, boy …? Why sir Yuutarou, I don't know what you're talking about? I have not done any investigation …"

"Well, he should be around here. The saint told me this you know, he looks like a human but he's actually the prince of Trolls!"

In the form of Yuutarou, I made a floating fireball on my palm.

"I thought I'd kill him while he's still like this! Make whole roast Troll out of him. Say Miria, do you know where he lives?"

"I don't know I don't know I don't know …! I don't know of any child, of course I

don’t know where they live. Yes, yes … sir Yuutarou, please, please put the fireball away … please don’t say you’re going to fire that on a child!!”

“Child? What are you saying Miria? He’s a Troll you know?” I tilted my head as if confused at what she was saying.

Seeing Yuutarou do that, Miria had a shocked look on her face.

She felt a sense of distance between Yuutarou’s values and her own.

“Yuutarou … I remembered something, I think that boy lives in the east outside of town … so why don’t you try going there?” said Miria randomly.

She was likely trying to get Yuutarou away from the church.

She had stopped calling Yuutarou with [sir], that was proof of her disappointment in him.

“Ooh, I see! Thanks Miria! Well now, I’ll be going for some Troll prince hunting!”

As Yuutarou, I prentended to be tricked and left the church.

When I reached an alley I transformed and breathed a sigh, “phew …”

I decided to kill some time here.

“We–ll well I see you pull no stops at ruining Yuutarou’s reputation Motoki. You shine brightly only when you’re ruining people’s reputations aren’t you! Your life is headed for total darkness, though!”

Liu who had been waiting in the alley ahead of me was badmouthing me in high tension this early in the morning.

This certain sarcasm calms you down when you hear it sometimes.

“By the way Motoki, what do you want me to do now? You’ve been doing neglect play at me here for a *reealy* long time so I’m bored, and soometimes I get motivated you know. Yes, I get motivated twice a year. I unhitched the weights on my arms you know I’m in full power you know!”

“You don’t even have weights in your arms to begin with …. and what I want you to do now is nothing much”

“No no no no not that I don’t have any at all right? Eh, hold on a minute. Why

did you call me out here then?”

“Well, to kill time with me”

“Hah ha! You called this capable and talented girl Liu-*chan* out just to kill time *wontcha stop lookin’ down at me ya rotten punk!* — well then let’s annouce my new skill, shall we, you should watch closely!”

“… you switch gears quickly don’t you”

While killing time by appreciating the one liner gags Liu brought out after the other, the sun rose into the sky.

“Oh, it’s about time”

I transformed into the form of the boy I usually used.

“See you then Liu, I’ll be going for a bit”

“Yesye–s, your legal wife will be waiting anxiously for you buy me a ring please. I’m not going to be jealous at you getting a third buy me a ring please. I’ll be waiting for you in the inn in my lonesome when you’re doing it with another girl okay buy me a ring please”

” … all right. I’ll buy you a ring when I get back”

I sighed wearily.

“Really? Well, I wonder how Motoki knew what I was thinking, hmm. It’s strange, isn’t it. By the way all the fingers on my left hand besides my ring finger’s full of small fractures so I can’t wear a ring in any finger besides my ring finger, yes, my left ring finger”

“Well, later then okay”

“Ye–s he ran away that useless man’s showing his true color—s. Well, let’s at least give him the middle finger this time. — have a safe trip Motoki!”

Liu waved her hand and I headed for the church in the guise of the boy.

I opened the church doors and entered the chapel as usual saying “*Onee-san*, I’m here!”.

Then Miria ran out from the inner room in a flurry.

Miria was carrying a bag.

“Little lamb! Hurry, we have to get ready to go now!”

“Eh, go? Where …?”

“Just go! If we don’t hurry and run you’re going to be killed!!”

Miria pulled my hand and ran out of the church.

Now then, let’s finish things up.

| |

34 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 13

"Come, hurry little lamb! If we don't hurry Yuutarou will find us!"

Miria was pulling my child-transformed hand and running away from Coura.

It was rare to see the priestess so panicked, the guards manning the town gates saw and widened their eyes in surprise.

"*Onee-san*, where are we going …?" I asked.

However it didn't look like my voice reached Miria.

Miria was mumbling something by herself.

"What should we do, go to Sephro …? No, that's no good … Yuutarou will find us easily … I can't stay anywhere near … I see, then the mainland … !"

Miria seemed like she came up with a plan.

"Little lamb, let's go to the harbor down south! We'll be going to the mainland!"

"M, mainland …? Why are we going to the mainland? Do you know somebody there …?"

"No, nobody. But it's alright, don't worry. I'll work hard to protect you. Let's start a new life with the two of us!"

"……"

… She had no plan.

Also, she was making light of society.

A girl who doesn't know the ways of the world carrying a child to an unfamiliar land making a new start — that's impossible even on Earth.

Well, but it can't be helped that she didn't understand society.

Ever since she was born she had been cooped up in the church, away from worldly troubles.

For now, I decided to let Miria do what she likes. At least she wasn't straying from my plans.

"If it's with you *onee-san*, I don't mind going anywhere, but is it alright? You were finally getting along with the people in town"

"You're right that it's a little lonely, but … it's fine. Those happy memories of smiling together with everyone will always be in my heart"

* *

Miria did not go through serviced roads, but took the shortest path to the southern part of the island.

That said, it was still a week's walk away.

We walked through the wild plains, watching our feet so as to not get tangled in the grass.

"*Onee-san*, are you alright? You look very pale?"

"My my, you are such a worrywart little lamb … I'm alright. Even though I look like this I'm strong!"

Miria smiled with bags under her eyes.

This only after one day of walking.

Miria had routinely forged her body by spreding the faith and all that, but a long distance walk was still hard on her.

Also, even though we had no time, we nonetheless should have prepared better.

We only had little food and water, our boots and clothes weren't suited for walking.

Don't make light of journeys, I wanted to say.

Don't you know the terror of shoe sores and groin sores ….

I looked to the western horizon and saw the sun already half sunk.

Wind blew, and the grass rustled … playing a lonesome sound.

"*Onee-san*, it's getting dark, should we rest for today?"

“You’re right … even though it’s Yuutarou, he shouldn’t be able to find us quickly this far away …”

Miria sat on the shadow of a large tree and rested her head on its trunk.

Unable to find an outlet for her anxiety, she hugged me close like her favorite plush toy.

“I feel calm when you hug me like this *onee-san*”

“My my, my little lamb is a spoiled child, aren’t you — nooo! … geez, don’t bite there, okay? It’s not a pacifier …”

Pretending to be an innocent shota, I did something lewd to the adult *onee-san* — right now, I was fulfilling the dreams of every man all over the world.

… ah, I’m glad I could use Mirror.

I usually transformed into an Orc and attacked Liu, as well, I could have fun in lots of ways.

I wonder if there’s a spring nearby.

I definitely wanted to enjoy a bath event.

“… hm?”

I noticed a presence.

Two of them, I think.

From beyond the grassy plains, two men were gaining closer.

Their getup was just whatever’s they got on them.

They’re unmistakably brigands.

Well, they would come, won’t they.

There’s a pretty priestess in an out-of-the-way place, only with a brat for company.

If they do nothing after finding such a delicious prey, then they won’t be brigands anymore, just a normal passerby.

Miria seemed to notice the presence and froze.

“Little lamb, please run …! Go! I’ll buy you some time!”

Miria tried to cover for me even now.

However, this was the scene where I should show my cool side.

“*Onee-san*, it’ll be fine. Don’t panic”

Even if I’m a half, I’m still a transforming Troll prince.

I’m not weak.

I chanted a spell — and changed my proportions.

“……”

My skin turned slightly green.

I strengthened the Troll side of my lineage.

The boy I had always been transformed into was the Troll prince — To’Goud.

When I was staying in the Orc Queen O’Luna’s castle, he was there as well as a hostage from the Trolls.

Goud had always harbored shame that he was a half-blood — but he would keep me company a lot.

We probably felt sympathy with each other.

Goud who was both Human and Troll, and I who can be anyone.

Both of us having unstable existences, we felt we were alike.

Having played together a lot, I had grasped the way Goud uses his body.

“Now then …”

I used the one and only magic that Trolls could use — Body Strengthening.

It was magic to strengthen all my limbs and senses.

I strengthened my legs and ran towards the brigands.

“Huuh … !?”

They looked in surprise.

I jumped in with a feint and drove a high kick into the brigand’s temple.

Mirror could not perfecly replicate the target’s fighting strength, but it’s enough for these small fry.

I delivered a low kick to the other brigand and kicked his gut with a mid-kick, making him faint.

“So weak”

The fight was over.

“Little lamb …!”

Miria ran up to me.

“*Onee-san*, … I’m looking a little Trollish right now, please don’t look … I’m ugly right?”

I tried to turn my face away but Miria wouldn’t allow it.

She held my face with both hands and lovingly looked at me.

“There’s nothing ugly about you … I won’t allow anyone to say otherwise …!”

“Really?”

“Yes, really. You are truly beautiful”

Miria smiled.

I made an expression of deep emotion.

“Thank you *onee-san*, for accepting me for who I am — I will protect you from now on!”

I made a smart expression and gripped Miria’s hands.

“My my, little lamb … you’re looking like a man …”

Miria’s face flushed.

She looked not at all dissatisfied, the face of a female in heat.

— hm …

Looking at Miria's face, I became convinced of a theory I had.

＊ ＊

I had always thought it was strange.

The girls that entered the reincarnated Earthlings' harems — despite being good-looking girls, they were all virgins.

There's no presence of men around them.

They never fell in love with any other men.

It's weird.

Beautiful girls of ripe age were all being left to wither.

Could they possibly, by agency of the goddesses, be all treated to be unable to fall in love nor lust for any other men?

In order to satisfy the reincarnators who were fussy about virgins, the goddesses made the girls like that.

Which was why no matter how good looking the guy, the harem member girls will only be swayed by the man the goddesses decided for them.

The girls made unable to have desire for "men" — that was why when I tried to capture Ruby, I transformed into the mannish woman Shukalaaya.

Ruby was made so that she can't fall in love with a "man" other than Yuutarou.

But how about a cool woman? I thought.

In the end, I was able to steal her away.

I was able to remove the lock the goddess put in place.

If the partner was a woman, Ruby was able to desire her normally.

Then as for Miria, I approached her as a shota.

Aboy that still had a ways to go to being a man — seems to be OK.

Miria was desiring the shota me.

Miria was disappointed in the only “man” she could desire, Yuutarou.

Losing a place to go, her piled-up lust was turned towards the shota that was always right beside her.

If I wasn’t able to confirm that Miria became a shotacon, I intended to transform into Rania and do another yuri steal.

“hm …”

The restraint gives rise to peculiar habits.

Because the outlet for desire was blocked, it opened another hole.

The goddesses did a sinful thing.

— well at any rate, I was able to confirm.

“*Onee-san*, I think we can’t safely reach the harbor like this. Could we go back to Coura for now?”

“B, but, there’s Yuutarou there who’s going to kill you …!”

“It’s all right, I have an idea”

— now then, I was just getting tired of this, let’s finally make Miria mine.

| |

35 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 14

"I see. So that's why you came here to hide from that Yuutarou reincarnator kid?"

Said the Euva priestess Rania mixed with a sigh.

Rania looked like nothing but a bartender behind the counter wiping the glasses, but she's a bonafide priestess.

And this place is the Euva church that looked like nothing but a bar.

Having returned to Coura, Miria and I sought asylum at the Euva church.

Yuutarou was a reincarnator sent to this world by the goddess Quira, so he was of course a Quira follower.

That would surely make him reluctant to approach a Euva church — that was the reasoning.

"I'm sorry Rania … for shamelessly intruding on you. You don't like it do you, a Quira priestess like me being here … I'll leave soon … but please, hide this child here! I don't want Yuutarou to kill him …!"

Miria desperately begged Rania.

"Sheesh, there's no helping it, is there. Fine, nuisance's the story of my life anyway. I'll hide the kid. — and you Miria-*chan*, you can lay low here for a while as well. At least until Yuutarou goes away on his next expedition. You don't know what he's going to do"

"Is it alright for me … we have different goddesses," Miria said with unease.

"It's fine, our church's loose with stuff like that. To begin with, our goddess Euva's really never a serious one. She challenges people who get to heaven to tennis matches and decides things with a twist serve you know?" said Rania jokingly.

But she's really not a decent goddess, huh ….

"My my, Lady Euva … such an eccentric goddess. Well then, If you're really

alright with me I'll be in your care …?"

"Of course. In fact, it's like, how can I turn away Miria-*chan* who's desperately protecting a child. — Giving a cocktal to hard working kids, isn't that one of a priestess' jobs?"

"I don't think priestesess make cocktails …" I thought I'd at least throw in a retort.

"Rania … you somehow look like an older sister …"

"Well *I* think *you* look like a little sister"

Rania held Miria's face with both hands from behind the counter and brought her into her chest.

"There there, you must be scared. I'll protect you now"

"… Rania …"

Miria looked like a tamed little kitten.

… she's *my* Miria, I felt envy boiling up inside.

People who NTR other people are the worst!

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"Now then, this is my deluxe cocktail, drink it and calm down, and some milk for you boy"

"Uwa, this is the first time I ever drank alcohol …" said Miria as she brought the shot glass to her mouth.

… good, she drank it.

Rania and I exchanged glances.

— this was all going according to plan.

"By the way Miria-*chan*, aren't you tired? You look like you need to catch a wink. There's a bed in the guest room inside. Go get some rest"

"Yes, I am a bit tired … my head feels like it's spinning … — little lamb, let's borrow the bed and sleep together"

I finally was getting an invitation to bed from Miria, but I shook my head.

“No, I’ll pass. I need to talk with Rania for a little while”

“Wha!? … my my little lamb … even though you were all over me just recently … so it’s Rania now! Y, you two-timing … ! Y, you’re not getting to suck anything anymore!”

“Calm down *onee-san*, it’s nothing like that, I was just wondering if I should join the Euva church, and I was going to consult with Rania on that. It’s logical that you’d join the church when they’ve sheltered you, right?”

“Ah …” Miria cast her eyes down.

Normally, Miria who was hiding together with him should also convert from the Quira church to the Euva church.

However, having been raised a Quiran since birth, Miria had some reluctance to do so.

Miria didn’t say anything more and tottered into the guestroom.

“Phew …”

Since Miria was no longer there, I undid Mirror and turned back into Motoki.

“Well, Miria-*chan* doesn’t look like she’s going to join our church is she? I knew changing faiths is a difficult thing”

Rania muttered while wiping water droplets on the glass with her finger.

She looked cool but she really didn’t look like a priestess at all. Just call yoursef a bartender already.

“Well, yeah, it’s not easy. But it’s not impossible either. I’ll be sure to have her convert,” I said.

In order to release Miria from Yuutarou’s Narrative and become completely mine, I had to have her throw away the Quira faith.

That was a required condition in order to remove Miria from Quira’s supervision and have her walk on her own story.

All the work I did up to now was done in order to get Miria to cast away her faith.

Freeing Miria from isolation, reducing her dependence on the goddess.

Transfoming into the Quiran saint Silva and giving her the cruel order to “kill the boy”, inducing Miria to lose faith in Quira.

Transforming into Yuutarou and declaring “I’ll even kill a child if it’s my goddess’ orders!”, impressing Miria on a Quira follower’s abnormality.

Though it wasa religion she had followed since she was a child, now that I’ve gone this far her attachment should have faded away by now.

“Just one more push. There’s only one more chain binding Miria to the Quira faith. I’ll be undoing it now”

“Hmm … I don’t really get it but I like the look on your face when you’re up to no good. You look just like me when I was planning to crash a boring mixer”

“The Euva church’s full of not so decent people, huh …”

* *

Miria was sleeping lightly in the guest room.

Probably because it was a different bed and pillow, her consciousness drifted in waves of sleep and wakefulness.

However, her body was as heavy as stone.

I don’t think I hold my alcohol well … Miria thought with a hazy consciousness.

Miria was thinking.

About her faith from here onwards.

If she stayed in the Quira church, she could not be with the Troll prince “little lamb” anymore.

In fact, ever since she was ordered by saint Silva to kill the boy, she had lost almost all her affections toward the Quira faith.

Killing a child just because he was a Troll, she couldn’t allow that.

And Yuutarou as well, she never thought he was that kind of man.

Even though it was a goddess' orders, to even kill a child …! She gets shivers of rage and fear just remembering it.

There was no reason for Miria to stay with the Quira church.

She thought about converting to Euva, and living together with the broad-minded Rania from now on.

But Miria could not make the decision to take that step.

She had one big worry.

What will that person in heaven say if she converted from Quira to Euva —

[Miria, can you hear me]

The voice in her ear roused Miria to full wakefulness.

This voice …!

Her body was heavy as lead but she desperately tried to turn.

There was the person she always wanted to meet there.

The one she thought she wouldn't be able to see again—.

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36 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 15

Miria had no memory of her real parents.

Both of them died to an epidemic soon after Miria was born.

The one who took the orphaned Miria in was a priest of Quira.

Miria respected the foster father who raised her with all her heart.

More than anything, more than anyone.

But honestly, there were parts of him she didn't understand.

His creed was far too strict.

Living a simple life as the precepts say. Relentlessly disparaging those who break the commandments.

Behind-the-times fundamentalism.

People scorned him behind his back.

'That person is not right in the head. All he can do is offer prayers'

It was frustrating for Miria, but there were parts of him that she approved of, too.

Her foster father was only a little bit inflexible.

Miria always said to him, why don't you be more generous.

But there was never a time when he lent an ear to her.

Miria thought: — I'll change things when my turn comes.

To build a tolerant church that fit in with the times, to be a church loved by the town.

Then one day, Miria's foster father died.

He collapsed in the middle of prayer, to never get up ever again.

Being alone after she lost her foster father, she wondered amidst her despair.

‘What were my real parents like?”

Miria asked her foster father time and time again but he never told her.

Feeling sorry for her foster father, Miria never insisted any more than that.

But now that she’s alone, Miria couldn’t help wanting to know about her real parents.

She likely wanted to ensure her blood relations.

Miria went around asking the senior denizens of the town: *What were my real parents like*.

The townspeople answered her.

[Your father was a strong man and a gentle soul, and your mother was a lively person. They were a wonderful pair everyone loved]

Hearing that, Miria’s heart was filled with joy — however, she found out something she wished she hadn’t.

Miria’s real father was a murderer.

When he was young, Miria’s father stood in between two quarelling ruffians, and because of his strength, he accidentally killed a man.

She heard her father was not judged by law.

Taking the situation into consideration, the lord of the land pardoned him.

But knowing that, Miria was stupefied.

‘My real father was a murderer …”

The awareness of sin tormented her.

In this body of mine flowed the blood of a murderer —

Miria persuaded herself time and time again.

[My real father was another person. Even though we’re connected by blood, I have never met with him]

However, she couldn't deny her connections with her real father.

Within her daily life, she cannot help but feel the blood connection.

For instance, even as a woman, Miria was strong. She was able to lift a child high without a single problem.

This strength was something she inherited from the "strongman" that her father was.

Miria gave up, *I cannot deny our connection*

She recognized the sin dwelling within her.

Once she recognized that, her prayers to the goddess Quira became longer and longer.

Kneeling before the statue, putting her hands together, Miria prayed and prayed.

When she realized it, Miria was walking the path of strict creed, just like her foster father.

In those days, Miria suddenly thought.

— *Maybe, just maybe, my foster father was a sinner, too?*

Did her foster father so zealously pray because he was aware of some sin as well?

Was it because he was a sinner that he took the sinner's child Miria as his own?

It was no more than a guess, but Miria half believed it.

A prayer is a petition.

— Goddess, please forgive this sinful me, please, please, please … !

The awareness of sin sends people to the goddess.

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To Miria who lived in prayer all alone, one day the reincarnator Yuutarou appeared.

He was loved by the goddess Quira — Miria was strongly charmed.

— that's because Yuutarou was a murderer.

He massacred Demihumans.

Even though he killed people, Yuutarou was deeply, deeply loved by the goddess.

When she looked at Yuutarou, she felt her foster father's, her real father's, and even her own sins forgiven.

She could only think that she could just offer everything to him.

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Not long after Yuutarou appeared, a child came to Miria.

The "little lamb" who came to visit the church again and again — he seemed to have his circumstances, so in the end Miria decided to not ask about his name.

The boy said he had no parents — Miria symphatized with the boy, whose situation was like her own.

He must have visited the church because he was lonely.

The "little lamb" she spoiled was so cute that Miria couldn't help but hug him over and over again.

She even let him suckle on her important part, just the way a baby would.

The little lamb brought to Miria, a great crowd of people.

Rania, Ruby, Liu—

And also a crowd of townspeople.

Ever since she met the little lamb, Miria talked to many people.

Miria then noticed.

Miria had always thought that she was tormented by the awareness of her sins, but she was wrong.

The thing that tormented her was really — her loneliness.

She kept thinking the same things because she was on her own.

Her own words piled up within her, until she was unable to hear anything else.

Unable to take in other opinions, the shell she wrapped herself with became thicker and heavier.

Thus the little lamb that made her realize this became Miria's treasure.

But the goddess Quira commanded Miria, to kill this litle lamb.

She troubled, she anguished over it.

It was a command from the goddess that had been always by Miria since she was small, so shouldn't she follow it —?

However, Miria couldn't kill the little lamb.

She couldn't lie to her own heart.

I don't want to kill him I don't want to lose him — she couldn't kill this boy, even if it would lead her straight to hell!

A will that surpassed her faith.

With her resolution stirred, Miria took the little lamb away.

She despaired over her goddess, and over Yuutarou too.

To even want to kill a child …!

Killing him because he was a dirty Troll? Stop kidding me!

I will definitely protect him from everything —!

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Although she was fully resolved to leave Coura, Miria was forced to return because of her ill preparations.

Miria and the little lamb took shelter in Rania's church.

Rania, sheltering a heretic such as herself.

She felt she wanted to cry.

I should probably convert from Quira to Euva — Miria pondered.

On the bed, Miria pondered and pondered.

Thinking about it calmly, there's no reason not to convert.

Miria no longer loved the goddess Quira.

But Miria couldn't make the decision.

If she changed her faith, she would lose the connection to her foster father.

And what would happen to her foster father at Quira's side in heaven were she as the daughter to convert —

[Miria]

Hearing the voice, Miria was fully awakened on the bed.

She couldn't mistake the voice.

It was her foster father's voice.

The person who raised her.

The person she thought she could no longer meet.

She wanted to rise up, call out, and cling to him.

It doesn't matter how a dead man could be there.

Right now, all she wanted was to fly into her foster father's chest.

But why, does her body feel heavy.

It was hard to even turn herself, and neither could she raise a voice.

Even though her foster father finally came …!

Her foster father laid his hand on Miria's head.

His rugged, manly hand caressed Miria.

Gently, full of love for his daughter.

[I should have done this more when I was alive. I should've properly told you how much I loved you]

Slowly, tears flowed from Miria's eyes.

[Miria, the truth is, I have now been separated from Lady Quira's side and went over to Lady Euva. There were things I could not agree with Lady Quira on. I'm here with your real parents — therefore you should live your life the way you want it]

Her father clasped her hand.

[Walk your own path. Live your own life — I love you, my daughter]

Having told her that, her father turned around.

To her retreating father — Miria mustered her strength to rise and say

"Father … I, love you … too …!"

Her father looked back, he had a faint smile on his face.

The first time she ever saw her father smile — Miria would never forget this memory for as long as she lived.

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37 – The Priestess Miria Only Listens to the Word of God 16

Leaving the guestroom where Miria slept, I undid Mirror.

I returned to being Motoki from being Miria's foster father.

"Is it done?" Rania asked, waiting behind the counter with some glasses ready.

"Well, it's done. With this Miria will be released from the phantom of her foster father. She'll convert"

"That so? A toast then. Why don't I make some of our church's secret cocktail"

"Normally churches don't have secret cocktails … oh whatever" I sat down facing Rania with the counter between us.

"At any rate Motoki, ain't that a scummy thing you did? Transforming into the dead father to persuade the girl, a normal guy with a heart can't do something like that"

"Yeah, I might've done something bad to Miria. But I don't feel guilty for using Miria's stepfather to my own ends. — Miria's foster father the priest, he was a reincarnator. A guy from Earth"

Among the grave goods of Miria's foster father, there were a school uniform and a student's handbook.

Miria's foster father was a reincarnator who came to this world long long before me.

"Oh…?" Rania raised an eyebrow, curious.

"You're saying that if it's a reincarnator, you're not going to go easy on them even if they were dead?"

But what was he thinking, becoming a priest — did he regret self-indulging with his cheats when he was young?

Also, why did he think of raising a daughter?

There were lots of things to be curious about — but there's no use thinking

about it, let's not.

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"You ready, Miria-*chan*?" asked Rania in a soft voice.

"Y, yes"

Rania was seated on the counter seats and answered in a trembling voice.

"Keep going *onee-san*, I'll be here with you!" I reassuringly said with the usual child guise as I grasped Miria's hand.

Miria gripped my hand back as if trying to cling to it.

— The conversion ceremony begins now.

In the morning, Miria woke up in the guestroom and bowed deeply to Rania and said "please let me be a member of the Euva church. I want to live the rest of my life with Rania here in this church"

Rania, of course, responded amiably and readied the materials for the ceremony.

"Now Miria-*chan*, show your chest"

"Y, yes!"

Miria cut the chest part of the priestly habit she was wearing with a pair of scissors, brazenly turning her own breasts toward Rania.

The twin supple hills jiggled.

Rania put ink on her finger and on the space between Miria's hills — the center of her chest — she wrote some kind of showy words.

I had completely no idea what she was doing, but as for me, I'm fine with just looking at Miria's breasts.

Miria's breasts have gotten big lately, I thought in my mind.

Maybe her body's responding to her motherly feelings toward me.

This was a good inclination.

Since I've decided I was going to do lots of things that will cause her to release lots of female hormones, they will probably get even bigger.

As I was thinking on those lines —

"Auu…!"

A silver light suddenly came out from Miria's chest.

The light revolved and was pulled to the ceiling as if by a whirlpool and disappeared.

"Heeh…"

That was probably the power of goddess Quira that had ben protecting Miria up until now.

The fate that had bound Miria in chains — and it's gone now.

"*Onee-san*, are you alright?"

"Yes, I'm alright little lamb … but … please stay next to me for a bit okay …? I'm feeling down somehow …"

Next, a golden light settled in Miria's chest.

The sign that goddess Euva's protection dwelled within her.

Conversion complete.

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Now then, what became of Miria now that she had been openly released from goddess Quira's chains—

"Little lamb … don't go away from me. Always be here …"

Like a favorite plush toy, Miria hugged me, tightly.

It's been four hours already.

"*Onee-san* … I wanna go to the toilet"

"No! You can do it right here on my lap, don't go anywhere!"

"……"

I really don't have that kind of hobby.

After the goddess Quira's power had left her body, Miria had become a completely spoiled girl.

She couldn't help feeling lost.

The power of the goddess that had always been inside her all this time was gone.

"I don't want little lamb and Rania to leave me …?"

Hugging me close to her chest, Miria followed Rania around everywhere.

"Good goddess … what a hopeless kid"

Rania had a troubled face, looking like she's finding it hard to do her job.

And thus the night came.

The time I had long been waiting for.

After finishing dinner on Miria's lap, I waited for a chance and said

"Say say, *onee-san*, lets have a bath with the three of us!"

I confirmed yesterday that this Euva church had a bath in the premises.

The bathtub was leather, but the construction was similar to a Japanese bath.

I thought, the three of us could fit in here.

Startled at my proposal, Rania showed a shocked expression.

"… oi oi, what're you saying boy —"

"Oh! That's a wonderful idea! I've never had a bath together with family before. Waa — it's so wonderful …!"

Miria was completely on board.

All of us together warming up in the bath — it was a terribly fascinating proposal for the forlorn Miria.

“W, wait Miria-*chan* … I’ll pass so … so you two …”

“Rania … you don’t want to go in together with me …? Do you, hate me … ?”

“Uu … no, I don’t …”

Urged with teary eyes by her “little sister” Miria, Rania relented.

grin, the edges of my mouth raised.

Just as planned.

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And thus the three of us got in the bath.

Rania went in wrapped in a towel this late in the game — but as for Miria, she no longer felt any shame with regards to me.

Well, we’ve been together through all this.

Miria was only holding a small towel.

Her blonde hair was tied up in a high ponytail, so her oh so sexy nape was in clear view.

Her breasts, her navel, and her maidenly parts she shouldn’t be showing, I can see them all.

Miria put me on her own lap and washed my head.

“Little la–mb, does it itch somewhe~re?”

“No, I’m all right. *Onee-san*, wash my face next please”

“Yes ye–s! Little lamb is such a spoiled boy, aren’t you. My my, my cheek’s gone stiff~♪”

… ah, this is good.

It’s not like I was a mother-con back in that world, but I can get used to Miria’s overbearing motherliness.

"*Onee-san* thanks. Say, my turn to wash both of you *onee-san*'s backs! Can you two sit side by side and show me your backs?"

"Oh! Okay then, please"

Miria seemed to trust me and readily turned her back towards me.

"……"

On the other hand, Rania was still wrapped in a towel glaring at me in suspicion.

What are you going at here…? she seemed to want to say.

Sheesh, she doesn't know when to give up.

I did not give her a chance to say no and made both of them sit side by side with their backs towards me.

"……"

I stared and compared their backs.

Rania's swarthy brown and Miria's snow white skin — the contrast was the best.

Putting them side by side like this their good points became prominent.

Miria's hard-to-approach dignitiy, and Rania's fragrant charm.

When I met Rania, I had decided I would do her in a pair with Miria.

"… now then"

I invoked the one and only magic a Troll could use, "Body Strengthening" — and cast it on the two.

By doing that, I raised Miria and Rania's sensitivity up as high as it could go.

The two of them didn't look like they noticed magic being cast on them, but they have now become hypersenstive.

And just with a little touch from me—

"———"

"……"

The effect was outstanding.

They let out soundless screams and arced their backs, eyes opened wide.

Their reasoning instantly vaporized and they were now fully ready.

As they were going to fall backwards, I caught them and laid them down in the bathroom.

Two stark nked ladies of astounding beauty.

Not a scrap covering their important bits, they laid down flat on the bathroom floor.

Both of them were breathing roughly, their breasts moved violently up and down.

Their eyes were bloodshot, intoxicated.

I will burn this sight into my eyes.

… It had taken so long for me to get this far!

I recalled the path I took to get here and began.

And thus we did it in the bathroom until morning without resting.

Absorbed in a mire, the pair made into one flesh — no, three people into one flesh.

Incidentally, it was not only Miria’s first time, but Rania’s too.

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Interlude – The Goddess Loves Diversity

[Converted the priestess of Quira Miria to Euva, then did it in the bathroom. Rania included. Had a threesome. No plans to go steady with either. Plan to be sex friends. Current number of sex friends is 4]

I finished writing down my recent exploits and nodded, “right”

“What the hell’s ‘right’ … your whole existence is completely wrong,” said Rania loathsomely as she read the exploits I wrote.

There were deep bags under Rania’s eyes.

And she was shivering and clattering from the waist down.

“Rania, you look really tired, don’t you”

“This is your fault for wringing out my stamina until morning! I said ‘no more, no more’ and you still did it again and again …. And why are you still full of energy anyway? You a monster? Well, I knew you were a sex fiend, but are you physically a fiend as well?”

“Well, I regularly exercise after all. With Ruby and them. But you have quite the stamina yourself don’t you Rania?”

“Hmph. I shake shakers all night long, I have stamina”

“Priestessess don’t normally shake shakers, and that doesn’t build stamina …” I said while gulping down Rania’s special cocktail.

Meanwhile, Miria was still sleeping soundly in bed even now when it’s past lunchtime.

Seems like she used up all her stamina.

Miria’s indecent act last night — it was the best ….

“Anway Rania, hurry and send my exploits to goddess Euva please”

“Sure sure … well, but even if it’s Lady Euva I don’t think she would appro — WHOAH SHE TOTALLY APPROVED …”

The moment Rania lit the paper, many golden particles sprung out.

The gold dust-like particles wrapped my body and —

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… where am I.

When I came to, I was in an unfamiliar room.

The room had no sense of unity.

The walls were ethnic, the floor was tatami, and the ceiling had a chandelier.

Impressionist paintings, delicate bronze statues, and some avant-garde art.

What is this place…

"— it's got all sorts in it, my room"

A voice reached me from behind, I looked back.

What I saw there was a little girl in goth-loli costume.

The diamond-shaped tatoos beneath her eyes made quite an impression. Your parents will cry you know.

"Good evening, my cute Motoki-*kun*. You look like you're having fun in the world you reincarnated into, aren't you — by the way Motoki, you're perceptive, but do you know who I am?"

"Yeah, of course," I nodded "Um … my old neighbor Yocchan, right?"

"I'M NOT! Who the hell's that! I'm the goddess! The one who's been watching over you, Euva!"

"No, well, I knew that. Just trying to make a joke. So, what does the goddess want with me? And make it short"

"Uuh … I never imagined I'd be teased by my own progeny … you don't look too happy do you"

"You threw me in the alternate world without so much as a tutorial, and now you appear all of a sudden"

The other reincarnators received proper explanations from their goddesses before they reincarnated, and yet only I was suddenly thrown into this world.

Only me.

“Weeell I’m sorry about that. The day your soul came to heaven, I was feeling a bit hungover so I didn’t want to show my face. It was embarrassing you see! And isn’t it all right since everything turned out okay!”

“……”

“Ah, so you want a tutorial now?”

“TOO LATE!”

The story had progressed quite far already.

“Now now, Motoki. Don’t be so mad. Why don’t we have a little talk”

Goddess Euva ignored my anger and started talking.

“Say Motoki, diversity is such a nice word isn’t it? It’s are fun because there’s all kinds of stuff. Objects and cultures and people, because there are all kinds of them they make a fascinating story!”

“Well … I agree with you on that point”

Diversity — I love that word.

“I know, right? Male and female, petite and hulking, humans and demihumans and phantoms — It’s fun because it’s a hodgepodge!”

“But you know,” continued the goddess “the reincarnators carrying cheat skills are hurting the diversity I so love. I want them to stop killing the Demihumans. The administrative-type reincarnators as well. Stop trying to make this world into Earth. Seriously”

“They do, don’t they”

This goddess’s thoughts scarily resemble my own.
I don’t want to admit it though.

“So with that in mind, I want you, Motoki, to weaken the reincarnators who harm the world’s diversity from now on! Work hard, my Balancer. I’m rooting for you!”

She gripped my hand hard and smiled really close to my face.

Looking at that smile, I became fired up despite myself.

“By the way Motoki. There’s one thing I want you to do when you’re back on the surface”

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Back on the surface, I began working on the thing goddess Euva asked of me.

I headed for the Quira church Miria had been protecting until yesterday.

Since Miria ran away, it was now completely deserted.

I hid in a corner of the chapel, waiting for people to come.

And after waiting about one hour—

“They’re here”

I heard footsteps heading my way.

The towns Quira followers are coming to offer their prayers.

I used Mirror — and transformed into the goddess Euva.

… of course, transforming into a goddess takes A LOT out of me, but I could somewhat bear it.

“Eep …”

The two ladies who came gulped seeing the goddess Euva descend into the world.

I spoke.

“My name is Euva! My sister Quira had already deserted this place — from today onwards this place belongs to me!”

The goddess Euva descended — the town was in an uproar.

Then, the Euva church gained power.

On the other hand, the Quira church was dejected.

Their goddess had left the town.

Because of this, the influence of goddess Quira on Coura became definitely weaker.

— that, in other words, meant the weakening of Yuutarou.

| |

38 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 1

"I'm back Liu. … eh, what are you doing?"

After done with Miria's capture, I returned to the inn for the first time in a while — and there was Liu doing something strange.

Liu was using a whetstone to sharpen her favorite knife.

"Oh. Welcome back Motoki! You came back at the right time. Give my knife's cutting edge a test, please. It'll be fine. Nothing to be afraid of, I'm just going to go STAB and you'll be dead before you can feel any fear~"

"Wha, oi … stop …!"

I was unable to react to Liu's super high speed low tackle.
She swept my feet and I fell rolling to the floor.

"Well well well, looks like even a reincarnator without peer under the heavens will fall under my hands. I knew I'm a genius after all. Yes, I'm good at everything and anything, aren't I. … *besides my eye for men*"

Liu sat down hard on my gut and pressed her newly sharpened knife against my carotid artery.

The chilly touch of cold steel on my neck…

"Wait …! What's this all of a sudden! I didn't do anything!"

Well, I did lots of things though.

"So you really don't understand why I'm angry? Please listen to your heart. Don't just fondle girls' breasts all the time, you should feel your own every once in a while, Motoki"

"……"

I think I have an idea what she's going at.

But, Liu already gave her OK with doing it with Miria, right?

"Listen here," said Liu, "you see, as the legal wife here I know I already gave you permission to get a third. Yes, I'm not angry about that. A legal wife must be

tolerant”

“*However*,” continued Liu.

“I don’t remember ever giving you permission to get a fourth, have I? Miria and Rania, the fourth set of breasts are certainly charming aren’t they …? Am I right, Galactic Boob Emperor?”

… she even found out I did it with Rania.

Why do girls catch on to these things so quickly.
Scary.

“… no, but, it just kinda happened so it can’t be helped, right?”

“OH SHUT IT! You’ve neglected your duty to report to your legal wife! — and that means, capital punishment”

“Please calm down Liu-*san* …” I ended up being polite.

“Tread on a philandering dick and they will turn[1] they say, I suppose I could give you a little bit of compassion. I’ll let you choose where I’m going to cut you. The jugular, the lung artery, or the collarbone artery? Choose which one you like”
[1] «TN: The original proverb is ‘tread on a worm and they will turn’ i.e. even the smallest things have the will to live»

“Why do you know so much about arteries … also, those are all going to kill me if you cut them”

“Yes, that’s what dying means”

This is bad, she’s really angry for real this time.

I could use Mirror to escape but this woman’s going to chase me no matter where I go.

… can’t be helped, I suppose I should use that.

“Liu, check inside my breast pocket”

“Hm? You want a special play this late in the game? Such a hopeless man”

“No, not that … just check it already”

Liu knit her eyebrows but still put her hand in my breast pocket.

She then took out what was inside.

— a small box the size of her palm.

“T, this is …!”

Liu timidly opened the box.

“It’s the ring I promised”

“Seriously!? I thought since it was you Motoki you’d forget all about it! A miscalculation! A happy miscalculation!”

Liu dived onto the bed and flailed her legs wildly, “Uhyaa–!”

She forcefully put the middle-finger ring on her ring finger and looked at it ecstatically.

She’s normal cute when she does that, isn’t she.

“… will you forgive me?”

“Geez~ it can’t be helped can it. I’ll say this in advance but you’re not forgiven. I’m not a cheap woman that could be bought with material … aaah, the sapphire’s beautiful …”

Thank goodness, she totally forgave me.

I stood up and dusted my clothes off.

“By the way Liu, let’s go out for a while. Go change clothes”

“Hmm? We’re doing it outside? Geez there’s no helping you Motoki. Right after we just made up?”

“We’re not! We’re going out normally”

“Eh? Motoki’s taking me out for a reason other than sex? That happens?”

“It does!”

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I took Liu with me to Coura’s shopping district.

We then entered a bar-room.

Not the usual cheap tavern, a high-class establishment, with a dress code.

It had a spacious interior, the minstrel's song and the harp's music made it an exquisite space.

Liu and I sat facing each other on a table.

"Hm, this isn't a bad mood, but I prefer, you know, the kinds of bars where you can swig down a mug full of beer"

"I'll take you there next time, so — anyway Liu, read this"

I handed Liu a flyer.

This was written on the flyer:

A Fight over the Lord's Daughter Kirisha!
Yuutarou vs Montavo
Coming Soon!

"What, is this?" Liu tilted her head.

"Just what it looks like. A notice that there's going to be a show soon. Yuutarou against this Montavo guy, with Marquis Coura's daughter at stake"

According to the rumors, the details go like this:

The Marquis of Coura seemed to have a marriage between his own daughter Kirisha with the only son of this Montavo noble.
A political marriage.

However Kirisha herself flatly refused that marriage.
She strongly objected saying she doesn't want to do it — and yet they proceeded with the marriage talks.

The one who put a stop to this was the reincarnator Yuutarou who was acquainted with Kirisha by chance.

Yuutarou marched into the conversation between Kirisha's father and Montavo.

Then, he challenged Montavo to a duel.

[Fight with me over Kirisha! If I win you will let Kirisha go!]

Montavo accepted the challenge.
If he could defeat the famous reincarnator Yuutarou in public eye, he thought he could raise his own fame.

“Eh? Hold on a minute please. Why does it suddenly become a duel? I don’t get the logic here?”

“It can’t be helped, an eighth-grader (chuuni) likes to settle things with duels. Don’t question it,” I defended Yuutarou without meaning to.

I don’t laugh at chuunis, I went through that.

“Hmmm … but Motoki, what kind of guy is this Montavo who’s supposed to be fighting Yuutarou?”

“That kind of guy,” I pointed my thumb at the VIP seats.

Sitting on the sofa there was a man with women on both sides waiting on him.

Wearing frameless glasses, he had the air of a “disagreeable elite” about him — this man is Montavo.

“Say say Montavo-*sama*, is it alright to be drinking in a place like this? You’ll be fighting Yuutarou soon, right? Shouldn’t you be training?” asked one of Montavo’s groupie girls.

“Training? There’s no need for the noble, super elite me to do anything like that. Not even a reincarnator can reach my level. Some second-rate plot isn’t going to be able to catch up with my superior intellect. I promise to show you all the best show possible!”

He pushed his glasses up, made gestures with his hand. A fidgety man.

“This is bad Motoki, that guy’s totally a small fry. He’s such an overpoweringly small fry I can feel his smallfrying from here. Everything he says is a lead in to some joke”

“See, unbelievable right? *That* is going to fight with Yuutarou”

I observed Montavo with a sidelong glance.

A worthless, easy to understand baddie, but —

He was indispensable for my Kirisha capture plan.

39 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 2

There was a forest called "Shackna Forest" four kilometers southeast of town.

It was a place inhabited by weak monsters and often became hunting grounds for beginner adventurers — but every once in a while, a formidable foe called the "Beginner Killer" appears, reaping the lives of the young adventurers.

It was a place of many deaths, of shady history.

Therefore, the townspeople of Coura don't often come near the place.

"Haah…" I sighed. I was right on the edge of Shackna forest.

I will soon be stepping into this forest.

I didn't want to come to a creepy place like this, but I had to come here no matter what it took.

Since it seems that my capture target this time was in here.

Even though she was a noble's daughter, Kirisha plays in this forest every day.

"You didn't *have* to play in a place like this …"

While grumbling, Iused mirror and transformed into a certain old soldier.

A man nearing his sixties, but he had robust mucles all over his body, and his back wasn't even hunched.
Compared to my original body, it was much easier to move in.

In the form of the old soldier, I set foot into the forest.

Then after walking a while —

"There she is …"

I saw a beautiful young girl in a clearing in the middle of the forest.

The young girl Kirisha was playing there underneath the sunlight.

Wearing a well-tailored yellow dress and a hair ornament in the shape of a sunflower on her head.

Kirisha was sitting on a soft black sofa brought in from somewhere.

Flailing her legs, and with little birds waiting upon her.

“Such innocence …” I took a tired breath.

It somehow feels, calming, to see her ….

Even by looking from far away my heart feels like it’s healed.

The High Orc with a loose screw
The bothersome big-breasted book girl
The self-centered priestess

None of them posessed the charm Kirisha does.

“Well, I can’t just keep staring at her …”

In the guise of the old soldier, I feigned coincidence and approached Kirisha.

“Oh! Little lady, what could you be doing out here … were you separated from your parents?”

When I called out to her, Kirisha turned to look at me.

“No, Kirisha isn’t lost *nodesu*. Kirisha is here because Kirisha wants to be here. This place is Kirisha’s playground *nanodesu*!”

Kirisha flashed a wide smile.
What is this cute little thing ….

“Oh, is that so … but it’s dangerous here, little lady. There are scary beasts here you know”

“There’s no need to worry *nanodesu*! The scary monster’s under Kirisha’s butt!”

“Butt …? Ooh, you mean …!”

Kirisha wasn’t sitting on a sofa.

A black, canine monster.
The strongest monster around here called a Godoff.

The monster Godoff had a red shining band on its neck — this was Kirisha’s power.

"So you have the 'Tamer[1]' power little lady! I see, then you're safe here"

[1] «TN: the actual word is *joubuku*, exorcism, i.e. suppression of a malignant entity»

"Yes, my monster friends all protect Kirisha so Kirisha can play here all safe and sound *nodesu*!"

"Is that so, well, I'm jealous that you have so many friends. You can play all you want!"

"Yes, Kirisha loves this forest *nodesu*! Are you here for a loiter?"

"Um, please call it 'a walk' if you can …"

"Ah, excuse Kirisha! Kirisha has a large vocabulary but doesn't know how to use it well *nodesu*!"

grin, smiled Kirisha.

Yep, I can forgive anything.
Even if you stabbed me, even if yo go *tehepero* at me, I'll forgive you with room to spare.

"By the way little lady, it must be fate that we met here. If it's all right with you, will you have me for a chat? This place is a little lonely" I smiled wistfully.

"If you're lonely Kirisha will tell you looots of stories *desuyo*! Kirisha knows a lot so Kirisha can talk with aaaany kind of people *nodesu*! Let's see, how about we talk about 'nursing[2]' this time?"

[2] «TN: as in 'nursing home'»

"Um, why don't we talk about something more, cheerful …"

"Oops, Kirisha made a choice mistake *desuyo*! I know, why don't we talk about 'funeral' then?"

"It's a little less gloomy but … I know, if it's all right with you why don't we talk about what your dreams are? Since I'm an old person I like talking about dreams"

"In that case," Kirisha cheerfully began talking.

"Kirisha will one day, become an adventurer and go to 'Fahra Valley' *nodesu*. Then Kirisha will tame the giant dragons at the bottom of the valley *nodesu*! Kirisha will be the first ever Dragon Tamer *desuyo*!"

“Ooh, amazing! Having dreams is good!”

“Then when Kirisha gets a dragon Kirisha will start a safe and comfortable high speed transport business! Kirisha will use it to gather capital and this time get involved in the spice trade, and Kirisha will turn over the company headship at the young age of 40 and retire early *nodesu*! Secure s ks ahead of time and set up a cloistered rule *desuyo*!”

“That’s realistic …”

“Kirisha’s assets will of course be in the form of non-depreciating ores!”

“Really realistic …”

And then I continued listening to Kirisha’s dreams.

So anyway Kirisha first wants to go to a place far far away.

However, no matter how grand Kirisha’s dream was, it was followed along by a sense of reality.

“Well, it’s been fun talking with you little lady. Thank you very much for talking to this old soul”

“No, you’re just about the same age as Kirisha’s papa or granpa, so you’re very easy to talk to *desuyo*!”

“Ooh, is that so!” well, I knew that. “By the way little lady. You said you wanted to be an adventurer … but have you gotten permission from your parents?”

When I asked that, a shadow fell over Kirisha’s face.

Kirisha’s father wanted to use her as a tool in a political marriage.

He wanted Kirisha to marry into the family of the man called Montavo.

And the one who objected to that was Yuutarou.

If Yuutarou won against Montavo, Kirisha will be officially free.

If Yuutarou lost his duel against Montavo — Kirisha will be married to Montavo immediately.

“Papa wants Kirisha to marry but … Yuutarou said he was going to save Kirisha so there will be no problem *nodesu*!”

Kirisha smiled with her whole face and looked up to the sky.

“Kirisha will soon leave Coura and see the wide wi–de world *desuyo*!”

The blue sky and white clouds reflected in Kirisha’s eyes.

In her heart she held anticipation for the world she had yet to see.

Or else —

“Little lady, if it’s alright with you will you let me come by again later?”

“Yes, of course *nodesuyo*! Kirisha will be playing with Kirisha’s friends here everyday so please come by anytime!”

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40 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 3

"Sure enough, I can't find anything out just by transforming …"

In my room at the inn, I transformed into Yuutarou's duel opponent Montavo.

I wanted to find out what power this man has by transforming into him.

Montavo was an important pawn in my current plan.
I had to absolutely get a full picture of his abilities.

— However, my Mirror wasn't powerful enough to know everything about the target.

I could somewhat know what kind of person they are when transformed, and I can trace the movements they have burned into their bodies — however, I can't copy their memories and thoughts.

Even their skills and magic can only be traced once I knew about the real person's power in detail.

"What we're certain about is that he's a knight, I suppose"

Montavo wore a sword at his waist and he had those callusses peculiar to knights.

However, he didn't feel like he's anything special as a knight.
He probably didn't have any significant skills.

… if so, then isn't he an idiot for picking a fight with Yuutarou?

"What's wrong Motoki, you've been going *hmm.. hmm..*. Is your belly hurting? Is your belly black?"

Today Liu cheerfully called me names again.

"… I won't deny I'm a black belly, but — say Liu, What kind of guy do you think this Montavo is? Just your impressions is fine"

"Hmm, an easy to understand baddie that gets put on a bus in a superpower battle at the end of the first volume, I suppose. Boasts ahead of time but loses in the end, and around the third volume he re-appears as a joke character"

“Yeah, he does give the impression he’s going to be a joke character in the end”

“Well, I suppose I can’t lose to him on being a joke character. I’m beginning to be proud of myself doing that role lately. So please observe Liu-*chan*‘s service enlivening Motoki’s story from now on too *s’il vous plaît*”

“Wow, you’ve got the willpower for becoming an extra, don’t you”

“I’m even resolved to jump into a tub of boiling water”

“Um, I’m not asking you to go that far …”

Though the conversation turned out like that, we were talking about Montavo”

Even though he was going to be a joke character later, being chosen as Yuutarou’s “Antagonist”, he should have some decent ability.

He should have some kind of unique skill to offer some form of resistance against Yuutarou.

Yuutarou was an owner of a magic cheat.
So in order to oppose Yuutarou —

“— anti-magic power, is it”

Montavo probably had some kind of magic resistance.

“Oooh, you look like you thought of something. Hm hm, good work. Then I’ll give you a reward. Come now, fly into your legal wife’s chest!”

Liu rolled the front part of her tunic up, exposing her jiggling twin hills.

Maybe it was because of her sensing impending crisis, but she’s been assertive towards me lately.

Those breasts pointing outwards looked enticing, but —.

“Yeah, I’m going to go fly onto Ruby’s chest for a moment”

“GOING FOR YOUR SECOND AGAIINNNNNNN…!! Is it the breasts!? It’s the breasts isn’t it!? Even though bigger breasts may be better to catch you with, but breasts aren’t airbags you know …!”

Liu banged on the floor in frustration while I ran out of the inn.

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“Welco … oh, Motoki!”

When I opened the grimoire store door, Ruby who was minding the store inside greeted me happily.

“I just finished writing a new novel … Motoki, won’t you give it a read before we have sex?”

“Well, it’s not like I came to have sex … ah, a new novel, what’s it about?”

“It’s about a girl who found out that the guy she’s going out with was sleeping with other girls, and the protagonist let him have a piece of her mind …”

“I see … seems interesting …. I totally haven’t a clue why Ruby would think of writing a novel like that, though … — anyway Ruby, can I ask you for a little something?”

“Sex in the store again…? You can’t wait until night Motoki …?”

“No, I’m not asking for sex … — Ruby, try hitting me with some light magic”

I used Mirror and transformed into Montavo.

If I took a magic attack as Montavo, I could find out how big his magic resistance is.

“All right … I can attack Motoki with magic, right. Wait a moment”

Ruby said so and began drawing a magic circle on the floor.

She touched the magic circle and began chanting a spell.

“Oi, wait, Ruby, not something serious like that, just a light one, a light one …”

But it seemed like my words didn’t reach Ruby’s ears.
Between chants, she seemed to be muttering something.

“… Motoki doesn’t come to see me lately, you don’t even read my novels … I know you’ve been sleeping with Miria …! *Go die in a fire* …!”

“……!!”

The spell Ruby was launching at me was [Purgatory Hellfire], infused with her

grudges towards me.

Crimson flames wrapped my Montavo body.

Taking it head on, I would get some burns at the least.

However —

“Eh …!?” Ruby widened her eyes in surprise.

The flames vanished as soon as they touched my body.

“That’s cool, Montavo. So he could totally nullify magic”

Then for Yuutarou who holds a magic cheat, Montavo would be something like his natural counter.
The worst enemy to fight.

The story the goddess wrote probably goes like this:

Yuutarou challenged Montavo to a duel with Kirisha at stake.

Yuutarou tried using magic to overwhelm Montavo, however —

Magic doesn’t work at all on Montavo.

Because magic attacks don’t work, Yuutarou was forced to a sword fight he was not used to doing.

Yuutarou had a hard fight, and he was slowly backed to a corner.

But right before he was defeated Yuutarou awakened.

Kirisha’s hopes, a companion’s feelings, and the audience’s cheers — they all helped to awaken Yuutarou’s true power.

Then Yuutarou won the fight.

Having gained funds by getting the noble’s daughter Kirisha, Yuutarou finally embarked on a journey outside Coura.

“Well, that’s how the cliché goes …”

By the way, a bit of trivia. A formidable enemy like Montavo in Yuutarou's Narrative is called a "Gatekeeeper".

After defeating the Gatekeeper, the protagonist could then embark on a journey to the wide world.

Which means, if Yuutarou could defeat Montavo — Yuutarou will go to a place somewhere far far away.

He would escape and I won't be able to kill him.

"Well, I'm not letting him," I flashed a grin.

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41 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 4

«TN: Trigger warning: contains loli»

"Ah, uncle! I've been waiting for you *desuyo*!"

I transformed into the old soldier and visited the opening in Schackna Forest, and Kirisha greeted me.
With a big grin on her face.

Ah … I am healed ….
The black thing inside my belly was being purified.

"You're looking lively little lady. — playing with your beast friends again today?"

Kirisha was sitting on a beast, a black wolf.

Little birds loitered on her head and shoulders, and a puppy beast around her feet.

"Yes! Kirisha has lo–ts of friends *nodesuyo*! Friends 1 up to 12 is a–lways with Kirisha *nodesu*!"

"You don't have unique names for your friends …"

That part of her was rather dry.

"By the way uncle! Kirisha has gathered topic so Kirisha can talk lots and lots with uncle today *desuyo*!"

"Really? That makes me happy! So what kind of topics?"

"There's 'hypertension', 'heart disease', and 'diabetes', please choose which one you like out of those three!"

"The big three adult diseases …"

"Kirisha can make you laugh whichever topic you choose *desuyo*!"

"That's a big challenge, can you do that?"

Kirisha began talking about the big three adult diseases to me who was an old soldier (I didn't laugh).

“Really, It’s been fun talking with you little lady! — by the way, I brought some sweet bread, would you like to eat with me?”

I showed the pouch I was carrying on my waist.

“Waa! Kirisha looooves sweet things *nodesuyo*! Kirisha also want’s a sweet life!”

“I think so too … but anyway, here you go, eat up”

I gave Kirisha a napkin-wrapped bread and she bit into it like a commoner.

“This bread is really tasty *desuyo*~♡”

With her cheeks all puffed up, Kirisha smiled wide.
grin.

Haaah … I am healed.

The High Orc who thrusts knives at people’s carotids and the book girl who burn people with magic needs to learn a thing or two from this girl. *forgets own shortcomings*.

“Little lady, there’s sugar on your mouth”

“Oops, excuse me *desuyo*! Kirisha’s manners are still not perfect *nodesu*! — can you wipe them off for me uncle?

“Of course”

When I wiped around the edges of her mouth with a napkin, Kirisha looked like she was happy being pampered and closed her eyes looking pleased.

I, can I take this home …

“Thank you very much uncle— ah!”

Kirisha dropped her remaining bread on the skirt of her dress.

“Geez … Kirisha has been failing a lot today *nodesuyo*! Kirisha is ashamed as a lady!”

“No no no. A child should make mistakes every now and then. May I clean it up if you will?”

“Please *desuyo*!”

Since she asked, I took the hem of Kirisha’s skirt and raised it up.

I reached one hand inside the skirt and put a napkin on the other side of the stain.
I then took the leather canteen I carried with me and poured water over the stain, then wiped it.

Seen from afar, it looked like there was an old man who was committing an indecent act of looking under a young girl’s skirt.
That was exactly what was happening.

While I was wiping the stain away, I thought about Kirisha’s actions and gestures earlier.

Lively and flurried — She did not seem like she was raised with the education of a lady.
So the rumors might be true after all.

— No, but before that

“……”

I stole a glance downwards.

Since I was holding Kirisha’s skirt and raising it up, her place that should not be seen was clearly visible.

Legs that were like glasswork.

And the silken underwear covering her privates —
It seemed to be a little small for her, the cloth bit into her skin.

A small navel above that.

gulp, I gulped.

I was worried whether this too innocent little girl could stimulate me — but yeah, it works. This girl is a “woman”.

I can do it.
She’s too good for Yuutarou, I’m going to steal her ASAP.

“I’ve finished wiping it”

“Thank you very much, uncle!”

Kirisha made a wide grin and patted my shoulders without meaning anything.

Looks like she’s becoming attached.
Cute…

“Kirisha was getting lonely here *desuyo*! Yuutarou and Lugin used to come along and play but they were lately saying they’re busy training for the duel *nanodesu*!”

“Duel … ah, there were rumors of that in town”

The duel between Yuutarou and Montavo, with Kirisha at stake.

“Kirisha is thankful that Yuutarou is going to free Kirisha but … Kirisha doesn’t understand why does it have to be a duel *desuyo*! There are things you do before that *desuyo*!”

“… yes, you can say that again”

Girls, even little ones tend to think realistically.
So they tend to look at chuunis coldly ….

Haah … Kirisha sighed.

The little girl looking sadly to the sky.

She’s lonely, this girl.

According to rumors, Kirisha has no place in her home.

Her real mother died when she was little, and her stepmother kept pampering her own children.

Her father, the Lord, was entranced by his new wife and never looked at Kirisha.

That was why she went so far as playing in this forest.

With the “Tamed” beasts as her only friends.

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42 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 5

"He's not coming, is he"

"Not coming, huh …"

Late at night, Liu and I were hiding in a back alley in town.
We had already watched the main street for over an hour waiting for a certain person to pass by along the night street.

I was bored ….
However, since I'd anticipated this and brought Liu along to kill time, there was no problem.

"Say, sex friend #1, I mean, Liu"

"That misspeech would normally land you a capital punishment but in deference to the ring, you'll be forgiven for today — what is it Motoki?"

"This is boring, tell me a really funny story"

"Please refrain from setting a hurdle I can't clear even with a vaulting pole. It's quite a cruel thing you know, to make a joke out of being rejected like that. Do you actually have an actor-killer cheat skill?"

"Oh, so you're turning tail. Just now, Kirisha successfully got a laugh out of me *lies*"

"Oho … you're egging me on aren't you. *Ya got the nerves, mentioning your fifth*. Fine, I'll show you that I'm way more amusing than some loli brat — hold on, Motoki, he's here"

"Hm? Ah, you're right"

I peeked out from the alley and saw a man walking composedly.

He was wearing frameless glasses and sporting a decidedly mean elite-like smile — his name was Montavo.

Yuutarou's dueling opponent.
And also my target tonight.

"Well then, I'll be off"

I used Mirror and transformed to my former best friend Kai.

“I don’t think you’d lose to that joke character candidate since you’re a reincarnator Motoki, but I’ll be ready in case it looks dangerous”

sching, Liu readied her knife.

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry”

The worried Liu was so cute I gave her her first genuine kiss after so long.

I patted the melting Liu on the head and then jumped out to the streets.

I stood in front of Montavo like Benkei doing a sword hunt.

“Montavo, I presume”

I took out my sword.

“My my what might your business with this miracle elite me I wonder. You can’t possible be looking for a sword match. It can’t be helped, can it then, let’s give you a lecture in swordfighting”

Unflustered, Montavo broke into a grin and took out his sword.

Then, in the silent night, the fight began.

In order to not kill Montavo, I held myself quite far back.

“My my my my my my, you’re quite the strong one aren’t you? Not surprising that you would go so far as challenge the ultra elite me”

Montavo was good at sword-locking starts.

When our swords met, he immediately reversed his wrist and deflected my blade.
In that way, he reeled my sword in like a snake.

I think this move was called “Flank” or “Counter”.

I see, it was tactically repulsive but certainly strong.

“My my my you don’t look like you’re up to the sword skills of this hyper elite me!!”

Montavo was elated.

However, he was a small fry after all.

He was way below the level of me transformed into the sword-cheat holder Kai. I couldn't copy his strength completely but it was still more than enough for someone like Montavo.

"ORYAA!"

"Wha!?"

I put some strength in and broke Montavo's sword.
Such a fool to seriously try and compete with a cheat character …

"SEI!!"

Continuing, I drove the heel of my palm into Montavo's jaw.

His head was shaken and Montavo fainted.

The End.

"I, is it over?"

Liu peeked out from the alley.

"Yeah, he's weaker than I thought. Well, he's specialized for a fight against Yuutarou. He's a small fry after all"

As I was saying that, I woke up the fainted Montavo.

And with Liu's help, I unfastened Montavo's necklace.

Montavo's necklace — a small metal box on a gold chain.

A magic item called a Sacrament Cage.

This was the source of Montavo's anti-magic power.

"Wake up Montavo"

I slapped his face and Montavo's consciousness returned.

Then I dangled the Sacrament Cage in front of his eyes.

“I’ll be taking your necklace”

“Wha!? Give it back! That is something important belonging to this noble great elite me …! Without it I would lose the duel with Yuutarou …”

“You want it back? There’s a condition”

“Condition …? A commoner brute like you dare give this high elite me a condi … ah, sorry, sorry, please put the sword away … what kind of condition?”

“Montavo, you will be coming here every night at this hour. I will be training you. If you come every night I will make sure to return this necklace to you”

“Training …? You? Training this noble royal elite me?”

“Yes,” I nodded.

“I will train you — and make you win against Yuutarou”

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The next morning, I woke up and went to the Euva church.

Transformed into a boy, I opened the church that looked like a bar and entered.

“Ah, we’re not open ye … little lamb!?”

To the priestess wiping the counter, Miria, I was a pleasant surprise.

She rushed up to me and lifted my child body up.

“Little lamb … I’ve been lonely. Yes, yes … I thought I was going to go crazy”

“I’m sorry *onee-san*, I was busy with training …”

Incidentally, the story became that I was going here and there from the hideout under the Euva church while training to become a priest.
And between training sessions, I would come see Miria every once in a while.

“Little lamb, you want a suckle? I feel like I’m going to produce milk any time now!”

Miria rustled and rolled up her clothes and showed me her breasts.
It’s grown bigger …!

“Go ahead,” urged Miria as she propped her breast in one hand.

“*Onee-san*, I’m glad to but please wait. I want to ask something first”

“My my … to have something more important than my breasts … my little lamb is growing to be an adult. Ah, but if you’re an adult you can get married, right. I’ll be looking forward to it. — so, what did you want to ask?”

“Yes, about the Quira Church in town now, how is it?”

When I mentioned the Quira Church, Miria’s face looked a little wistful.

Well, it *was* her former home.

“I see … it seems to be having it bad. Rumors say, goddess Euva appeared in the church that I abandoned. It doesn’t necessarily mean that the church becomes the Euva Church’s property but the Quira Church can’t use a church that other goddesses have appeared in. So they’re left without a base now”

“Hmm, is that so”

Good, it looks like my actions have damaged the Quira Church considerably.

“Anyway little lamb, Rania is having a morning bath right now”

“Eh?”

Why was she telling me this?

“You want to attack her in the bath together? The three of us going to bath together, and then until night … okay? I haven’t seen you for a while now, my body’s aching …”

“Ah, that’s what you mean,” I grinned.

That can’t be helped then.

Miria and I excitedly took our clothes off.

Miria tied her hair in a ponytail — her nape was pretty …

While watching Miria’s naked body, I thought about Yuutarou.

Now that the goddess Quira's influence had weakened, Yuutarou's time in the light should be coming to a close.

I don't hate him as a chuuni — *but Yuutarou, you've killed too many.*

In the end, what the reincarnators do was a kind of terraforming.

To change this place into a place where an Earthling could comfortably live.

The peerless ones kill in the name of helping people.

The adminstrative ones perform cultural invasion in the name of enlightenment.

Those that harm the diversity of this world, I will make sure to eliminate them.

"Come little lamb, pamper me and Rania thoroughly okay …?"

"Yes!"

But now, let's have fun with Rania and Miria.

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43 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 6

«TN: Trigger warning: contains loli»

Kirisha wakes up very early in the mornings.

She would up long long before the maids and the butlers do.

She would put her dress on by herself, eat the bread she prepared the night before, and sneak out of the mansion.

She didn't want to meet her family. Nor the maids and the butlers.

That's because she had no ally in the house.

This wasn't the case four years ago.

Kirisha had a mother.
She was funny, she was bright, and they would sing lots of songs badly together.

But her mother had died.

The epidemic suddenly came from beyond the skies.

The sadness had already stopped.
Denial, death was a common thing in the world.

However, there were things she couldn't accept.

— why won't the changes stop once the "situation" changes .

Kirisha's mother died, and Kirisha's daily life changed.
When she finally accepted that daily life, another change happened.

His father remarried, and she got a stepmother.

Her new mother was not necessarily evil, but she was distant.
Her father was entranced by his new wife.

When she became used to that life, the next change happened.
She gained half-sisters, twins.

Her father was entranced by his new daughters.

Once Kirisha was no longer the only child, the maids and butlers attitudes began to change.

Changes, changes, changes, and more changes.

When she thought, *this time, this will be the last change* — but then Kirisha was told, *you will get married*
More changes.

Kirisha noticed.
Once the situation had began to move, it will never stop changing ever again.

— She wanted something that doesn't change.

She wanted something that will stay by her side forevermore.
She wanted something that will never have a change of heart, that will swear everlasting love to her.

That was why Kirisha crept into the mansion's treasury and stole a grimoire.

The magic inside it was "Taming".

A rare magic, one that compels beasts to obedience.
If she used this magic, the beasts will forever stay by her side.

With a pressing thought in her heart, she continued practicing "Taming" — and finally attached collars on the beasts around Coura.

She had finally obtained peace — "Friends" that will never change forever.

The world was an everchanging place, but there was a place that never changed within the forest.

At the end of her strenuous efforts she finally obtained it — however, that somehow felt useless.

In her head, Kirisha recalled the old man.
The "uncle" who always visited Kirisha out here.

"I hope uncle comes by to the forest again today"

But she held no expectations.

The world was an everchanging place.

＊ ＊

“Hello little lady”

I transformed into the old soldier again and visited the forest.

“Uncle! I’ve been waiting for you *desuyo*!”

Kirisha was sitting on the black wolf and greeted me looking happy from the bottom of her heart.
With a big grin on her face.

Aaah … this is good.

“Uncle, today Kirisha made chocolate as thanks for the other day *desuyo*!”

Kirisha proudly brought out a woven basket.

“Ooh …! I’m so happy!”

“Kirisha didn’t make it straight from cocoa, so technically you can’t say it’s handmade though …”

“No, it’s handmade, it’s handmade enough for me. Even when making sweets you don’t count the process of planting and raising the trees, right?”

I sat beside Kirsha and bit into the irregularly-shaped chocolates.

… *not* sweet.

Huh, somehow it’s …

Somehow, there’s a weird depth to the bitterness —

“Oops—! Kirisha mistook glutamate for sugar *desuyo*!”

“Yes, it has a rich umami taste in it … n, no, but, it’s delicious! It’s really really delicious!”

“Kirisha is happy if uncle is happy *desuyo*! So, Kirisha will give uncle all the chocholates! Kirisha will pass!”

“……”

I finished all the chocolates.

I then spent some time together with Kirisha.

Kirisha hummed as she played with the tamed birds.
Looking at the innocent young girl, I was at peace.

“Owie! … uu, I fell *desuyo*!”

Kirisha slipped, and fell face up.

“Oh dear me, are you alright?”

While offering my hand, I looked at her lower half where her skirt had flashily flipped up.

The underwear she was wearing was small and was biting into her important place.

I feel like I want to lick her small navel — Uhm … I’m a weak-willed man.

So fidgety, being happy and wanting to eat her up.

Being swayed by such hobbies must be an effect of Mirror — or so my excuse goes.

… but I wonder if Kirisha’s feeling lonely.
With beasts that you can’t be sure have intelligence as her only “friends”

The only others by Kirisha’s side was me as an old man, and —

“What part of Yuutarou do you like, little lady?” I tried asking.

“What part of Yuutarou? That’s obvious *desuyo*! His stability!”

“Stability?”

Does a reincarnator even have stability —?

“Yes! Because Yuutarou will probably never fall sick, never die in an accident, and no matter what happens he will win in the end! He looks like he has many troubles but he’s really the number one most stable person in the world!”

“Ah, I see…”

A story’s protagonist won’t suddenly die by an arrow.
They wont die from an epidemic.

They won't be killed by small fry.
They won't suddenly awaken a vice, either.

Their roots are forever guaranteed.

I see, I think I understand what Kirisha was seeking.

This girl was afraid of change, and wanted something that stays the same.

She wanted safety.
She wanted peace.

Wanting a place she can be at peace, Kirisha decided to go on a journey.
Together with the stable Yuutarou, to the end of the world.

"Little lady, can you give this to Yuutarou when you see him next time?"

I took out an envelope from my pocket.

"A fan letter?"

"No, … — there's information on Montavo inside. I thought I had to help Yuutarou and asked an old connection to get this. I have to make sure Yuutarou wins and save you little lady!"

"Uncle …! Thank you for helping Kirisha *desuyo*! Kirisha will definitely deliver this!"

Kirisha raised the envelope up high looking deeply moved.

"Kirisha will soon go on a journey to the end of the world with Yuutarou *desuyo*!"

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44 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 7

Late at night, transformed as Kai, I waited alone on the street corner for Montavo.

That joke character bastard, late right on the first day of training …

But, the awaited person finally came.

With frameless glasses on his face, he was calmy heading towards me.
He was walking towards me
I'm gonna beat you up

"Well, I apologize for being late. When you become a noble and excellent elite such as I it would take you time to get dressed. I can't exactly go out walking dressed with whatever random thing like some commoner. My noble self carries our family name on my back, you see"

Montavo felt no shame at all.
I'm gonna beat you up

"Are you sure you want to take that attitude with me. — I can't say what's going to happen to this"

As I said that I took out the necklace — the Sacrament Cage — that I stole yesterday.

Without this Montavo would lose his magic resistance abilities and lose to his duel opponent Yuutarou in under two seconds.

"Wha!? Please don't break my Sacrament Cage! That has been handed in my noble and amazing self's family for generations …! If you break it Mama will yell at me!"

"You're not just a joke character but a mother-con too… — Okay, listen up Montavo"

I grabbed him by the collar.

"From now on, you will listen to what I say, or else I will destroy your oh-so-important Sacrament Cage. *Then* I'll kill you. *Capisce*?"

“U … uuh …”

“YOUR ANSWER!!”

“Y, yes sir … This noble and wonderful elite self … will do as you say for now”

Montavo reluctantly nodded.

“Incidentally, Montavo. Who allowed you to breathe?”

“Do I even need permision for that!?”

“OF COURSE YOU DO!”

“U … uuh … please allow my noble and master elite self to breathe …”

“Good, you may breathe”

Discipline is necessary when starting to train a wild dog.

After discipline, I immediately began a strategy meeting with Montavo.

The agenda was of course, how to win the duel against Yuutarou.

“Say Montavo, what do you think ‘winning against Yuutarou’ means?”

“Winning against Yuutarou? Isn’t that a simple thing? My noble and platinum elite self will cut Yuutarou down with splendorous sword skills”

“No, you know nothing,” I shook my head.

“You see, Yuutarou is a ‘Protagonist’. Protagonists in stories don’t lose. No matter how much you put pressure on Yuutarou, once he gets into a pickle the conditions will contrive to awaken his ‘true power’ and turn the tide of the battle”

“No way …. You’re saying my noble and godly elite self had been fated to lose?”

“That’s right. First understand and accept that — You won’t win against ‘Protagonists'”

“B, but then what should …!”

Montavo’s face grew more and more pale.

“Calm down, there’s a chance to win. I’ve started several plans and because of those, Yuutarou is currently losing the goddess’ favor. — Also, he’s in a bad mental state”

The fact that Miria had been doing it with her lover had reached Yuutarou’s ears.
That was because I transformed into a gossip lady and told him myself.

How Miria likes it done to her, what part of me she licked together with Rania, what that cute little tongue of hers does, what kinds of sounds she makes — I told him all of that in excruciating detail.

Hearing that Miria was fucked by another man right on the heels of Ruby having done the same, Yuutarou received a terrible shock.
He clattered and trembled.

To a virginity freak middle schooler, being NTRed is nothing less than a nightmare.

Miria fulfills the role of mother for Yuutarou.
To the middle schooler Yuutarou, Miria’s motherliness was exceptionally charming.

And she was taken away.
Wantonly fucked by another man — that fact cast a deep shadow over Yuutarou’s heart.

“If you want to defeat Yuutarou, now is the time,” I declared, balling my fist.

“But how could I defeat Yuutarou …? You said a contest of strength is useless didn’t you?”

“That would be simple. In order to defeat Yuutarou — You have to become a superior ‘Protagonist’ compared to him”

I will make you into a Protagonist.

| |

Interlude – This and That of the Harem Members 1

"Mufufufufu♪, an e-me-rald-ring~♪ proof-of-the-le-gal-wife♪"

The High Orc girl Ka'Liu was rolling about on her ben in the inn, gazing at the ring she just received.

It was meant to be a middle finger ring.
But she wore it on her left ring finger.

It was slightly the wrong size but she somehow managed by forcing it in.
Liu had always somehow managed to do things by fighting spirit.

"But well, that philandering dick can be praiseworthy sometimes, I guess. Glad I didn't kill him"

Liu was somewhat off personality-wise, but she was still a noble's daughter.
She had a stronger sense of virtue than the average folk.
She was attached to Motoki whom she gave her virginity to.

That Motoki had recently made more and more sex friends — there was no way she was OK.

However, this time he was even trying to sink his fangs into this loli Kirisha something brat.

"Well, but … as the holder of a ring it's very clear that I'm the legal wife so … let's forgive him for adding a loli girl"

A legal wife must be tolerant.
Scolding him over something so minor is unbecoming.

"No–w then, why don't we take a nap. Motoki's still not back yet"

Motoki was rather busy nowadays, going to the loli's place or to Montavo's to train him.

"Neglecting his legal wife is he? I'll give him a piece of my mind later"

Liu sulked to bed and closed her eyes — but then suddenly opened them.

She suddenly noticed something.

— Motoki didn't give the other girls a ring did he?

He couldn't, he wouldn't do that, would he?

The only one to receive a ring should only be herself, the legal wife. That's how it's supposed to be — she wanted to believe in Motoki, but since he's complete garbage he just might.

"……!"

Liu ran out of the inn.

＊＊

The direction Liu went in was the grimoire store.

The daughter there was Motoki's sex friend.
His Second.

"Now then …"

Liu opened the door and entered pretending to be a customer.

"W … welcome"

The big breasted girl Ruby was minding the store.

She didn't know about Liu, so she didn't show any odd responses.

Ruby was resting her huge rack on the counter and writing something on a piece of paper.
Probably a new novel.

Uwa, want read thought Liu.
Liu was a fan of Ruby's novels.

But she had to leave that aside and check to see if she had any rings.

Liu looked at Ruby's hands.

"…… yay!" Ruby made a small guts pose.

Ruby wasn't wearing a ring.
Which means, she won against Ruby.

Since she won, she should've quickly left the store, but —

— she was *really really* proud.

Ruby had no ring and she had one. The superiority complex was welling up inside her.

She wanted to brag, she wanted to provoke Ruby.
She couldn't fight that desire.

Liu flashed her left hand at Ruby and said, "waa, this ring Motoki bought me is heavy, see. It's probably 100 kilos see my finger's gonna break see. This is troubling see. Love is heavy see"

"Motoki …? Did you say Motoki?"

The pen dropped from Ruby's hand.

"… I knew she was not only doing it with Miria-*chan*, but ah, you did lewd things with Motoki too, didn't you?"

"Oh? So you did it with Motoki too? Weeell what a coincidence, it's a wonder isn't it, two women, both did it with Motoki, meeting each other. By the way I was the one who took Motoki's virginity, ah, but I'm not saying that really matters though? Even though I got the ring"

"You got a ring …. — my breasts … have thirty of Motoki's kiss marks …! Yours don't look like they have the space for that …!"
«TN: *burn!*»

As she said that Ruby unbuttoned her shirt and showed her chest.
There were countless marks there like signature stamps.

"Motoki … likes breasts so, he won't be satisfied with *those* …"
«TN: *Burnn!!*»

"Ngh …. But still, you shouldn't think that this is a matter of breasts. Yes, I don't have breasts. I concede that. But you know, look, I've got the ring?"

"A ring, even I got accessories from him before …"

"Oh … accessories? Well well well. But you know, compared to a ring, accessories are like small fry enemies, you know. Like slimes? — anyway this is getting dull. Shouldn't we settle this already"

“I know, right … we can’t settle this with a quarrel …”

fwoosh … Ruby’s small frame filled with magic power.

Liu took a slight distance from Ruby and thought her tactics through.

(…*It’s fine, no problem. Ruby’s supposed to need a magic circle to launch attack magic. I’m not going to give her that chance. I can win if I close the distance right away …!*)

“Hah ha! A dunce of a magic user can’t possibly win against the great thief Liu-*chan* — WHAAA!?”

Flames erupted from Ruby’s palm.
Elemental purification without a magic circle.

Due to her envy against Liu, Ruby managed to grow within these few seconds.

The flames become numerous fireballs and approached Liu.

“Please wait … let’s talk this through … ———”

Liu burned.
«TN: *BURRRNNNN!!!*»

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“I’m back … eh, what happened to you? You look burnt …?”

“Welcome back Motoki! No, well, actually I forgot my sunblock today and took damage to my skin. I’m a shame of a maiden!”

“No, they’re not sunburns, but more like physical burns, aren’t they? I don’t think the sun’s *that* bad? How did you get so burned?”

“I forgot to mention this but I burn up once every two weeks”

“Ah alright. Don’t spontaneously combust too much, kay”

“I did want you to let it pass but you letting it pass randomly like that hurt quite a bit, doesn’t it”

Interlude – This and That of the Harem Members 2

The next day, Liu came to the grimoire store again.

Revenge against Ruby — was not her goal.

"Heey, Liu-*chan* is here. Tea *s'il vous plaît!*"

"Ah … Liu, welcome. You came to read my novel again?"

"Oh ho! You wrote that much in a single night? — lemme see, I can read it right? I can give red marks more precisely than that incompetent editor Motoki after all!"

After the fight yesterday, Liu and Ruby calmly worked things out between them. Bit by bit, they talked about themselves.

When Liu said she was a fan of Ruby, the latter was overjoyed.
She brought out the huge amount of novels she already wrote but Motoki won't read.

They hade a pleasant chat while reading novels in the store — somewhere along the way, they had come to a ceasefire agreement.

To share that garbage of a man for the time being.

There are problems in the world that you can't solve by talking.
But there are those that you can.

Today, the two chatted until the sky got dark.

"Hm? It's this time already? Well then, we should go there already"

"Yeah … we should"

Ruby locked up the grimoire store and went out with Liu.

The two of them went to the Euva church.

Motoki's third sex friend Miria was here.

Liu and Ruby came to find out how far Motoki has gone with Miria.

"Now then, let's raid!"

"Yep …!"

The place looked like a bar from the outside. They opened the door.

"Welco — my my my! If it isn't Liu and Ruby!" Miria greeted the two of them.

When Miria was a member of the Quira church, Motoki asked Liu and Ruby to go there, so Miria already knew the two"

In bartender getup, Miria hugged Liu and Ruby both.

"This is wonderful, you came to see me aren't you! Come now, let's get inside!"

Across the counter, Miria, Liu, and Ruby began chatting idly.

"Um … by the way Miria"

Ruby nonchalanty broached the subject.

"How are you … with your boyfriend lately? Have you been doing anything …?"

"Boyfriend? You mean little lamb? Of course we're in love-love mode! My my, are you curious? It's a reeealy lewd story you know? Why, aren't you two precocious! So then, I'll make a special case and tell you"

Miria began talking about "little lamb" with a face full of joy.

About how he would suckle her breasts each time, about how she was disappointed that milk didn't come out, about how Miria did all sorts of things to little lamb in exchange —

"And then, just the other day … when Rania and I fell limp in the bathrom, he hugged us both and did the two of us together —"

"…… tsk"

"…… tsk"

Liu and Ruby popped veins on their foreheads.

Miria's boyfriend the "little lamb" was their boyfriend as well.
But only Miria didn't know that.

Incidentally, Miria still hadn't found out about Motoki's true self and his power.
If she did, she might just kill him.

Liu and Ruby were at first irritated by the talk about Miria's sex life — but looking at Miria's joyful face, their anger gradually settled.

When they looked at her face, the hate simply just wouldn't come out.

While listening to Miria talk, the two stealthily looked at each other and smiled, *it can't be helped*.

Let's leave it like this

They were very annoyed that Motoki was doing other girls than themselves — but they knew what they were going into when they chose him.

Then right that moment.

"*Onee-san*, I'm he — geh …"

The door to the Euva church opened and a boy — the "little lamb" entered.
In other words, Motoki.

"Well, little lamb! We were just talking about you!"

Miria hugged little lamb close.

"About me … *onee-san*, what about me did you talk about …?"

"My my, isn't it obvious? We were talking about how skillful you are and how you're always making me feel good … I want the two of them to know that!"

"Hee …"

Little lamb, aka. Motoki, turned pale and looked at Ruby and Liu.

He didn't consider that these two might be here.
Motoki's face looked confused, which was rare for him.

But both Liu and Ruby did not get angry, not this late in the game.

“Say say … you two”

Miria looked at Liu and Ruby’s faces.

“I, while we’re talking about little lamb … I’ve been getting itchy, so. I don’t think I can hold it back …. So … if you don’t mind, how about you two? It feels really good you know, little lamb’s. I, you know, when I feel good together with another girl I feel calm …. *Feeling good is okay, It’s normal*, something like that. So, if you don’t mind we can try doing it together …?”

“Eh?”

“Eh …?”

Ruby and Liu looked at each other.
Together, that means, she was inviting Motoki and all the girls here to do a foursome together —?

Of course, they should’ve refused, but —

“……”

“……”

Until now, Miria had been talking about her sex life with the little lamb and the two of them had started feeling itchy.

Since they had both done it normally with Motoki before, they could vividly imagine how Miria was doing it.

“Well, I don’t really mind …”

“M, me too …”

“Oh, I’m so glad! I’ll call Rania down, then, she’s having a nap right now! It’ll be fun doing it with the five of us! Let’s do it here!”

After locking the doors, Miria went to the inner rooms to call Rania.

In the church part of the establishment, Ruby, Liu, and Motoki in the form of a child were left behind.

“I’ve been thinking how you’ve been coming home late these days, so you’ve been suckling on Miria’s breasts all this time”

“Motoki, you cheater …!”

“No, well, um … this is a coincidence, um …”

Motoki was flustered.

“Well, it’s fine, but only this time, okay … just because I want to do it too”

“Only this time … I, I really only want it just the two of us when we do lewd things, okay!”

Liu and Ruby sighed and took off their clothes.

Liu dropped her clothes with a rustling sound, exposing her well-featured slender nakedness. She covered her chest and genitals with her hands. Her face was dyed red.

Ruby’s was caught in her huge breasts, she had difficulty taking them off.
When she took of her clothes and her underwear … her huge breasts went *jiggle*.

Once she was naked Ruby frantically tried to hide her giant breasts.
But her breasts were too bid … her arms sunk into it instead.

Then, Miria and Rania arrived.

“W, what’s going on!? Why are you …!”

Rania who suddenly appeared looked at the two naked girls and was shocked.

“Now now, Rania too!”

“Ah, eh, o, oi …!”

Miria tore off Rania’s clothes.

Her swarthy brown skin was exposed, then her underwear came off.

Her breasts were conversely lightly colored.

“I have to strip, too”

Thus Miria who was the last to take her clothes off finally did so.

Next to Rania, Miria’s white skin became more prominent.
The charm of dark brown and white.

"Mu …"

The naked Liu looked sullen and linked arms with the likewise naked Ruby.

With the adult combo in front of her eyes, she must've thought to make a small and big combo.

Miria having tied her hair up became the starting signal.

The four naked ladies surrounded Motoki —

Then they piled on top of each other like mud.

＊＊

— snip the actual work.

Even as I drowned in the women that I had captured until now, in my head I was calmly understanding what was going on.

I don't get what had happened, but my women seemed to be getting along with each other.

That would be necessary for Kirisha's capture.

Liu had probably done something.
This I could call a fine play.

— *Nonetheless, this is great, isn't it…*

Enjoying a wide variety of naked bodies all at the same time was tremendously good.
The downside was that it was tiring, but who cares about that.
The bodies and sweat of the participant and … various other things melted all over me.

However, I thought.

There really needs to be a loli.

I have to hurry and get Kirisha to join quickly.

| |

45 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 8

"Too slow!! Put more power into it!! 100 more laps!!"

"I, I can't, do it anymore … e, even … my noble … super athlete self … can't run … any … more …"

Montavo fell to his knees on the street and was breathing roughly.

Having been made to run from late at night to the break of dawn, Montavo was on the verge of death.
He was completely overworked.

However, releasing him after only this would render the whole thing meaningless.

"Huuuh? You're pretty spoiled for a joke character. So it's not just your glasses that don't have frames, you don't have guts too! Stand up right now and run, run to the setting sun!"

"Um, that's not the setting sun, that's the rising sun…"

"Montavo … when did you become such a big shot that you think you can gainsay me? That's the setting sun, GOT IT?"

Transformed as Kai, I thrusted my sword at Montavo's neck.

"Y … yes you're right … that's the setting sun! It was my elite and idiotic self's mistake!"

"Right, if you understand that THEN RUN!! Run if you want to win against Yuutarou!!"

"Y … yes …"

Montavo staggered and began to run.

I folded my arms and made an imposing pose, observing Montavo.

This one week, Montavo had been going through my bootcamp-like training program.

It's not because this training will make him stronger.

Getting stronger through overwork is just an illusion.
It's nonsense.

There's another goal I had in mind for this spartan training.

"My my you're lively this morning, too"

An old man on his morning walk greeted me.
Old people wake up early in any world.

"Good morning to you. I apologize for being noisy. … MONTAVO!! GET YOUR ASS OVER HERE AND SAY HELLO!"

"Y, Yes …!"

Montavo stopped his running and came over.

"Good morning!!"

Montavo stomped his feet together, straightened his back, and made a deep bow.
Hm, it was a perfect bow just like I taught him (with threats).

"Oh, you're so polite even though you're young. I heard the rumors say you're a stuck up noble but you're really a good young man aren't you. I'll be rooting for you against Yuutarou"

The old man praised Montavo with a smile.

"Y, yes … ! Thank you very much! I'll do my best!"

Montavo thanked him with tears in his eyes.

Originally, Montavo wasn't so agreeable.
If you praised him, he would grumble "A commoner like you valuating my noble self? Aren't you mistaking your position?" *I'll beat you to death*

But now, because of my prolonged hard training he was at his limit both physically and mentally.
He had no mental power left for sarcasm.

Praised in this condition, he would be touched.

"……"

I glanced at our surroundings.

Early rising old people and housewives were watching Montavo.
Their gazes were generally favorable.

The people like down-to-earth nobles.

The housewives and old people here would see Montavo and think “so honest and friendly” and spread the word.

Little by little the general opinion would be “maybe Montavo winning isn’t so bad”.

Unless we slowly but surely create a mood like that, we won’t win against a Protagonist.
We have to become a Protagonist that the people would cheer on as well —

Well, it was a grassroots movement with little effect, but — my Montavo Makeover had only just begun.

“Right, we’ll stop here today. Rest yourself. Don’t go playing around. Especially don’t play around with women!! There’s no protagonist out there who plays around with women!” *boomerang*

The makeover begins for real tomorrow.

I’ll remake this small fry into a “Fake Protagonist”

* *

Right after Montavo’s grueling training, I turned towards the town’s central district.

That was where the Lord’s mansion was.
Kirisha’s house.

It was a house in the middle of town, so it wasn’t large, but the wooden house gave off an air of history and majesty.
Like out of an English drama.

I transformed into a random person and looked toward the gates from afar.

“Oh, they’re coming out”

A charming lady with a pair of twin young girls in tow.

The woman gave off a definite evil vibe, she was Kirisha's stepmother.

She climbed aboard a coach that had been on standby in front of the mansion.

"Hmm …"

With that woman in the same house, no wonder Kirisha had no place at home.

Villains care about blood.
They had no trust in anything but "themselves", nor interest in anything but "themselves".

That woman pampered her own children and neglected her stepdaughter. It was written all over her face.

"Well, I'll make use of her as much as I could"

For me and for Kirisha.

＊＊

"Uncle! I've been waiting!"

In the forest, Kirisha greeted me happily.

She smiled like a blooming flower, the sunflower ornament in her hair really suited her.

Haah … so great.
This, this is it.
Healing that none of the other heroines posessed …!

"Uncle, Kirisha brought handmade food again today *desuyo*! Eat this, the avocado Kirisha raised on Kirisha's own!"

"You did well raising it …"

"Kirisha wants to try raising durian next *desuyo*!"

"At least try something like a strawberry first"

This and her "Tamer" power, she excels at handling plants and animals.

Probably, in her own world, she was wanting to gather more friends.

"Kirisha made it into a salad so please eat up! Kirisha will split it up *desuyo*! Kirisha's got plenty of girl power *nanodesu*!"

"The 'girl power' image is lacking, but … ah, thank you very much. It looks delicious"

"Hehem. The intriguer Kirisha had successfully put the bigger avocado in her own part! Kirisha has a cunning side as well!"

Oh goddess so cute ….
Kirisha acting the baddie for only that, so cute.
The woman-stealing actual trash (*moi*) ought to hear about this.

I sat beside Kirisha and ate.
We had silly banter.

Sharing food = playing family in the forest.

She must be looking for "family" by relating to me.

But that aside —

"Avocado is delicious *desuyo*~ ♡"

Haaaah … so cute.
Forget all the difficult things. Kirisha's cute. No need to think about anything. So cute.

Then Kirisha stopped eating and looked blankly at the sky.

She looks to the sky a lot.

She stared, as if she would discover something there by doing that.

"Kirisha always thinks it's strange," said Kirisha suddenly, "why do strong people like to settle thing by fighting? There are lots of things you're supposed to do before that"

She must be talking about Yuutarou.
She was thankful that Yuutarou would duel for her sake — but she couldn't understand why he'd do that.

Kirisha, who always sought safety, couldn't understand.
Even though he had the power to not be hurt by others, even though he was a stable existence, why would he deliberately clash against others —

"Why do strong people like to fight? Isn't it obvious?"

I gripped Kirisha's hand and said.

"— it's because they're weak"

| |

46 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 9

"Ah, welcome back Motoki, I mean, Loliki. How's it going with your Kirisha capture? Did you go all flirty-flirty and licky-licky with the little girl? Well, Loliki is not only intolerant but also loves little girls, what a real surprise HE'S OVER HERE OFFICER!!"

"Welcome back Pedoki … don't get too lusty over a little girl, okay …? There's no turning back from there you know …?"

"……"

Back at my room in the inn, Liu and Ruby hurled horrible insults at me.

Sheesh, what 'loli', what 'pedo', so rude.
My scope of interest was simply a little large.

"By the way Loliki, I brought Ruby here like you told me to, but what are you planning? I thought that Ruby's huge breasts are useless for Loliki who loves little girls. Which means I can rub it instead, right? Uhyaa —! It's like marshmallow!"

"No … Liu-*chan* stop rubbing …"

Liu rubbed Ruby's enormous breasts, while Ruby whined.

It was very hot, but I don't really have a thing for yuri ….

"… Liu, let Ruby go. — The reason I called Ruby over was because I want her help for what I'm going to do from now on. Ruby's good at storytelling so I want her to cover for the gaps in the scenario of the plan I'm making"

"Motoki, you're … counting on me?"

"Yes, that's right," I nodded.

"Thank goodness … I'm not just a pair of breasts on legs to you"

"……"

I should cherish her more next time.
As for Liu, just leave her be.

I immediately explained what my work was going to be.

“Right now, I’m going to transform the man known as Montavo into a Protagonist … but it’s a little difficult. I want to think over the Montavo Makeover with Ruby”

“A person into a Protagonist …?”

“A person, if he or she fulfills certain conditions, could become a Protagonist — I will first explain what those conditions are”

I began my explanation.

“First, Protagonist condition number 1 — He or she must have noble blood or be special in the eyes of some deity”

Consider shonen manga protagonists or mythological heroes.
Their parents or grandparents tend to be great people.

Like, heroes or gods or kings — rarely just normal people.

Bluntly speaking, they have good s k.
That was really blunt.

“In Montavo’s case, this condition is already cleared. He’s a noble, and he has royal blood. Which means he had the blood of ancient gods, too. Therefore this one’s OK”

Next, Protagonist condition number 2 — He or she must be trained by a “Mentor”

“Mentor” — Enlightener of men, maker of heroes.

A great instructor.
Without the teachings of a Mentor, no person would reach the position of a Protagonist.

“This one is no problem either. I will be in charge of being Montavo’s Mentor. I will be using Mirror to transform into the people necessary for him to grow and to train him”

Then, Protagonist condition number 3 — Once he or she has completed training,

the Mentor will give him ore her a powerful weapon or killing move or transport method.

… this one, is giving me a headache.

I could give some kind of powerful weapon to Montavo but — he probably couldn't use any named weapons.
Weapons choose their owners.

If I were to train him in a killer move, that joke character probably won't be able to learn it.
That Montavo, making me waste my time, I'll beat you to death.

I should think this one together with Ruby.

"Then, Protagonist condition number 4 — To fight his greatest enemy and win. While doing that, obtain a mark of him doing so"

Protagonists have to fight their worst enemies after all.
Unless they remove the shackles of their heart like that, they won't be able to really spin their tale.

And those who win against their worst enemy will receive the scars that prove they did it — this is the mark.

Like a barcode saying *Hey I'm the protagonist*

In Ruby's case, her greatest enemy was the Orcs.
And after defeating the Orcs, I then took her virginity.

By being deflowered, a scar was left inside Ruby's body. Marking her.

Low-profile as she is, Ruby is a Protagonist.
Though because she didn't fulfill all the conditions, she wasn't a true protagonist. Just my sex friend.

— So what would be the biggest enemy for Montavo?

The thing that became the shackles to his heart — We have to look for that next.
Then, we have to have him defeat that.

I needed to work out the scenario for this part, too.
I really wanted Ruby to help out.

I will be conducting Kirisha's capture in parallel, so it would be tiring.

"Well, that's about it. There are other Protagonist conditions like meeting with the goddess or being loved by people, but no need to mind those. — Ruby, will you think over the path to make Montavo grow with me?"

"Y, yes …! I'll do my best! I want to be useful to Motoki …!"

Ruby balled her fist tight.
A strong will was reflected in her eyes.

She had changed a lot from the Ruby I first met, the Ruby who was a doll.

If Ruby grew up well, she will be very helpful for fighting the heroes after this as well.

"Yes yes Ruby is growing up. Ghaah — …! Watching the young people struggle to break the wall brings a tear to my eye. Well, you're still a long long way from my level, though"

What're you supposed to be, Liu.

"Now then"

I took a breath — and suddenly reached out for one of the buttons on Ruby's shirt.

"Motoki … w, why are you unbuttoning me?"

"Eh? Well, serious talk is tiring, so I thought I could use some healing," I said while slipping Ruby out of her bra.

jiggle … the twin hills moved up and down.

As usual, they have magnificent power.
Uoh, it's jiggling again ….

Now, should I suck them … should I rub them … or, no, maybe I should put it between them …

" … I was worried that Motoki has turned into Pedoki … but Motoki is Garbageki

after all aren't you …"

My name is Motoki goddess dammit.

＊ ＊

The three of us, Ruby, LIu, and I fucked each other senseless — and then night came.

I headed towards Shackna forest.
I walked through the eerie forest and reached the opening in the center of it.

Ther would usually be Kirisha here, but of course she wouldn't be here at this hour.
She'd be home already.

"Now then …"

I used Mirror and transformed into Kirisha.

And as her, I willed.

'Gather round *desuyo*! Kirisha's friends!'

Immediately, beasts with red shining neckbands appeared from all over the forest.

Kirisha's Tamed friends.

"You're such a good boy"

I gave the black wolf Godoff a pat in the back.

I then touched the neckband and whispered.

"Godoff, I command you in the name of Kirisha —"

| |

47 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 10

«TN: Trigger warning: Contains loli»

Every morning, Kirisha wakes up before dawn.

"Good morning *desuyo*~ Mama♡"

Rubbing her eyes, she faced the picture of her deceased mother and smiled.
Without fail, her daily morning routine.

She then got off the bed and opened the closet, putting on her clothes by herself, and left the room.

Then, she noticed someone in the hallway.
It was rare that anyone woke up earlier than Kirisha.

There were a pair of twins near the stairs, talking.
They overslept during the day yesterday, so they woke up earlier than usual.

"Yuyu, Lala, good morning!"

Kirisha smiled at her three year old little sisters — but the twins didn't even say *good morning* back to her.

They only glanced at her disinterestedly.

They're not taking her seriously.

Children are unexpectedly cruel.
They don't look at people beneath them with civility.

Feeling miserable, Kirisha hurried down the stairs.

There's no place for her in the mansion.
She wasn't rejected outright, but nobody here wanted her.

She ran out of the mansion, along the streets, and through a hole in the town walls.

Hurry, hurry to the forest.

To play with the beasts she “Tamed”.

And nowadays, the Uncle would come as well.

“Because Kirisha has a place where Kirisha belongs …”

＊＊

Kirisha arrived at the forest clearing and willed.

(*All my friends! Please come gather around Kirisha!*)

Then, there were footsteps around her.

Her friends were coming here.

The first to reach the clearing was the black wolf that was her oldest friend.

“Morning Godoff! Please let me ride on your back again—!”

Then Kirisha noticed.

There’s something strange with Godoff.

He glared at Kirisha and growled.

“W … what’s wrong …? Why are you glaring at Kirisha …?”

Godoff did not answer her question.

He jumped and attacked Kirisha.

“Auu …!”

Kirisha fell on her back and Godoff stepped on her chest with his front paw.

His sharp claws tore at Kirisha’s dress.

“Ouch …! Stop it Godoff! What’s wrong …!?”

Kirisha wriggled and struggled, but Godoff would not release her.

He’s supposed to be Kirisha’s friend~

She was crushed, she was anguished, tears flowed out from Kirisha’s eyes.

— Please help me …

The first person to come to Kirisha's mind was Yuutarou.
The next one was —

"Little lady …!"

She heard his voice.

Here, the Uncle who was always with Kirisha came to save her.

"UOOOOH—!!"

The uncle bravely roared, and lunged at Godoff with his whole body.

Godoff flew back.
Kirisha's body was released.

"Are you hurt anywhere!?"

Uncle hugged Kirisha's body, covering her.

"Uncle! Behind you …!"

At the same time Kirisha yelled, Godoff's fangs deeply bit into Uncle's arm.

Drops of blood fell from Uncle's arm.

"Please stop Godoff…! Please! Stop it!"

Then, Kirisha's pleas finally went through and Godoff stopped.

"……"

Kirisha's body trembled from the overwhelming fear — but she came to herself.

"Uncle, are you alright!? You're hurt … you're bleeding!"

"It's alright … I'm sturdy even though I look like this. I'm glad you're alright"

"You're not alright *desuyo*! I, I'll go and get a doctor *desuyo*!" Kirisha suggested.

"No, don't call a doctor," Uncle refused.

"W, why!?"

"If they treated me they'll find out I was bitten by a beast. When they do … little lady's friends are all going to be hunted down. Beasts who knew the taset of human blood are to be exterminated"

"U, uncle, you … even though all this happened to you, you're still protecting Kirisha's friends …?"

"Yes, it's obvious, isn't it?"

Uncle patted Kirisha's head.

"Little lady's most important thing, is also my important thing"

"……!"

Tears began to drop from Kirisha's eyes in large drops.

These few years, she had never received kindness like this from people.

"Papa…"

Finally, she called him that.

* *

Good, everything went as planned.

Having transformed into the old soldier, I grinned inside.

Last night, I transformed into Kirisha and ordered the wolf.

'The next time you see Kirisha, please attack. Not a serious attack. Don't injure Kirisha. Just lightly press down on Kirisha, push Kirisha's chest down with your paw. Don't stop until Kirisha says stop three times'

Godoff did as I instructed and really went and attacked Kirisha.

Then choosing the timing when Godoff had Kirisha under his paw, I jumped in and rammed him.

… well, the bite on the arm was unexpected, but this wound could also be useful.

In my chest, Kirisha was all tears, looking straight at me.

Kirisha's dress was torn by Godoff.

Her chest part was open, and a pair of children's bra embroidered with a sunflower stalk peeked out.

It was the same with her panties, but Kirisha seemed to like small underwear.

The bra was eating into her swelling chest — and because of that her meager bresats was sensually emphasized, giving off an immoral vibe.

Because of her moving about violently, her bra slightly slipped.
Just a little bit more … her lightly colored part will peek out.

And if it slipped a little more than *that*, her flower bud would make its appearance.
Ah, wanna see …

No, that aside —

"Little lady," I said to Kirisha.

"The reason your friends attacked you this time … was probably because 'Tamer' isn't perfect. You shouldn't come to the forest until your Tamer level rose a little bit …"

"Yes … Kirisha will do that. Uncle got hurt because of Kirisha's inexperience …"

Kirisha despondently cast her eyes down.

The loss of one of her few places to be caused her great despair.

However, nothing would begin unless I take Kirisha's place away.

Using 'Tamer', Kirisha was able to gain friends.

Friends that won't oppose her, friends that she couldn't even be sure had intelligence, imitation "friends"

Surrounded by them, spending every day the same way, nothing would change.

She shouldn't be satisfied with her initial place to be.

"Little lady, if you don't mind, you can come to my house and play?"

"Eh …?"

Kirisha raised her face to my suggestion.

“I live alone after all … I would feel lonely if I can’t talk to little lady. I would like you to help me treat this wound, too if you can!”

“I, is it alright? Someone like Kirisha, um … a not normal noble girl …”

Not normal — she felt small because she was a noble’s daughter.

Being the Lord’s daughter must have been the reason people kept away from her, I’m sure.
The Lord of Coura doesn’t have a good reputation after all.

“Of course I don’t mind! There are some funny people arond my house. A grimoire shop girl, a crazy *onee-san* with about a hundred screws loose … there are all sorts there!”

“Wa–i! There’s lot’s of friends~ ♡”

Kirisha jumped up and down in joy.

So cute …

Kirisha’s bra swayed as she jumped.
I couldn’t see much but I caught a glimpse of a round, colored thing.

Her skirt also flared up, I could see her panties biting into her privates—

I want to hurry and peel off those pieces of cloth…!

However, the plan was proceeding well for now.
Having saved her life from danger, she had come to trust me.

There were still many conditions that need to be cleared but the part about taking her home was a success.

Noow then, what should we do at home.

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48 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 11

«TN: Trigger warning: contains loli»

"Straighten up! Harden your legs and swing with all you got Montavo! Your sword's wavering!! This is why your character's always going to be dull!! *Imma beat you up*!"

"W, what does my character have to do with it!?"

"Everything. Your life's effecting everything around you. My ice cream fell yesterday and it's your fault too *Imma beat you up*!"

"Are you venting on me!!"

Raising a scream, Montavo finally fell to the ground.

He dropped his wooden training sword and was breathing roughly.

He seemed really tired but I'm not giving him any mercy.

"Oi oi Montavo … who told you you can breathe out carbon dioxide? Do you ever stop and think about how the planet's atmosphere feels being polluted by your breathing? You don't don't you you heartless bastard!"

"You're the heartless one!!"

Montavo teared up.

"How far are you going to drive my noble and miserable self to a corner before you're satisfied!?"

"Eh? Until you drop dead"

"I had a feeling you'd say that but please don't!!"

"Shut up, now stand," I said as I pointed my sword at the back of Montavo's neck.

The training resumed (forcibly)

Montavo and I exchanged blows — our display attracted rubberneckers who

surrounded us to watch.

Early rising old people and rich housewives warmly watched Montavo working hard.

The praiseworthy sight of a noble working hard drew people's eyes.

Sweating even despite being a noble. The rumors say he had a bad character but he was actually an earnest hard working person — The gap in his character made the people feel a strong charm to him.

We took a break and the spectators crowded around Montavo.

"Montavo, good work~"
"You're working hard again today aren't you"
"We'll throw a party when you defeat Yuutarou!"
"You're a noble but you're an OK guy"
"I'm going to cheer for you when you duel Yuutarou"

Along with refreshments, they gave him words of encouragement.

On the receiving end, Montavo bowed his head and said "t, thank you very much" to each and every one of them.
It looked like he's truly thankful.

With a weary mind from the strict discipline and hard work, he was deeply affected by the words of appreciation.

Hard work to the limit → repeated warm appreciation, this makes people's characters change.

I was surprised how easy he became honest.

Well, it's classic brainwashing.
A newbie's basic induction to a black company is the same.

The effect was preeminent on somebody like Montavo, who was vain but had low self esteem.

However, I can't just continue doing things as they were.
The real training had to happen.

"Now then Montavo. I'm going to call a coach for you. They'll be responsible for guiding you from here"

“A, coach …?”

Montavo scrunched his eyebrows.

“Yes, I’m going to call them now, wait here”

After saying that I ran toward an alley and used Mirror.

The person I transformed into was the main heroine of Yuutarou’s story — Lugindall Affyd

The eldest daughter of the knightly house of Affyd famous in the continent. A famed sword.
The last target of my plans after Kirisha.

“Now then …”

After having transformed into Lugindall in the alley, I covered my face with a hood I had ready.

Thus I headed for Montavo again, this time as a woman.

Montavo stared at me wide.
Even with my face hidden, my body was clearly female.

“Are you the one who will be my noble and sincere elite self’s coach …? A woman …? Please, please, don’t make fun of me. Even though I’m noble and so generous and willing to listen to people, I have nothing to learn from a woman. Well, It’s a different case if you really are stronger than me. *If*”

That’s Montavo for you, he never forgets the lead-in.

“＿＿”

As Lugindall, I pulled out a rapier-looking stiletto from my waist and swung it diagonally.

There were several sounds of faint wind sounds.

“Wha …”

Then a second later, Montavo's top was tragically cut into pieces.

I glared at Montavo from under my hood and asked with my eyes.

— Unsatisfied?

"U, understood … you're strong. Would you please be willing to take my noble yet willing to follow the strong self under your guidance!!"

That's Montavo for you, his small fry act was perfect as usual.

As Lugindall, I gave Montavo instructions.
I cornered Montavo using my quick blade.

The reason why I was training Montavo as Lugindall was, well there's a definite reason —

But let's leave that for later and torment Montavo for now.

"Stop, STOP … please don't hit my noble and delicate self that hard…!"

Ah, it's fun bullying small fry.

＊＊

After having finished training Montavo, next I headed for an old house in town.
A small one story house that I leased just yesterday.

I transformed into the old soldier and laid on the bed.

The wound I received from covering Kirisha yesterday wasn't much but I bandaged it to look like it was bigger than it actually was.

"But it really hurt, didn't it …"

Incidentally, the damage I received while transforming transfers when I transform to another person.
But not all of it.

For instance, if I took 100 damage as A.
When I transformed into B, 30% of the damage transferred across. Just 30%

Then, when I transform back into A — 100 damage will remain on A.
Which means now that I'm back to being the old soldier, the wound from yesterday was clearly there.

“Uuuu…”

While pressing my pained arm, I rolled on the bed and waited —

“Uncle! Kirisha is here *desuyo*!”

A cute voice came to me from the other side of the door.

“Oh my little lady, you’ve came. Come in, come in”

As I said that the door gently opened — from behind it a fairy, no, Kirisha’s face appeared.

“Uncle, I’ve come to play *desuyo*!”

Haah … so cute.

The angel, I mean, Kirisha tottered by my bedside.

“Since Kirisha’s here Uncle can take it easy *desuyo*! Kirisha will be nursing you!”

“Ah, you’re supposed to say *taking care of you* there … but anyway, thank you little lady. You put me at ease”

“Hehem, leave the sweeping and the laundry and everything to Kirisha too *desuyo*! Kirisha’s houseworking skills is out of the ordinary! Kirisha does image training every day *desuyo* !”

“I see, image training …”

“But before that Kirisha wants to be pampered a little *desuyo*”

Kirisha joined me in bed.

“Ehehe. Papa~♡”

Kirisha slept in my arms.

Haaah … so lovely♡

Just as I planned, Kirisha was seeking a father figure in me.

It was in order to deepen this feeling that I transformed into an old man the same age as her father.

With her real father being entranced by her younger sisters, there was no one else but me to pamper her.

“There there. Let’s take a nap together”

I patted Kirisha’s forehead gently and she closed her eyes feeling comfortable.

Just like that, Kirisha began to fall asleep.

She was trusting me.

I want to protect her.

Well, that is that and —

“……”

I lifted the sleeping Kirisha’s skirt.

Legs like glasswork and exposed crotch. Sweetly erotic.

Even though she was so innocent, she’s a proper woman when you raise her skirt — the gap was really …

Today, her underwear was biting into her important parts again.

I stretched towards Kirisha’s leg joint and grasped the edge of her panties.

I slipped it down.
A little at a time, exposing the area between her legs.

I only meant to pull it down a little bit but I ended up pulling it down until —

“…… fuuh”

Let’s stop here today, I persuaded myself.

I’ll end up doing her anyway, no need to rush.

As I watched Kirisha’s happily sleeping face, I fell asleep with her.

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49 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 12

"Well, going out to the field sure makes your blood boil doesn't it. How should I put it, *my usually hidden Orc blood is bubbling …! There a female knight fallen somewhere? Guhehehe*"

"Calm down. I think this is useless to say to you but calm down"

"It's useless to say that to me"

"I know!"

I took Liu along into Schackna Forest.

I didn't really want to come to a creepy place like this anymore but there's one little thing I needed to do here.

There's no one better than the handyman Liu for the little job — but her Orc blood seemed to have awakened and she was now swinging her knife around and not listening to anything I say.

Like a cat in heat.

I really can't predict her firepower …

"… Your entire family look like Elves right? Why don't you just be Elves already? Why not be all graceful in the forest like Elves? Why do you have to be so savage? Are you an idiot? You wanna die?"

"No no no, that, you know, is just the one thing I can't surrender. Although I look like an Elf I'm an Orc at heart. Savage is justice, and when we finally make a female knight go 'k… kill me' we finally became an adult"

"Do Orcs really have it for female knights…?"

Stop it, don't you feel sorry for them?

"And in the same way, I used to be quite the berserker in my day. Yes, feared and called a snapped fuse"

"You, you know you're being made fun of right"

That bomb won't ever detonate, you know.

As Liu and I had that kind of frivolous talk —

— *swoosh*

There was a sussurus from a nearby bush.

When I concentrated my eyes there, I saw a puppy-like beast.

"Liu, can you catch that beast alive?"

"Is it a female knight!?"

"I said it's a beast. How much do you want to make a female knight go *k… kill me*. Just go!"

"Uu … you sure handle your workers roughly, you don't even give me a carrot. And actually I'm being the carrot here …"

Even though she grumbled, she did her job properly.

"URRRAAA!" Liu went as she hit the beast with the handle of her knife, making it faint. Savage.

"There there, good job"

I used Mirror to transform into Kirisha and raised the fainted beast's head.

I touched the beast's eyelid with my thumb and stared straight into its eyes.

I then chanted.

'My magic be a snake be a rope and bind thy name to me'

As I did, the beast's neck was encircled in a red band. The mark of 'Taming'.

By the way, this neckband is a sign for other adventurers that this is a tamed beast.
It was useless to me now so I made it transparent.

My fake Taming would only last several days, but that's enough.

"Liu, get around five more beasts like this"

＊ ＊

That day, Montavo was on alert at the entrance of Schackna Forest.

It was his Master Kai (actually Motoki)'s orders.

"Sheesh … why does my noble and unparalleled elite self had to wait in a forest…"

He was displeased but if he doesn't do as he's told more bootcamp-like training would be waiting for him. So he stood at attention and stood guard"

The wind weaved between the trees of the forest — it made him nauseous but not so much that he couldn't endure.

He continued to wait, and finally the sky turned dark.

Right that moment.

"KYAAAA…!!"
"HELP US—!!"
"SOMEBODY, SOMEBODY…!!"

There were high pitched shrieks coming from inside the forest.

Probably adventurers wandering into the forest without proper equipment and met with the Beginner Killer.

That's what's wrong with these commoners, spat Montavo.
Not only poor in money, they're also poor in the head department.

You'll die out in the fields without proper preparations. That's obvious.

Of course, Montavo didn't consider helping them.
It doesn't matter to him whether these commoners died or lived.

Just die for all I care—

— but out popped the townspeople's smiles in Montavo's head.

Those good people that cheered him on, "do your best, don't lose" when he was training hard.
The warmth of people.

"＿＿"

If he let these adventurers die to the beast now, he wouldn't be able to look them in the eye.

That was what he thought.

"… sheesh!"

Montavo started running to save the adventurers — however.

[— *bocchan* [1] … why … why …?]

He heard a voice.
The voice of that day.
The voice that continued to bind and curse him.

"Ah …"

Montavo's feet stopped.
He stopped going to save the chased adventurers.

That's right, what right do I have to do a good deed now after all that
What good would being an ally of justice do

He had to keep walking the path of evil —

"— oi, Montavo!"

That moment, Montavo's master Kai appeared from the forest.

"What the hell are you doing, didn't you hear those screams!? Go and help them!"

"Why does my noble and coldhearted self have to save the lives of some commoners … why don't you go yourself?"

"SHUT UP! THIS IS AN ORDER!"

"An order … fine then, if it's an order"

(*An order, since it's an order it can't be helped. I can't help but save those adventurers*)

Having gained a just cause Montavo ran while sweeping away the tree branches with both hands, heading to where the adventurers' screams came from within the forest.

This was not his own will, he persuaded himself.

＊＊

"Hmm…"

Watching Montavo's back recede I undid Mirror and returned to my original self.

"I thought Montavo would go save them without me having to order him to …"

Just earlier, I used Tamer and set my subordinated beasts on some poor beginner adventurers.

Using the beasts, I chased them to near where Montavo was standing by.

In my scenario, Montavo, having heard the screams, would come over and gallantly save them.

Exterminating the beasts and saving the adventurers, raising his reputation high — or that was how it's supposed to be.

But Montavo didn't go to save the adventurers until I pressed him to. What the hell's he doing. Imma beat you up.

"It somehow feels like he's tied down somehow"

Liu who was hiding in the bushes suddenly appeared.

"That might be the case. Maybe he has some trauma or something"

"Really, people are such a pain in the rear. Even though things'll somehow turn out for the best if you just do what your heart tells you"

"Well actually, following your heart as much as you do is kinda …"

"Oh, so says the philandering dick? Motoki who lays his hands on every woman in arms' reach to his heart's content is saying that?"

“Well, I’m still holding myself back with that”

“Holding back? The Motoki who right this very moment is stripping me of my clothes is holding back? Are we doing it outside again? It’s still quite light out so people will see us …! You keep calmly continuing even when people’s coming, I’m scared! What if other people saw my bre — ah … nooo … don’t pinch it too … tight … please … ah … ”

Liu’s clothes flopped to the ground.
I tore off her bra and tossed it away.

The evening sun shone on her exposed twin hills.

If people came they’ll see us — Liu was flustered but I was pinching the weak spot on her breasts so she was feeling to good to make any move.

“Ha ha, so disgraceful. You’re a noble but here you are, breasts open to the public”

When I shamed her, Liu glared at me with teary eyes and puffed her cheeks while trembling.
But she couldn’t resist me now. She’s cute when she’s like this.

“Ah ah, we might just be seen now. What’ll you do if other men saw you? Ah, you want them to see? Want to show them these upward pointing boobs of yours?”

I whispered to Liu’s ears while teasing her breasts with my thumbs.

“No … Moto, ki … don’t … wanna … seen … outsiAAAAH”

… only when she’s like this she’s really cute, huh.

While toying with Liu, I thought about Montavo.

Well, in short, he’s probably the kind of guy who lives according to what the chains binding himself said.

People who live according to the voice of the chains will gradually act simpler and simpler.
And then they one day became inadequate Characters.

If he undid those chains — Montavo could finally begin walking the path of the Protagonist.

“Moto … ki, don’t, think, anything else …”

“Hm? Ah, sorry sorry”

I kissed Liu and continued.

“Motoki, unfair … wearing clothes … on, your own …”

With shaking hands, she tried to reach out to me and strip my clothes.

Well, she’s right that it’s not fair for me to wear clothes while she didn’t.

Under the evening sun, Liu and I both bared ourselves naked.

… I see, well, it *is* embarrassing.

While enjoying the thrill of possibly being seen — the two of us copulated like animals.

Liu serviced me three times more than usual today.

| |

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1. TN: *bocchan* : boy or young master ↩

50 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 13

«TN: Trigger warning: Contains loli»

As the curtain of the night fell, shopkeepers and artisans closed their shops — and headed for the watering holes.

Downing alcohol, dulling their minds, forgetting the hardships of the mortal coil.

Watching the noisy pubs in the tavern street, I muttered, "So lively"

Everyone was fooling around.

Old men laughing, "Gahahaha"

Noisy youngsters going "wai, wai", ah, that's Montavo…

"I told him not to play around …"

We're having a break from our late night training tonight, so he probably came to take a breather.

I wanted to go beat Montavo up right away but unfortunately I had something else to do that night.

I entered an alley in the tavern street and transformed with Mirror.

"I still can't get used to being a woman…"

I was now transformed into the bewitching lady who'd look good wearing a faint smile — Kirisha's stepmother Irene.

She might just be the woman who the word bewitching was invented for.

Supple breasts, peeking from the open chest of her dress.
The enticing valley with droplets of sweat suspended on its surface.

The clincher was her long legs — she was the type of woman that would seduce men into her spiderweb.

"Wonder if I should make it a bit sexier"

As Irene, I put my right hand into my chest.
There were breasts that I as a man don't usually have.

I felt around the quality fruits, looking for the most sensitive part —

"…… *gasp*"

My breath quickened, my skin reddened, my eyes inflamed.

… *good good, now I get 10/10 points in charm.*

I then went out to the tavern street.

Everyone's eyes was on Irene, on me.

The men called to me.

If I were to trip and fall now, they would probably rush in and give me a hand.

Such an easy mode world …

"Of course she'd be full of pride, being born into a world like this"

Thanks to Mirror, I've come to understand various people's feelings.
It was very interesting.

With those thoughts running through my mind, I arrived at my destination.

A tavern hidden from the lines of sight of the other ones.

Inside, there were various men who look like they had prospered in the world, enjoying alcohol and women.

I sat beside a man sitting alone at the counter.

"May I sit here?"

"Yes, of course you can Madame — oh, you are …"

The man widened his eyes.

What was the Lord's wife doing here, he must be thinking.

I made a smile and pressed my index finger to the man's lips.

“Sir, one shouldn’t be so boorish. The ones here are just a man and a woman … names are of no import when in front of the glass. Am I right?”

＊＊

Then the night passed and as dawn broke I hurried into town to the detached house.

Transforming into the old soldier, I crawled into bed.
Kirisha had been coming early lately.

“Uncle! Kirisha’s here *desuyo*!”

A voice came from behind the door.

The lively voice made my face smile broadly despite myself.

Even her voice was lovely♡

Entering the house, Kirisha opened the hemp bag she was carrying.

“Kirisha brought lots of seeds and bulbs today *desuyo*! Kirisha wants to try making Uncle’s ant’s nest of a garden bright with flowers!”

“Oh, that’s very nice!”

Let’s ignore the novel term *ant’s nest* she used.
Children tend to say condescending things as if it’s natural.

“Hehem. Kirisha will invade Uncle’s garden with Kirisha’s plants! Kirisha’s full of the frontier spirit *nanodesuyo*!”

“Oh my, how frightening~”

Haah … I’m at peace. What is this cute invader …

I don’t mind planting them myself actually …

Well, in the end I’d be planting all sorts of things on her (says the garbage)

“Then let’s begin right away *desuyo*!”

Kirisha headed for the garden.

“Please wait little lady. If you play in the dirt like that your dress is going to get

dirty”

I excitedly took out an aqua colored sundress.

“I actually … made this for you little lady. Please feel free to wear it around the house”

“Waa, a present! Thank you very much for your concern Uncle! Kirisha will change then!”

Then Kirisha excitedly took off her dress right there on the spot.
Uwa … she’s taking it all off.

I gave Kirisha a hand and pulled her dress off of her head.

She also took off her camisole so what covered Kirisha was only her top and bottom underwear.

She was almost completely naked — she still had some way to go proportion-wise but with her clothes off she’s unmistakably a woman.

Her soon-to-be breasts that had begun to swell — when she changed clothes her bra slipped a little bit an a lightly colored part became visible.
Her bud was just a few millimeters away from rearing its head …!

Then the part where the cloth bit into her — seemed like it was sucked in …

And then that tiny navel of hers — I wonder what reaction she’d make if I licked all over it.

The line from her neck to her clavicle — faint, and beautiful.

Even though she didn’t have much meat in her, her body had proper three-dimensional shades … anyway Kirisha was hot.

… I couldn’t exactly keep staring, so I quickly changed her into the sundress.

I also gave her a straw hat as a set.
Yep, lovely♡

Kirisha and I then played with dirt in the garden.

“Mr Flower will definitely bloom *desuyo*!”

Kirisha watered the bulb she put into the hole with a serious look.

In the same way she planted each and every bulb and seed, and night finally fell.

Kirisha then suddenly spoke.

"… Uncle, if the flowers in the garden all bloomed … Uncle won't be lonely when Kirisha is away right?"

Kirisha looked anxiously at me.

I see, that's what this is about.

Kirisha will soon go on a journey with Yuutarou — that was the plan.

When Yuutarou won the duel against Montavo, Kirisha will join Yuutarou's party. She will then leave town.

Kirisha was looking forward to the journey — but she was worried for the "Uncle" left behind.
That's why she came and planted the flowers.

So that when she's no longer here, I wouldn't be lonely.

"No, I'm sure I'll be lonely … Everytime I see the flowers I'd be reminded of you little lady"

"……"

Kirisha gripped the edge of her dress and looked down dejectedly.

Ah, her sad look is cute too …

"But please don't mind me. I can't let myself get in the way of you youngsters' journey. You have something you want to find, right, little lady?"

"Yes … Kirisha … has something to find *nodesuyo*. A place where everyone can smile. I'm sure it's there somewhere"

Kirisha didn't want to go because of curiosity.

Not because she want to know what lies beyond the mountains.

Kirisha was going to leave to find utopia.
She wanted a place where she could be at peace.

That feeling, I knew all too well.

When I was on Earth, I often dreamed of it at work as well.

Fresh greenery — ample fruits — clear lakes — quiet streams — white sandy beaches and the blue sea —

“I’m sure you’ll be able to find it little lady. — but before you go, won’t you stay with these old bones? I want to carve your smile in my heart”

“Yes! Kirisha will come and be pampered by Uncle lo–ts *desuyo*! Let’s make lots of memories *nanodesuyo*!”

Kirisha smiled and hugged me, “Papa~♡”

“There there”

Now was the time to let Kirisha experience happiness.

A brief respite before the plan began —.

With Kirisha in my arms, I apologized in my heart.

I’m sorry, you won’t be going on a journey

I’m going to take that chance away from you

You are going to stay in this town — and I’m going to do you like the other girls

Not Yuutarou, me

| |

51 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 14

[GYAAAAAAAA…!!]
[THAT THING'S AFTER US!! IT'S CIRCLING IN FRONT OF US!!]
[THE HELL'S THAT TEAMWORK…! IT'S MAKING A CRANE FORMATION!]

Screams of adventurers were heard from within Schackna Forest.

My Tamed beasts were pursuing beginner adventurers.

If Montavo appeared and saved them it should have raise his reputation — but.

"The hell are you doing Montavo! Hurry and help those adventurers or imma beat you up!!"

"Why does my noble and one and only elite self have to save some stupid mob characters?! They're just trash compared to me. I'm actually thankful to the beasts for helping dispose of the trash"

Montavo was leaning against a tree trunk, calmly drinking tea.
How did you even bring a teacup here, imma beat you up!!

"Montavo … you're not listening to me are you? Drop the black tea and go!"

"This is roasted green tea though?"

"Don't drink it in a teacup!!"

It was unexpectedly a health product.

"Enough, just go … or I'll break the Sacrament Cage and those glasses and make them into compost!"

"Hmph … fine. I don't want my precious glasses cracked"

Montavo finally started moving and went to save the adventurers.

… sheesh, he still wouldn't move just as I wanted him to.

I made various places where Montavo can take action in order to raise his fame

— but he doesn't like saving people.

Even if somebody screamed, even if they bled, he would never go there to help them.

He would start moving — but he would turn pale in the face and his feet would stop.

He would then coldly say "I don't care if those bastards die"

Hmm … I wanted to brainwash him into being a Good Guy but I suppose I didn't correct his personality enough.

Though Montavo won't win against Yuutarou unless he became an ally of justice.

＊＊

Montavo's full name was Montavo Gilles Gingait.

The House of Gingait was a noble family of Coura.

I heard they were a family that rose from the post of guildmaster.
Which means, they were really a merchant family.

The town noble Gingait had stood in opposition of the Lord for a long time.

They continued to protest that the Lord levies too large fines.

But the Lord shielded himself with his enormous authority and ignored those protests.
[The fines are one of the town's important source of income you idiots. Not something the likes of you merchants should protest about], he said.

However, Coura was attacked by Orcs three years ago and the currents changed.

The Lord, who couldn't fulfill his most basic duty of defending the town, lost a lot of his influence.

In order to replenish his lost power, the Lord made peace with the Gingaits.

To establish marriage ties between Gingait and the Lord, the latter offered his daughter Kirisha's hand.

And as for the Gingaits, in order to have Kirisha marry into their family, they called back their third son who was studying in the continent.

That was Montavo Gilles Gingait.
He was a returnee.

Now then, to talk about what kind of person Montavo is — he was a stereotypical lazy son.

Bad with money management, ardent womanizer, bad personality.

As soon as he was back at Coura, he started cheating other people in trade, start fights in bars and take the lives of ruffians, and other stuff like that.

"Hmm…"

I was on my desk in the inn thinking about Montavo.

Judging by the rumors about him, he was a typical smallfry — or actually, a scoundrel.

A long way from being a hero.

"But well …"

"A charming scoundrel who is actually a nice guy" is the royal road pattern.

And on top of that, Montavo is the first strong enemy in Yuutarou's Narrative — the Gatekeeper.

There are lots of stories in which the Gatekeeper turned over a new leaf later on.

Originally, Montavo's story's supposed to go this way:

Challenged to a duel by Yuutarou, Montavo used his anti-magic and gave Yuutarou a hard fight, but was defeated.

However, he later had another meeting with Yuutarou.

While being treated as a joke character, things happened and he and Yuutarou went on a journey together.

While spending time with Yuutarou, Montavo slowly learned justice and gained a new power.

Then, things happen and he followed Yuutarou until the end.

… which is why he's supposed to be good at heart. It'd be hard if he wasn't.

How could I quickly pull out that part of him —

"Oh, is something troubling you Motoki? Want to cop a feel?"

Liu showed up.

She abused me as usua … wait she didn't?

"… eh? Why are you being nice to me today?"

"Weeell, last night the goddess Euva told me in a dream that the phrase 'wanna cop a feel?' is catching on on Earth lately"

"There are other things she should be telling you right …!"

That goddess was really not a decent one …

Using an important oracle to say something like that.

"Yees, but then again you started rubbing my breasts right away, as expected from Garbageki. Your hand went for it like a quick-shot gunman just now"

"Eh? Well, since there's a boob there you'd obviously grab it, right? You couldn't not rub it, right? What are you saying?"

Realy, what is this girl saying?
Is she an idiot.

"… woah, crazy. The boob contamination in Motoki's brain has reached dangerous levels … DOCTOOOR!!"

I couldn't concentrate because Liu was being noisy, so I decided to change places.

The one I could consult about stuff like this is after all …

* *

"I see, so that's the reason you came to consult with me? You wanted advice from this priestess who knows well about people's hearts and alcohol and night business?" said Rania as she wiped droplets of water from the glasses.

"Um, priestesses aren't normally familiar with alcohol and night business … but well, I do want to consult"

I was visiting the shopping district's bar, I mean, Euvan church.

I was there to look for advice from the barten, I mean, priestess with plenty of life experience about the Montavo Makeover.

Only Rania was behind the counter, Miria wasn't there.
She was inside having a rest, which was convenient for me now.

"How am I supposed to change Montavo …"

I tried all sorts of things to change Montavo's personality.

First I captured Montavo at night to isolate him from his playmates.

Then once Montavo becomes alone I trained him to his limits and made his attitude and actions favorable.

Montavo became liked by the townspeople, and they praised him plenty.

Isolated from friends → Hard training → Planting a different value system → Praise

People could easily change with this process — but in Montavo's case, it didn't go too well.

He didn't become a "Good Guy" well.

It seemed like he had certain hangups against the idea of saving people.

"Motoki, you've got the idea of doing your Makeovers right, but you forgot one important process," said Rania, resting her elbows on the counter, bringing her face near me, "you have to make that Montavo boy battle his past self"

"His past self?"

"Yeah, a person, any person, is haunted by their own past. Meaning, themselves

when at their worst. When they're determined to change themselves their past whispers to them 'what's the big idea? trash like you changing now of all times?'"

"Ah, I think that might be true … their past prevents them from changing, huh"

He certainly does look like he's got something in his past.

"But how could I clear away that past?"

"Simple, you make him face it head on and he'll win with room to spare. The thing about pasts is that if you ran away from it it'll get cocky, but if you turn around and faced it head on it's actually weak"

"So he has to battle his past … I can't leave of that process after all, huh … well, not like I don't understand"

I had to make Montavo face his trauma — to undo his chains.
With my Mirror, that is possible.

It's possible but —

"I don't really want to delve into his past though. If I do —" I might get attached.

I won't be able to think of him as a pawn anymore.

That would be a problem.

It's going to get in the way of the plan

"What are you saying now of all times? You and that Montavo boy have completely become master and student haven't you?"

"Um, I was only brainwashing him …"

"You, haven't you ever considered what you call brainwashing is human relations?"

Wooow, she cut me off …

… well anyway, I had to do it even if I didn't want to.

Let's find out about Montavo just a little bit more.

I had to share his trauma and clear it away.

With Rania pushing me from behind, I decided my next plan.

"… by the way Motoki, there's one more thing I wanna ask you"

"Hm? What?"

"You've been rubbing my breasts since earlier, what are you doing …?"

"Um, if there's a boob there you normally go and rub it, no?"

Both Liu and Rania are weird.

Are they dumb?

"… You, do you wanna get stabbed with a cocktail swizzle?"

"If you stabbed me with a swizzler then you'll be the criminal, right"

I unbuttoned Rania's waistcoat, then continued with her shirt's.

I slipped her out of her black bra … and the pointy-tipped guys came out.

Despite Rania being dark-skinned, those parts are light in color.
Basically white … with a slight nuance of pink.

The paleness was, erotic, for some reason…

I got up onto the counter and brought my face close to those pale things.

I did what I usually did with Miria and Rania went 'ahn—'

Humm, Rania doesn't look like she'll spout milk.

"… I, I'm over 30 … already but … a younger man … is making me … his sex friend … you're weird … aren't … you. … fine … suck it … all you want …"

While being out of breath, Rania circled her hands around my head.

Rania's motherliness encouraged me — and once it's done I will begin exorcising Montavo's demons.

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Interlude – Even the Small Time Scoundrel Gets an Episode 1

That night, Montavo was terribly drunk.

Kai had declared a break in the training tonight, so he drank with his friends until late.

“Kh … I’m tottering. I suppose that was too much drinking for my noble and heavy drinker self …”

He was unsteady on his feet, Montavo was tottering and staggering.

He didn’t have a constitution that takes to alcohol well to begin with.
He had many failures due to alcohol many times now.

But still, he had to drink.

In order to run away from “that voice” in his ears.

Then, right that moment.

“Help! Anyone …! Help!”

It came from somewhere, a voice asking for help.

Another hallucination again?

“… it has nothing to do with my noble and coldhearted self”

He doesn’t want anything to do with saving commoners — however.

The image of the townspeople floated into his mind.
The faces of the people rooting for Montavo.

“… what the hell’s wrong with me, dammit”

Montavo stopped walking and shouted.

“Where are you! The one asking for help from my noble and godly helpful self!”

“This way … please, help …”

The voice came from an alley.

There was a young girl there.
The young girl's body, illuminated by the moonlight, was covered in blood.

"Hmph. you're a lucky commoner, being found by my noble and angelic self. — come now, stand"

Montavo reached out to give the girl a helping hand — but then.

[— *bocchan* … why … why … why …]

The voice rang inside his ears.
The voice from that day.

"——"

That's right, he had no business helping people now.
He was a person who lives a life of evil.

That was what he decided that day.

"……!"

Montavo turned around.

He abandoned the fallen girl and ran away from there.

Out of breath, he ran through the streets —

"— oi, Montavo!"

"… eh!?"

He was pulled by a hand from behind and was forced to a stop.

When he turned around, there was his master Kai.

"Kai!? Where did you come out from!?"

"Never mind that. Montavo, why didn't you save that girl?"

"… you saw?"

"Yes, I saw. Don't worry about her for now. She's something of an illusion I was showing you. — say Montavo, why do you always stop the moment you're about to save someone?"

"……"
Montavo couldn't answer.

He didn't have to answer. Even to his master —

"So you're not going to answer. Well, it didn't look like it's something easy to say — here"

Kai threw something at Montavo.

"What's this all of a sudden"

Montavo caught it in a fluster.
The thing in his hands —

"My Sacrament Cage …"

It was the rare magic item Kai took from him before.

"I'm giving it back, the Sacrament Cage. So in return, I want you to tell me about yourself, Montavo Gilles Gingait. What kind of person are you?" Kai asked with a serious look.

"Why do you ask that now of all times … with this back my noble and free self has no reason to listen to you anymore …"

The reason Montavo obeyed Kay was to get the Sacrament Cage back.

If he had gotten it back, the (forced) master and student relationship was no more.

Was supposed to be no more.

"Alright. Then we're now equals. With that in mind, I want to ask you this — Montavo, what are you running from? The reason you studied in the continent was because you're running away from something, am I wrong?"

"… why do you want to know so much about me?"

“Beats me. Well, if pressed to answer … I’d say because the more I know the more I can make a good story, I suppose”

Kai’s eyes were clear — so Montavo thought.

“Haah … really”

Thus, Montavo decided to talk.

The story of himself until he transformed into a “Scoundrel”

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Montavo was the third son of the Couran noble family Gingait.

Despite being nobles, the Gingaits had been merchants until three generations ago.

Their family tradition was far from elegant.
They were so hectic that one can say they’d die if someone stopped.

The Gingaits do not posess the notion of “Steadiness”.
They continued climbing in all fields, aiming for a higher place.
They never stopped moving.

The source of the overflowing vitality — was a complex.

[Even though we’re nobles we’re upstarts. When an upstart fails everything ends. Our family shall never ever fail!]

Don’t fail, don’t ever fail — those were the words of Montavo’s father.

You don’t want to be made light of, do you.

Make up for our lack of history and our low status with results.

His father raised his children with zeal.
He wanted his children to excel in various fields.

Knowledge, Trade.
— and the Martial Arts.

His father was particularly zealous in teaching the art of the sword.
He wanted to give raise to a knight unparallelled under the sky from his family.

The coach the father hired taught the children the “Undefeatable art of the Sword”

An everchanging form, always reaching for the enemy’s weak spot.
Surprises, taunts, smidgens of foul play.
Devoting one’s whole mind and body to grasping the victory at hand at any means — that kind of sword.

The childen won and won at martial arts tournaments.
Even if ridiculed as unrefined, if they won they joined the royal army.

All the upstart family needs were victories.
That is the way of the Gingait family.

The whole family greedily aimed for victory.

— only one, the third son Montavo, was the exception.

Montavo was a shiftless young boy, too shiftless to be a Gingait.

He had no interest in fame or victory.

The young Montavo purely pursued the sword.

The optimal forms, footwork with little loss, strong stances — he constantly explored.

Without fussing about victor, Montavo immersed his own limbs in the forms of his predecessors.

His win rate was low.

He didn’t want to sacrifice his form just to win a sham battle. If he could eventually reach the strongest with that, then it’s fine — that was Montavo’s way of thinking.

His parents and siblings who adhered to the family ways blamed him.

‘What are you doing! Win, win, win!! Attack their weak point!!’

But Montavo was obstinate.

‘Winning with tricks is meaningless — you’re so fixated on the immediate victory, you won’t become the strongest’

His will was as hard as iron, welling up in him like a spring.

That time, Montavo was still an honest young man.

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Interlude – Even the Small Time Scoundrel Gets an Episode 2

This was when Montavo Gilles Gingait was a pure and fastidious young boy.

The pressure against his lack of tenacity for results was strong.
You're a disgrace, his parents and siblings would severely scold him.

However, Montavo was not alone.

— he had a reassuring ally.

The head maid of the Gingaits, Phryne.

An old maid whose wrinkles on her face looked like cracks.

'Bocchan's way of thinking is wonderful. That's right, it's better in the beginning to know the right form and have the right heart rather than being a stickler for results'

She won her fame as a female swordsman when she was young, and she left to be a sword master for Montavo.

Under Phryne's strict guidance, Montavo steadily exhibited his sword talents.

Half of the training Phryne assigned him were practice swings.
She made Montavo earnestly swing the sword from morning to evening.

Montavo silently performed the plain, harsh training.

'The way the sword moves shows the user's personality'

That was Phryne's favorite saying.

'A sword wielded by a person with a warped heart will swing in a warped path'

That may be true, thought Montavo.
The way his father and brothers's swords moved was warped, they were dull.

'They way *bocchan*'s sword moves is wonderful indeed'

Phryne was strict, but time to time she would praise Montavo.

'I have never seen a sword move so straight and true. It will take time but *bocchan* will surely become the strongest swordsman one day'

Seeing Phryne's proud eyes — being seen by such eyes made him happy to no end.

As he continued swinging his sword, the path left an image in his eyes.

Montavo's sword flashes were comfortably straight.

— *this is the path I will walk*.

Montavo loved his family, but he could not walk the same path as them.

Even though they're related by blood, they were not him.
He admired their energy that would go after results no matter what, but he couldn't do it himself —

* *

If the Gingait family abandoned their stubborn third son Montavo then the story would end there.

Montavo would break away from his family and walk his own path of the straight sword.

However — Montavo's family was attached to him.

They noticed it.
Within their third son Montavo, an excellent and strongly shining talent.

— That would be hard to let go of.

Their third son had the genius to excel at various fields.
If only he wasn't so fixated on correctness, if only he wasn't so selective on the means, Montavo would soon win fame on any field.

His whole family was desperate to have Montavo to come over to "their side".
They wanted to plant the Gingait values in Montavo —

The means they chose to win Montavo over — was a carrot [1]

Montavo's family decided to treat him nicely at first.
Then they talked to him, teach him the way of the Gingait family.

If they forcefully told him to "do it this way!", Montavo would surely resist.
However, he wouldn't grudge his family for speaking to him nicely.

His family's words, the Gingait values, slowly soaked into Montavo's body —

Montavo's heart began to waver.
— *Shouldn't I live more tenaciously, to more efficiently aim for the top?*

However, Phryne scolded Montavo.

'*Bocchan*. You shouldn't choose the easy way. The way to the top is the right way!'

Montavo was lost between Phryne and his family.

— Meanwhile, Phryne fell to illness.

His father locked Phryne in a room inside the mansion.
He strictly ordered his son, "Phryne caught a contagious disease. Don't come near under any circumstances"

He was even forbidden from visiting.

Since Phryne was gone, Montavo gradually adopted his family's values.

Never mind grace, results is what we want.
Loss is the end, only victory has value — that way of life.

His family was happy that Montavo became "one of them", and hurriedly taught him rulership.

The mood in the house became better, it became comfortable.

But Montavo was looking back.

(*Phryne would be disappointed if she saw me now …*)

He wanted to go visit her, but Phryne's illness didn't heal even after three months.

She had been locked in the small room the whole time.

＊ ＊

Even after half a year, Phryne's illness didn't show any sign of getting better.

Montavo, of course, became doubtful.

— *Did Phryne receive proper treatment*?

She should have.
She really should have …

Montavo came to Phryne's room several times, but he didn't open the door.

His father strongly told him not to open it, also, he didn't want Phryne to see him now that he had gotten clever.

＊ ＊

And that night finally came.

That night, Montavo couldn't sleep no matter what, and left his bed.

He walked down the corridor to get some air — and then he noticed a suspicious sound.
— From the first floor, he heard the noise of something being dragged.

He approached with quiet steps, and there was —

"Phryne …"

A thinner Phryne was there.
She was crawling on the floor with a desperate look on her face.

He hurried to save her, but Phryne told him with hard breaths.

"*Bocchan* … please listen to what I'm going to say now …"

What Phryne told him was about this Gingait house.

Phryne had worked with the Gingait since the days of the former head.

The former head was unusually selfish, but he lived by the rules as a merchant, he respected Phryne.

However, since Montavo's father took over the headship, everything changed.

The current head, his father, was an unscrupulous person.

He viciously cheated people out of their money and eliminated competition — it was in a small way but he went too far.

The Gingait house had completely changed.
They had become cowards.

Only the third son wasn't stained with those values — Phryne desperately, as his sword teacher, instructed Montavo on the "proper" way to live.

Also, Phryne as the head maid, bit by bit gathered evidence of the current head's evil deeds.

She was going to prosecute him someday.

Then just when the evidence had been gathered — Phryne fell ill.

Phryne was diagnosed by the doctor as having caught a contagious disease and was locked inside a small room in the mansion.

But — did Phryne really did catch a disease?

"… I think I might've been poisoned. Master … noticed what I was doing, and … he must've disagreed with me, trying to teach *bocchan* to live right … — *bocchan*, please …"

With shaking hands, Phryne gave Montavo a memo.
Written within was the locations where the prosecution materials Phryne had gathered.

In order to give it to Montavo, Phryne desperately broke down the lock and escaped her room.

"In my stead … please, return this house to the right path … *bocchan*, you can do

it …”

“…”

Montavo looked at the memo and froze.

He knew what he should do as a person.
To use Phryne’s materials to prosecute his father and brothers, and return this house to the right path.

No, before that, take Phryne to another doctor and cure her poisoning.

The Montavo a few months before would not hesitate to do that.
But Montavo was no longer the person he was before.

Stained with his family’s values, knowing the world, he was now able to act on self-interest.

The strength that allowed him to push on along his own path no matter what people say, was no longer there.

If, Montavo thought.
If father and my brothers acts came to light — this house would be done for.

Montavo would lose money and fame, and had to live as if in a wilderness.

(*No … I can’t do it anymore …*)

“—…!”

Montavo half impulsively tore Phryne’s memo and crushed it — and he gulped.

Phryne, with a face of abject terror, stared into Montavo’s face.

“*Bocchan* … why … why … did you …”

Montavo did not answer Phryne’s repeated questions and took her back into the room.

He then laid her on the bed.

Leaving the poisoned Phryne and the room, Montavo closed the door — Montavo’s transfiguration was complete.

— Perhaps because of despair, Phryne died a few days later.

Even with her gone, Montavo's life did not take a turn for the worse.
Rather, everything went on smoothly afterwards.

He fully used all his cleverness and wisdom he was born with, and gained dazzling results in business and in the art of the sword.

There was nobody in Coura and Sephor who didn't know the name Montavo, and his study at the continent was decided.

Montavo gained excellent results in the royal academy he went to.

The current head of the Gingaits decided to turn over the family headship to the third son and called him home.
His older brothers made no complaints.
That was how excellent Montavo was.

Everything, everything went well.

— except.

The path of the sword that Phryne once taught him was warped beyond any help.

＊＊

And that was how Montavo's past story ended.

I see, I nodded.

"I get it now. Montavo, the reason you stopped yourself from helping people was because you were reminded of that Phryne, weren't you?"

I asked, and Montavo weakly nodded.

"Yes … every now and then, when I try to save someone at a whim, I could hear Phryne's voice that day saying 'why …', why didn't you save me back then"

Right, now I can understand Montavo for the most part.

The former honest young man Montavo was poisoned by the values of worldly life, committed crimes, and lost the core of his being.

The reason he would always call himself “noble” or “elite” was because he was helplessly insecure.
He wanted to proscribe who he is, to stick a label on himself.

Behaving like a bad boy was part of that too.

The label of “scoundrel” is fine too, just stick one on me.

As a result, he continued staining his hands with dirty deeds.

His family never stopped him, even encouraged him, and moreover the specs he was born with was so high he was incorrigible.

“… sheesh, what a pain you are”

You only wanted Phryne’s forgiveness after all, you’re only making it worse.

“Then let’s start by visiting Phryne’s grave. You haven’t gone there anyway, right? You at least know its rough location don’t you? Show me there”

“Wha …!? There’s no way I can go there …!! I killed her, I can’t go see … no, she definitely won’t forgive me …”

“You idiot. Not asking for forgiveness because you don’t think they’ll forgive you is weird don’t you think? Don’t expect them to forgive you. It’s an apology because you do it even if you won’t be forgiven”

I dragged the reluctant Montavo to where the grave was.

… I don’t know whether I was trying to capture Kirisha or Montavo anymore.

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1. TN: as in carrot and stick, reward and punishment ↩

52 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 15

«TN: Trigger warning: contains loli»
«TN: I mean it, seriously»

"Uncle! Look! It's starting to grow sprouts *desuyo*!"

"Hurry, hurry," Kirisha called me to hurry to the garden, flower sprouts were starting to appear here and there in the garden.

The bulbs and seeds we planted together had began to sprout.
Kirisha's eyes shined brightly seeing the new life grow out of the ground.

Incidentally, Kirisha was wearing the sundress I gave her as a present last time.
So pretty ♡

"Mr Flower is cute too *desuyo*~ ♡ Mr Flower is not like people, they have a high chance of sprouting so they're easy to raise!"

"Well … it's true that people can get crushed easily"

The way she spoke of people and flowers on equal terms, she really was the Lord's daughter.

"Ehehe, Mr Flower is working hard. I want to brag to everyone about the product of love between Uncle and Kirisha!"

"Ha ha ha, I'd like it if you don't, I'm going to be ruined"

"Don't worry, all the people Kirisha wants to brag to don't exist!"

"I self destructed …" Kirisha raised both arms.

"Now, I can't stay like this! Let's get to work!"

Kirisha held a shovel in one hand and began working the soil.

I looked at her hand wondering what she was going to do. Kirisha was picking up the sprouts that lost the fight for dominance and replanted them somewhere else.

“Hoo … you’re not culling them”

Normally, these badly grown buds would be picked up and thrown away.

“Kirisha won’t throw away the children Kirisha raised *nodesuyo*. If they lost in their original place, they can live somewhere else!”

“Hoo … little lady is very kind”

“Mr Flower is moving house *nodesuyo*!”

Kirisha replanted the weak buds.
It was a very calming scene but —

I wonder if the flowers could live in their new place.
If that place became full of flowers, where would they go next.

If they continued running li that, where will they end up —

＊＊

Once the gardening was done, Kirisha said she was tired and wanted to take a nap.

The two of us entered the bed, Kirisha went inside my arms right away.

“Ehehe. Papa~♡”

Which angel said that, I wondered, but it was Kirisha.
You can be spoiled all you like …

I frolicked with Kirisha with a fatherly feeling —

However the more I touched Kirisha’s skin, indecent feelings bubbled up from inside my body.

… I *really* wanted to do something lewd.

I wonder if I could nonchalantly strip Kirisha naked —

Then, I came up with an idea and tickled Kirisha’s sides.

“Geez, it tickles~♡” Kirisha laughed and flailed her legs.

The hem of her dress magnificently flipped up and her panties peeked out.

While she was being tormented, the shoulder of her dress also slipped and her bra was showing.

Her panties slipped down almost to the limit, just a little bit more and her crotch would be completely visible.

Her bra also slipped and one of her breasts flowed out.
Her chest that was starting to swell, garnished by a cherry-like bud.

I could finally see it …!

Kirisha who struggled to get away from the tickling was breathing roughly, “haah, haah”

Her eyes were teary.

“… geez, uncle is a hopeless prankster *desuyo*! Kirisha will get even one day *desuyo*!”

With one of her breasts out and panties slipping down … right at this moment Kirisha was a little “woman”.

The allure made me feel like my reasoning was going to be blown away …

Then.

“… hm? Someone’s coming”

There was a knock on the door.

I considered ignoring it but Kirisha answered “We’re coming, please wait *desuyo*!” so I can’t help it and decided to go out.

I opened the door and there was —.

“Good day … you’re in a different body but you’re Motoki, right? Ah, is it alright to call you Motoki right now?”

The visitor was Ruby.

Which reminded me, I asked her to come over today.

Ruby nonchalantly peeked inside the house — and her eyes stopped on the bed.

There was a flopped down *lolikko* in a messed-up dress.

“Loliki … may I at least go inside?”

My name is Motoki goddess dammit.

＊ ＊

I want Kirisha to be friends with not just me but other people too.
With that in mind, I asked Ruby to come, but —

Ruby said to Kirisha, “Hello Kirisha-*chan*. I’m Ruby. I work in a grimoire store. I want to be friends with you …”

She was trying her hardest to act like an older sister.

But as for Kirisha —.

“… Hmph, *desuyo*”

She was sullen.
She puffed her cheeks up.

“Oh, what’s wrong little lady? Why did your cheeks get so big?” I said as I poked Kirisha’s cheek.

“It’s not any different than before *nodesu*! Kirisha’s face is normally like this!”

“Oh, is that so? I thought it looked a little different”

“Uncle’s memory is getting bad because you’re old *desuyo*! But don’t worry, Kirisha will take care of you. So the people getting in the way should just go home!”

She was jealous of Ruby because she thought she was taking me away.
Even while looking away, she was grabbing my pants tight and groaned.

Oh goddess, this creature is so cute …

It’s a bit of a pain but this was a good trend.
The fact that people felt envy is proof that they value themselves.

Kirisha whose father had been stolen by her half sisters did not quarrel with them but ran into the forest.
I wouldn’t win anyway, she thought and gave up without a fight.

Nobody treated Kirisha kindly so she felt she had lost value.

But now, in order to protect her place, she desperately rejected Ruby.

Then Ruby approached Kirisha

“Kirisha-*chan* … I really want to be friends with you …”

Ruby suddenly pulled Kirisha into her own breasts.

The moment the marshmallow-soft breasts wrapped Kirisha, her expression lost its antagonism.

“Waa … Ruby’s boobs are so comfy~ ♡”

Down in one shot.

Amazing, the power of explosive breasts.

＊＊

Now that the two became friendly, the three of us had fun spending time — then evening came.

“Au. It’s night already *desuyo*. Kirisha has to go home …”

With a sad look, Kirisha got ready to go home.

While she did, I asked her a question.

“Little lady, how are things going in your house lately? Are things going on safely?”

“Hmm … well lately, Papa and second wife-*san* are getting a bit dangerously tense *nodesuyo*! It’s weird, they were getting along just before *nodesu*. Well, that has nothing to do with Kirisha”

“Second wife-*san*…”

That’s some expression to use for your official mother … I know how you feel though.

But anyway, the Lord and his wife had not been getting along lately — that was probably because of the thing I did.

The results were coming in a bit at a time.

… I made quite a bit of sacrifice there, I'd be troubled if there were no results.

"Then uncle, Ruby-*oneesan*, bye bye *desuyo*. Come play again tomorrow!"

"Yes, be careful on your way back"

"Kirisha-*chan*, see you …"

We saw Kirisha off waving our hands — then I turned back into Motoki.

Ruby and I sat around the table in the house, facing each other.
There's a little something to do so I had Ruby stay behind.

"Now that the Kirisha healing is done, let's get to work. This may be sudden Ruby, but I want you to do something"

"What is it …? It's still light out but you want me to strip already …? It's embarrassing …"

Ruby began unbuttoning herself.

"No, not that … I want to consult with you about the scenario from now on — but before that I want you to write something"

I put some paper and a pen on the table.

"I'm going to recite a plot, and I want you to write them down like a scenario"

"Hm? Motoki, are you scheming something again?"

"Yes, I'm always scheming something"

Little by little, the preparations were coming together.

In order to steal Kirisha and beat Yuutarou down.
And meanwhile, to do something about Montavo.

Yuutarou, the Lord's family, the Gingait family — my opponents were all big shots, but were nothing much.

With careful preparations, I'll prove I can knock down any opponent.

53 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 16

"I'm sleepy Motoki … why do I have to go this early in the morning. It's harrowing … I've only slept for 8 hours it's harrowing … "

"That's the healthy sleeping hours, isn't it … anyway just walk"

Early in the morning, I took Liu who was stifling yawns on a walk through Schackna Forest.

We parted the branches and leaves covered in morning dew and entered deep into the unpopulated forest.

"Uu … Motoki is a demon. But you're rather lively aren't you Motoki. You've been going around capturing the loli girl and doing BL stuff with Montavo lately, too"

"Even though all I did was goverment work I originally worked a lot back on Earth. Being busy and sleepless was my thing"

"Oh, you're one of those *proud of losing sleep* people. Try doing that famous Earth line, [I haven't slept]"

"Proud of losing sleep huh … it's still alright while you can be proud of it. Real people who lack sleep are silent with eyes of death on them. When they finally open their mouth they'll say [You call our company a black company but we actually give our employees 100 days of leave a year], covering for their company"

"Yeah, people need to get 360 days of vacation a year or else"

"That's unemployment"

While talking in that way, we finally reached the forest opening.

"Then, let's begin"

— I want to be him

I willed it and Mirror transformed me into a blonde haired swordsman.

I unsheathed the sword on my waist.

"Say Liu, try holding this sword"

"Hm? Well okay. It's a really cool sword, though. It's calling to my chuunni heaAAAAAAARGH …!!"

The moment Liu held the sword it discharged electric attacks at her.

Liu was electrocuted and fainted.

"Even a replica named sword chooses its wielder, huh …"

I was transformed into a famous swordsman I passed by in Coura before.

The famous swordsman's sword was of course a named sword — it chooses its wielder.
The sword decided that Liu was [Out!]. Like a famous umpire.

"Hey Liu, wake up"

I poked Liu's cheek.

Ah, she woke up.

"… w, WHAT WAS THAT JUST NOW!! Is this how you treat your legal wife! You want my insurance payout or something!?"

"Calm down, calm down, I don't have your insurance policy, idiot. — well actually, I'm looking for a sword I can give Montavo. A named sword that's just right for Montavo to be wielding"

"Montavo's sword …? But what's it got to do with …!"

"From my point of view, you and Montavo are equals when it comes to fighting. A sword you can use means Montavo can use it as well. In other words —"

"Haha. In other words you're using me as a guinea pig, right *imma make ya pay fer this ya better grit yer teeth ya bastard*!!"

Liu-*chan* the berserker swinging her knife around.

This is going to take time…
I don't want to waste any so I decided to throw away my pride.

I kneeled and hugged Liu around her waist.

"Say Liu … I'm begging you. I, don't have anyone to rely on but you. I'll pay you back when I make it big …"

"So you're coming at me with those lines straight out of a band member pestering a woman for cash … but um, you're really going to repay me …? You're not going to throw me away when it's convenient for you …?"

"I'm not I'm not. Do I look like I would do anything like that?"

"You look exactly like someone who'd do that *and* you have the track record, too … Ah geez! Alright alright, I'll be your guinea pig or whatever … just don't look at me with those eyes!"

"Thank you Liu!"

Even though I was doing all that like a useless man, Liu actually was actually also more motherly than the typical person.

After all's said and done, she basically listens to what I say.
Oh goddess, Liu's got great talents as a sex friend …

"Then Liu, try holding this sword next"

I transformed into a redheaded orc and took out a sword from the sheath at my back.
I gave it to Liu.

"Ugh … I've got a bad feeling about thiIEEEAAAAOOOUUUUWWW …!?"

Liu was burned.

* *

Thirty minutes passed and I transformed into all the famous swordsmen I knew and had Liu hold their named swords.

However the result was a complete failure.
Liu was unable to use any sword, which means Montavo couldn't either.

"What should I do now …"

The plan to release Montavo from his trauma and get him started on the path of

the “Protagonist” had nearly been completely worked out with Ruby yesterday.

But I couldn’t clear this one problem.
I didn’t have any weapon to give him.
A sword he can defeat Yuutarou with.

A halfhearted sword would be no use but if I gave him a named sword he’d be like Liu now.

But anyway, let’s leave that aside for now —

“Liu, you alright?”

After receiving all kinds of attacks from the swords, Liu was rolled down in a heap by my feet.
Her clothes were torn and ragged, and there were no light in her eyes.
Hmm, this is criminally erotic … let’s do her once later.

“… Ugh … that was horrible …”

Liu slowly picked herself up.
One of her breasts peeked out from a burn hole in her chest, but let’s not tell her.

“… But Motoki, Your Mirror’s amazing now that I’ve got a good look at it, huh. It can even reproduce what that person has. — which means … you can transform into a rich person and sell his stuff for a good amount of cash, right! This is going to be a big business!”

Liu gets lively when she talks about money.

However —

“No, we can’t do that. The moment I transform back, all the things I get when I transform will disappear. We can’t sell things that’ll disappear later”

“Huh? If it disappears when it’s already sold then there’s no problem, is there?”

“……”

That’s swindling.

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Once Liu and I got back from the forest (did her once in the forest before we do), I immediately headed for the detached house, played with Kirisha and Ruby (did Ruby once Kirisha went home).

— Then night came.

As usual, I headed to the meeting place to meet with Montavo.

First I hazed Montavo as Kai, then continued training him as Lugindall.

Montavo's getting good lately, he doesn't get exhausted anymore.
It all went smoothly and about an hour before dawn the entire training menu was done.

Somewhere unseen by Montavo, I transformed from Lugindall back into Kai.

"Now then Montavo, let's go visit the grave again today. Go apologize to Phryne"

"… I, I don't want to! We went the other day so that's done, right …! My noble and busy self remembered that I have something urgent so —"

"NO! We'll be going there to apologize today!"

I tightly grabbed Montavo's arm and dragged him to the graveyard.

Montavo averted his eyes from Phryne's grave so I grabbed his head and forced him to bow.

Montavo let his former master Phryne die for his own self protection.
He didn't take his poisoned master to a doctor but locked her in a room.

He had regretted it ever since.

"Say Montavo, if Phryne were to ask your help now, will you do it properly?"

"… what's that impossible supposition about? Phryne's dead already! The dead don't ask for help … even to my noble self who governs the world's providence!"

"Yeah, I suppose. You don't get to meet with the dead again"

Normally, that is.

Interlude – The Girl with the Blonde Ringlets Wants to See Her Lover Again

In preparation for harvest festival, Coura was dressed in all sorts of color.

With the day of the festival drawing near, the town's decoration multiplied.
The commoners' avant-garde art, made from fruits and vegetables and cattle bones.
In order to please the gods and fairies who gave their favor to the town day by day, everyone frantically came up with ideas.

There were several events held during the festival.
An art competition, Miss Coura contest — and Yuutarou vs Montavo.

The talk of the people were now all about the festival.

— Who will you take to the festival?

— When does the Miss Coura contest voting start?

— Who are you going to bet on, Yuutarou or Montavo?

— Ah, it's going to be fun, why won't the day come already.

＊＊

Within the brilliantly colorful town — a young girl, Illya Shihol was haggard.

"… where can I go to run away from this sadness …"

While her prided blonde ringlets swayed in the wind, Illya unsteadily walked through the town's night streets.
It wasn't the hour a girl like her should be walking around in, it was dangerous.

However, Illya didn't care about that — she was already lost in self-abandonment.

Something harrowing had happened.
So sad that she couldn't bear it just sitting alone in her room—

Illya finally arrived on a stone bridge over the waterways.
She laid her head face down on the banisters.

Tears began to drop from her blue eyes.

"Sir Ron … why did you have to go … why did you leave me behind …"

Illya's most beloved Ron had passed away four days ago.

Her lover Ron was telepathing while walking [1] against the law, did not watch where he was going and fell down into the waterways. He died not long after.

"… I told you over and over again, telepathing while walking is dangerous …!"

Telepathing while walking is really dangerous.
Your concentration is directed there and accidents happen. You crash into people and things.
You can't telepath while walking. Don't.

"Sir Ron …"

Illya leaned herself over the bridge railing, gazing at the water that took her lover's life.

Starlight reflected from the flowing water.
The white moon wavered on the water's surface.
It was as if they were beckoning Illya to the world beyond death —

"I'll come over to you now, Sir Ron …!"

Illya had made up her mind.
She would jump into the water that took Ron's life.

However —

"Uuh … I … can't die today, either …"

Illya couldn't die.
Not because she hesitated.

It was because she didn't have the arm strength to lift herself up over the railings.

Today was her fourth try, but it seems she still failed.
She properly exercised herself but her arm muscles were still not adequate.

"God … why are you so cruel *desuno* … are you telling me to stay alive … here in

this world without Sir Ron …”

Shifting the blame on her own lack of strength to god, Illya sighed. She’s at that age where she’d blame anything and everything on god.

She could simply jump down from where there’s no railing, but she felt like she’d be running from the difficulty then. Illya was a suicide applicant with a high self-consciousness.

“I have to go home and do some more push-ups …”

Also, get some protein intake — she didn’t realize that she was directing her efforts in the wrong direction, but anyway, she wanted to go and join the one she loves.

Illya dejectedly turned herself aside — and then she noticed.

There was a man standing behind her.
That man was —

“— Illya, there’s no need to do push-ups you know”

Her lover who’s supposedly dead was there.

“A … ah …!”

Illya froze and then clung to her lover with all she had.

He was there in the flesh.
She could touch him, she could embrace him.

“Ha ha ha, Illya, you’re suffocating me. Also your hair ringlets are tickling my nose. What do you use to harden these? You have hairspray over here — you do don’t you?”

“Sir Ron, Sir Ron …! Do you know how much I suffered because you died so foolishly …!”

Illya pressed her blonde ringleted hair onto her lover.

“Hm, well, I’m really sorry for dying so stupidly. But you’re the same too for training to die chasing after me, aren’t you?”

“I know I’m putting the cart before the horse …! But, but, I can’t help it can I!

You've died! But how did you come back to this world …?"

"Ah, yeah. Goddess Euva asked me to stop you from killing yourself. She said, [your lover's doing muscle training to try and kill herself to go after you, I'm not going to be able with that idiot if she came here so go and stop her]"

"Ah … goddess Euva …! I thank you for your grace! I take offense at you calling me an idiot but I'll not consider it!"

Illya clung to Ron.
Even if it was a temporary miracle — meeting with a person she thought she'd lost was really a happy occassion.

"Illya, don't die. Lady Euva is going to punish you if you continue trying to kill yourself by not letting us meet in the next world. So please forget about dying. Really, please stop. She's going to laugh at me in the next world"

"No … she's telling me to live on alone …?"

"It'll be fine. If you lived out your life span, she'll let us be together in the next life. I'll wait for you there. Even though you seem tough enough to live 100 years"

"Ah … I … can't die then … I have to live in this world all alone … Um, Sir Ron … in that case, would you make some memories with me. A memory of your warmth …"

"Memory?"

"Yes … um … I, it's embarrassing to say *desuwa* —!"

"Ah, you want to have sex? Rather than a memory you want a make a child you mean"

"So blunt *desuwa*! But you're right *desuwa*! Yes, considering the occassion I'll clearly say it, I want to have sex with you *desuwa*! Take my virginity before you go!"

"Well, but … hm …"

Ron folded his arms and thought.

"I really should object … no, it's fine. Since she herself said she wanted to do it — Yes, alright Illya. Let's do it"

“It kind of bothers me how you’re taking it lightly, but waai, *desuwa*”

Illya jumped up and down like a rabbit.

“Then where shall we do it? We can’t find an inn at this hour, and being noisy at my home is —”

“No, we do it here,” said Ron calmly.

“Here …? You mean *here* here *desuno* …? I, in public *desuwa* —!”

“You don’t want to? Ah, then I’ll go back to that world —”

“P, pleas wait!”

swish, Illya grabbed her lover’s arm.

“I, I don’t mind … let’s do it here …”

“That so? Then Illya, first lift up your skirt”

“Eh, ah … skirt, *desuno* … but, um …”

“Come on, hurry hurry, the worlds are separating. Ah, will I have to return there half-dead …”

“A, all right … ! E—i!”

Illya hardened her resolve. She grabbed the hems of her skirt and lifted it up.

Her legs up to her thighs were exposed, of course her panties too. Even her navel was in clear view.

Out of utter embarrassment, Illya’s face was painted red.

“Hee. Black string panties. You have quite a sexy one on”

“T, that’s because … I was thinking I’d see Sir Ron right after I go —”

“Alrighty then”

Ron took hold of Illya’s panties’ string and undid the knot.

Down plopped Illya’s black panties to her feet.

“M, my groin feels breezy — …!”

“Bear with it — now next is”

This time Ron grabbed the chest of Illya’s dress — he slipped it down along with her bra.

boing, Illya’s twin hills were exposed to the night air.
Now both her top and bottom was exposed.

Ron brought his face close to Illya’s chest and “Aaaah”, he …

Illya was unable to look Ron in the face out of pure embarrassment. She averted her eyes — and

“U, um, Sir Ron, we’re seen! We’re being seen —!”

There were people on the other side of the bridge.

Some middle aged men were holding their breaths looking at Illya.

Her nakedness was seen.
By someone other than her lover —

Up to this point in her life, Illya had taken care to avoid showing skin out of modesty.

And yet, she was seen at her most embarrassing moment by those dirty men —

“Hm? Ah, give them a show. It’s no big deal”

“N, no …! Ah … don’t … continue … please …”

＊ ＊

“That *desuwa* girl was really good …”

I recalled how Illya looked earlier and nodded.
Her blonde ringlets were really a bother, but other than that she was top notch.

Dirtying the womb of a prim and proper lady — that was the most amazing sense of immorality.

It was the best, seeing a lady lift up a leg like a dog in public. And then she let me do it.

By the way, I didn't actually approach Illya because I wanted to do it with her. There was something I want the loose-lipped Illya to spread by having her meet with Ron.

— that she met her lover who's supposed to be dead.

I wanted her to spread the rumor that *you can meet with the dead in Coura*.

That's because everything needs a foreshadowing.

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1. TN: just think of it as being on the phone while driving. don't dwell on it too much. ↩

54 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 17

Montavo woke up just after noon every day.

Thoroughly exercised by his master Kai every night, it was impossible for him to wake up in the mornings.
However, even when they were having a break in the training, he would spend the night drinking so he would end up waking up at the same hour.

Montavo who loved to engross himself playing around at night was known as the playful lazy son by the rumor mills.
However, they had a slight misunderstanding.

There was a real reason why Montavo likes to play the night away.
— He was afraid of the night.

He would hear the voice of the master he let die when he went to sleep.

[*Bocchan* … why … why …]

Her speckled patterned skin.
The visage of his poisoned teacher appeared many times to him in dream.

— But nowadays, it had become slightly better.

The illusion of Phryne didn't scare him as much as it did.

The reason was clear.
That was surely because he was forcefully brought to Phryne's grave.

He would be afraid of everything if he ran.
But when he faced her head on, the fear gradually subsided.

"Hmph …"

Leaving the bed, Montavo had an idea and took hold of his sword.

He stood in the middle of his room and swung the sword.

swoosh … the sword cut the air.

From outside, it looked like a perfect slash.
Made without unnecessary moves, faster than anyone.

However —

“It’s still warped …”

Its path was dull.
The warping was not something so easily fixed, it seems.

“Well, there are things even my noble master fencer self couldn’t do …”

Will he win against Yuutarou like this.
However, what was he to do after all this time.

He had to believe in his master Kai.

Then, that moment.

“Mon … are you up …?”

The door open, and his older sister entered.

“Oh, good morning. What brings you here my sister who shares the same blood as my noble self!”

“You won’t shut up with that as usual I see … I’m coming to see if Mon’s gone lazy … Your duel with that Kuutarou(?) reincarnator kid is close, right … Don’t lose okay … If you win the Lord’s daughter Chirisha(?) is going to be ours”

“The dueling opponent is Yuutarou, and the prize is Kirisha. She’ll be your future sister in law so get the name right please”

“Yes yes, that … Kirisha, make sure you get her, okay … and get many children off of her, okay. Children with the blood of the Lord are useful … veeeery useful …”

“Yes well … just leave it to me my sister of equal nobility to my noble self! My noble self the pride of the Gingait house will certainly make miss Kirisha my own!”

If he won against Yuutarou, Montavo Gilles Gingait was going to marry the Lord’s daughter Kirisha.
For the Gingait house, it was their holy grail.

They would be able to have ties with the Lord's, that is the Marquis', house.
How much power would they be able to gain with this marriage —

Montavo himself had no interest in the Kirisha girl.
He knew nothing of her except being the Lord's daughter.

He didn't know what will become of the girl's life.

"Mon is strong so you'll be fine … you can seal this Yuutarou(?)'s magic with the Sacrament Cage, right … so good luck with training today — oh I remember …"

His sister recalled something and said, "you know … there's been rumors recently … dead people have been getting bodies and coming out … it's funny isn't it … something like this happening so soon before the festival … ghosts, huh … I wonder what business we can start if we captured one … I smell lots of cash …"

"The dead, huh …"

It was a common idle nonsense, right.
Ghosts don't appear in the flesh — but Montavo wondered about that just a little bit.

＊＊

With the festival coming, the town of Coura's central plaza was built into an impromptu arena.

The space with audience seating surrounding it was where Yuutarou and Montavo's duel will be held on the last day of the festival.
It was a common situation in fighting manga.

Montavo came to visit the arena late at night.
Kai said tonight's training will take place here.

"What did he want, a rehearsal using the real place …?"

Montavo grumbled and sat down on the anti-slip sand.

He looked up into the sky.
He saw starlight.

He recalled his master, and hummed a requiem — then.

step … the sound of footsteps

“Kai?”

Montavo looked towards the arena entrance — and held his breath.

It was not Kai there.

An wrinkly old lady with spots on her skin.

She was thin as dry wood, and yet her eyes gleamed like a carnivorous animal.

She had a sword on her waist.

“— get up *bocchan*. It’s time for practice”

＊＊

“AAAH — I’m late …!”

Late at night, I ran towards the Arena where I’m supposed to meet with Montavo.
I took too much time with the preparations and was late.

“You’re late but you’re not go ‘I’m late~ I’m late~’?”

“I’m not! I don’t have time to butt heads with a girl coming out of an alley”

“Motoki, you don’t abide by Earth legends, do you”

“It’s not even Earth here”

Ignoring Liu who was running next to me, I ran.

I was in the graveyards just earlier.

There I dug the grave of Montavo’s former master Phryne — and took a look at her rotten corpse.
— In order to transform into her.

Tonight, I will be fighting Montavo in the arena as Phryne and plan to be defeated.
Then in the end, I was going to say this.

[*Bocchan*, you’ve become strong … you’re the strongest swordsman].

Montavo will be released from the phantom of Phryne and become a Protagonist.

Finally I arrived at the entrance to the meeting place.
From the entrance door, I entered the arena grounds —

"— eh?"

Montavo was on the arena and was already fighting.
They stood facing each other with swords ready.

Who is it, Montavo's fighting … an old lady?

"Motoki … that person, looks exactly like you right now … peas in a pod"

I was now transformed into Phryne.
Which means that is …

"What …"

Phryne was facing Montavo.
The dead old lady …!

What's going on. It couldn't be a real —

"M, Motoki … I remembered something urgent so can you let me go back to my parents' home. Umm, my dad was suddenly ill. He might die tomorrow, it's true. In fact he might have already died today. Then that being the case, *adieu*—!"

"Stop fooling around"

I caught the fleeing Liu by the scruff of her neck.

Don't leave me alone in a situation like this …

"I can't handle it …! I can't handle ghosts! I've done nothing but bad deeds all day so I'm definitely going to be killed!"

I put more strength in my arm so that the wriggling Liu didn't escape.

The return of the dead — you have got to be kidding me …

Is it because the festival is near …?
I heard the boundary between this world and the next becomes fuzzy during a festival.

Or now that I think about it … was it because of the rumor I spread? The one where the dead appears in Coura — no, but in that case why did only Phryne come back.

… no, let's think about reasons later.

Right now, I have to grasp the situation.

I fixedly observed the situation.

Montavo faced Phryne, and then

— the match began.

«TN: 15 more chapters until I'm caught up. Whew»

| |

55 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 18

— His master Phryne, who was supposed to have died, was right in front of him.

Montavo stared over Phryne's body.

She wasn't a ghost, she had a real body.

"…… tsk"

This was no longer a story about an abnormality, the providence of the world had been thrown into disarray.

How should he deal with this — his head was a mess of confusion.

Should he run, should he call for help —

"— stand up *bocchan*. It's time for practice"

"Yes …!" he reflexively answered.

If Phryne said "it's practice", he was not allowed to refuse no matter what the situation is.

He clutched his sword and stood up right away — the habit from when he was a young boy still remained in him.

"……"

He could not grasp what was going on but he knew he had only one thing to do.

To strike against Phryne with his entire body and soul.

Montavo readied his sword and faced his master.

On the other side, Phryne pointed her stick-thin sword at his eyes.
It wasn't only her sword that's thin, her arm and her body were also like dried wood.
It seemed she came back in the body she had right before she died from illness.

Her body was a scrap of paper compared to the adult man Montavo.

— and yet, what's going on with this heavy presence …

Scary. He couldn't step in.
his master's touki was silent and overwhelming.

He didn't think he could win.

If he couldn't win, then he should run.
Even if his opponent was a master, in a pure physical contest it would be his win.

If Montavo tucked his tail between his legs and retreated with all he had, Phryne wouldn't be able to catch up to him.

However —

[If you ran away, you'll be forever in fear]

Kai's voice — his current master's voice rang in his ears.

That voice cut off his path of retreat.

He can't run away until this is over. He won't run away.

If he ran away now, he will run for his whole life.

"……"

He calmed his heart, suppressed his breathing.

"— I'm going in, *bocchan*"

And thus Montavo was faced with training with his life at stake.

To challenge the mistakes of his past.

＊＊

"What's going on … why is Phryne there. What is this … why is a dead woman walking …?"

I was holding my head over at the arena entrance.
At the arena, Montavo and Phryne who should be dead were fighting.

… this is ridiculous.

Ghosts do seem to exist in this world but I never heard of them having flesh bodies.
In fact, ghosts shouldn't be able to enter a town with a church.

"This went beyond my expectations …"

This couldn't be.

Honestly, I've underestimated this world.
Immediately after reincarnating, I realized the rule of this world.

[I see, this world moves according to tropes of stories], I said.

Everything was easy once I noticed that.
I was after all a former actor and book boy. I know all the rules of stories and playwriting.

Since I knew them, I could break them.

How should I move to disrupt the story, how could I disappoint the goddesses who were the readers, I knew like the palm of my hand.

And with Mirror, everything was perfect.

It was all too easy, I had recently felt that the world moves just according to the scenarios I wrote.

"…… tch"

And yet what is this? What in the world jumped my gun …?
What is that Phryne really?

"Motoki? Motoki, hey! Your face is pale. Are you alright? Come on, don't lose it. You should jump into your legal wife's loving chest at a time like this. I'll cuddle and protect you no matter what —"

"You were going to run away on your own just earlier … how could you be so calm?"

"Well, since I felt Motoki's unusually showing weakness you see. And I thought if I'm nice to you now I could dominate your mind, so I shouldn't be afraid of some ghost now"

"But it won't work if you say it you know … like hell I'd be brainwashed by the

likes of you”

“Oh? Then I’ll be going home. Ah ah, I wonder if Motoki will be okay. That Motoki who actually have the mental strength of tofu. I know he’s going to need his legal wife’s chest to support his heart … but if he says he doesn’t need me then I’ll —”

“…… please wait”

I tightly clung to Liu.

“There there, good boy. Motoki just needs to stay on my chest for your whole life. Now repeat after me. ‘I really really love Liu-*chan*, I hate big breasts I hate priestesses I hate loli girls I hate blonde ringlets!’, now, two, three, go!”

“……”
She even found out I did it with blonde ringlets.
I thought I hid it well enough, but it looked like she only let it pass.
Women are scary …

… well whatever, I have to get a grip on the situation now.

Let’s leave what that Phryne really is for now — how should I move now?

I stared at the arena.

Montavo and his master were fighting.
His situation — was not good.

“That granny is amazing …”

A cunning expert, a master.
She moved like flowing water, toying with Montavo. What is that monster …

I would barely be able to fight her as Kai.
Then Montavo couldn’t possibly win.

I should … “give him a hand”

I couldn’t afford to lose Montavo now.
Everything after this would go out of order.

But I couldn’t go and help him.

If I jumped in now and win against Phryne two on one, it would have no meaning.
Montavo could never run from his master's shadow for his entire life.

Then there's only one thing I could do — one thing I could hope.

— win

If you lose imma beat you up.

＊＊

Phryne's sword was exceedingly simple.
Sharp blows from afar into the enemy's chest.

After the blows, she would draw back into the enemy's blind spot — repeating the action many times.

It was classic hit and run.
It was textbook, easy to read.

Easy to read — and yet she could not be countered.

"……!"

Montavo was barely able to keep taking his master's sword strikes.

It's not that Phryne's sword was fast.
Speed-wise, Montavo was faster by a wide margin.

But Phryne attacked without any useless moves at all.

Both in swinging her sword and moving herself, Phryne didn't change her center of gravity.
There were no superfluous movements.

In a flash, Phryne who should have been far was near.
In a flash, her blade was already near.

Something like that.

— These are the moves of a person who had mastered the forms …!

Montavo admired his master's sword.

She was ridiculed, *who cares about form*, but it was the culmination of the techniques of those that came before.
It couldn't not be useful.
If it's not useful, it's only because you lack practice.

Only those who do not fuss over the glory before them, who diligently piled practice upon practice, could reach that state.

"……!"

Montavo was basically a defensive swordsman.
His winning move starts by locking swords with the enemy.

However, the flowingly moving Phryne would never entertain him to a lock of swords.

In that case —

— *I should take the initiative and put her in disarray…*!

If he ever had a chance to win, it was there.
A fluke is fine, if he could hit Phryne's sword just once, being as thin as she is now, she would no longer be able to hold the sword.

That was his one and only light — but Montavo didn't want to do it.

If he took the initiative and struck.
Then his current, warped sword would be seen by his master.

Nevertheless, he had to do it.
If he didn't show his ugly self to his master, he would never win against her.

"I'm coming in …"

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56 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 19

"YAAAAAARGH!!"

With a loud scream, Montavo swung his sword.

He swung his sword down on Phryne, mowing away her weapon.

"tsk…"

Searing pain ran through his shoulder.
He seems to have been cut there.
But it was too shallow.
He can still go on.

"— HAAAAAAH…!"

He thrusted with his whole weight.
But she fleetly evaded it.
She was like a bullfighter — his eyes were drawn to her.

"……"

He was cut again.
His arm this time.
Too shallow.
I'm still fine.

Montavo's body was now full of cuts of all sizes.
His muscles were already soaked in lactic acid.
His joints, his bones creaked.

He was wounded all over.

But he couldn't stop.

He couldn't stop swinging his sword.
He couldn't stop stepping forward.

"—— HAAAAAAH!"

Encouraging himself with his voice, he swung his sword.

With his master right in front of him, he stepped forward with all he had.
He couldn't not be scared.
It was because he was scared that he faced her.

Montavo stepped forward.

The moment he did, his leg was cut.
But it was too shallow.
I'm alright.
I can still fight.

The reason his wounds had been shallow was because Montavo stepped in fearlessly.

Even masters would evade if the enemy approached close. Because they attacked while evading, the attack couldn't conclude the match.

Montavo saved his own life with his bravery.

A small mistake when fighting with real swords, and your life is forfeit.

Those who couldn't move forward won't have a chance of winning.

But even so, Montavo was not at an advantage.

"Haah … haah …"

He faked it with willpower, but his strength was already at its limits.

Montavo had regrets.
If only he practiced everyday, if only he didn't drink, if only he took enough sleep — if only he didn't betray Phryne that day.

That guilt reflected in the warping of his sword.
Those thoughts dulled the edge of his blade.

The wavering of his sword's path became bigger.

"— such a warped sword …" said Phryne, "so shameful … shameful … the sword of a corrupted man …"

Those words had sorrow in them.

"…—"

She finally said it.

Montavo's face became hot.
Such embarrassment … — the shame was torturing him.

"I've come to grasp how you've lived your life, *bocchan*, like it's here in the palm of my hand"

Phryne said that then opened her eyes wide.
The light in her eyes became sharper.
She shifted into a higher speed gear.

Phryne who had been a distance away earlier, was now right in front of him.

Montavo was unable to react to his master who had carried the basics to perfection.

"Guh …"

Phryne's sword stabbed into his left shoulder — finally leaving a deep cut.

His vision grew hazy from the fatigue and blood loss.

— But that's just the appropriate punishment, right …

For his ugly self who betrayed Phryne, betrayed himself, and continued to delude people — of course he'd be punished.

That's why getting wounded and losing is natural —

＊＊

"Is that… sand?" I muttered.

Some sparkly material flew off from Phryne while she attacked Montavo [1].
It was probably sand … but why sand?

"Sand? Hoho, for blinding enemies? I always bring some with me on walks. I can't go without anymore!"

Liu proudly showed an eggshell filled with sand.

“Phryne wouldn’t do something like that would she … hey gimme that sand, I’m throwing it away”

“No way. Sand is the trendy item this summer. It’s the highest popularity code according to Orc Fashion magazine. [This Summer, Blind the Female Knights with Sand and Take Them Away!], they said”

“I told you to quit harrassing the female knights already …”

… leaving the sand idiot aside, let’s check on Montavo.

Montavo was completely on the losing side.
I was watching with anticipation, *maybe he could win somehow* — but it’s completely out of the question.

The moment he ran out of strength he will be thoroughly killed. That’s how different their statuses are.

“But still … it’s beautiful”

Phryne’s sword was beautiful, more than any dance.

The fully optimized motions captivated the eye.

Every swing of the sword, every step of her feet was the culmination of Phryne’s own life.

It was already at the level of fine art.

“But then again …”

It was very beautiful but if you asked if I would want to keep watching Phryne’s sword dance, I’d say no.

In fact, I wanted to look away.
It made my stomach heavy.

I don’t want to look at Phryne.

What is this feeling —

Then that moment.

[— such a warped sword …] Phryne said disapprovingly to Montavo, [I've come to grasp how you've lived your life, *bocchan*, like it's here in the palm of my hand]

The moment I heard Phryne, I noticed the strange feeling I have felt around Phryne.

"… ah, I see"

I became irritated at Phryne.

The Phryne who condemned the stained Montavo,
The Phryne who sighed seeing her student pass the time idly.

Towards Phryne, who criticized Montavo, *you're so undisciplined*, I felt anger from the bottom of my heart.

I felt like I was being rejected.

— What's wrong with being warped.

You've been saying it like you have the right of it.
They're always like that, people like Phryne always say the same things.

The strong who were born with the hard-to-gain traits of "honesty" and "diligence", they always criticize the weak like that.

[Why did you get involved in evil?]
[Why couldn't you practice everyday?]
[Why couldn't you be nice to people?]

— Shut up you idiots.

You're only born beautiful, that's all.
You only ended up having the "honest" and "diligent" mentality by chance.

Phryne was also one of them.
That was why she criticized Montavo.

Shut up, ye strong, don't speak about people's hearts.
You who don't understand the grief of the weak have nothing to teach us.

You who haven't experienced vice, don't talk about virtue.

You who don’t know warpedness, don’t meddle in people’s lives.

— Stop preaching so self-importantly you damn granny. If you really love him don’t reject him.

When Montavo was trained by Phryne, he was surely having it hard.

With an upright person by his side, he would conversely find his own ugliness.

In order to become like Phryne, Montavo would continually reject his own weaknessess and stains — but he could not pass the trial

Montavo, just by chance, didn’t have the mental talent.
Even though he didn’t, he forced himself to be.

Which was why the moment Phryne was removed from him, Montavo greatly changed.
In reaction to the restraint, the needle of Montavo’s heart swung over to the dark side.

“Montavo!!”

I took Kai’s form and shouted.

“— forgive your own warpedness!!”

My voice made Montavo’s shoulders shiver.

“You’ve been toughing it, rejecting a part of yourself!! So as your current master, I accept you!! — Your master rightnow is me!! Listen to my voice!!”

I made my voice louder.

“Swing your sword your way proudly!!”

＊＊

“＿＿”

The moment Kai shouted, Montavo’s vision became clear.

What he saw was his own daily visage.

Very human, far from honorable poverty.
He loved drinking, he loved women, he loved looking down on people.

You could say he was a garbage of a human being.

Phryne hated that Montavo.
That's why Montavo hated himself.

However.

[— I accept you]

I see, my current master accepted the trash of a human being that is myself

Then I will stop rejecting myself this once

He was warped.
He was not beautiful at all.

— But what's wrong with not being beautiful.

Thus he threw the question back.

When he decided to do so, yet another strength erupted in him.
Energy welled up down from the roots of his existence.

"— UOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH!!"

A vulgar scream leaked out of his mouth.

He glared at his master.

When Montavo was young, he loved Phryne, he admired her.
That was why he stayed by her side — however.

He actually — really hated Phryne.

A damn granny who doesn't understand people's hearts.
He was the one who asked Phryne to coach him, but he didn't want to be dictated so thoroughly like this.

Oi, granny, you were all to fired up and tried to make me to fit your own ideals.

Because you said all that, the situation between me and my family had gotten delicate — that was the grudge he had against Phryne.

The more he dug down, the more he found the ugliness in his heart.

But he properly accepted that part of him, he looked at it properly. After all, humans are such creatures.

Montavo took a deep breath.

— Let’s start again

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1. TN: So she’s not a ghost but a vampire? ↩

57 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 20

"Fuuh …"

Montavo let out a breath and released the heat in his head.

Then he calmly thought.

— If he continued fighting Phryne like this, he would not get even a single chance to win.

Firstly he recognized that fact.

The opponent's sword was extraordinarily fast.

She was essentially a different breed of human.
Someone who's born that way.
Her heart that sought truth had exceeded the level of humans.

Competing with that will only earn him defeat.

"In that case …"

— Let's show her how a human fights.

suu… Montavo extinguished the touki from his body.
He cast his eyes down, his pupils empty.
The corners of his mouth warped in a slovenly expression.

"*Bocchan* … have you finally given up?" said Phryne, strongly disappointed, "so that's what you do when you understand you can't win … very well, I'll do you a favor and cut you down …"

Phryne closed the distance between them, as if saying, *here's your judgement*.
In a perfect step with zero wasted movements.

Montavo was, until earlier, unable to react to it satisfactorily.

However —

— *read read read read read read*!

Montavo stopped his master's sword.
He stoped each and every one of the sword strikes she gave out.

Montavo was reading the motions of Phryne's mind.

She did not show any superfluous moves, but inside that calm body existed a beating heart.
He could simply read that.
By provoking her, Montavo incited Phryne's emotions.

— He could read human emotions.

Born to the house of Gingait, Montavo lived in the world of business, whirling with worldly emotions.

By accumulating experience negotiating with veteran merchants, he gained the skill to read the human heart.
By straining his nerves while speculating on s ks, he stared at the flow of the world invisible to the human eye.
By amusing himself gambling with people in the underground society, he brought up the grit to not be perturbed at anything.

Watching men, watching women, watching money, watching the night, watching drink — he watched people.

He had experienced life beyond what an ordinary human does.
Not a single day passed for him in leisure.

That experience was useless with regard to the sword — but even if it's useless, it's not unusable.
The sword is the reduction of an entire life of experience.
All excess thoughts dwelled in the blade.

Innate talent, accidents of life.
The two combined and now at this moment Montavo had perfected his own sword style.

"……!"

While receiving his master's sword, he added in small feints.

Phryne wasn't an opponent who'd be tricked with something like that.
But by doing that small waves appeared in her thinking.
And he read those waves.

It was underhanded, it was crafty.
But what of it? Humans are such creatures to begin with.

If it's an enemy he couldn't reach by skill, they will surpass them by thinking and planning.
That is how humans climb to the top.

"＿＿"

Phryne's blows kept coming in like a summer rain [1].
He received them all.

Sword clashed with sword creating a serene metallic symphony.

The sound and the dance enhanced the senses.

The scene in his eyes went in slow motion, he was able to see various things.
Even things that he couldn't normally see.

Ever since he was young, Montavo had always been by his master's side.
But his heart was distant.
The human Montavo couldn't possibly understand a superhuman's mentality.

But he could now.
What her master thinks, her life, her solitude, he could grasp it by the palm of his hand.

— ah, such joy.

It was a time of supreme bliss.
He could go on like this forever.

However —

piki … — there was a slight noise.

Montavo's sword had started to crack.

＊ ＊

"Motoki Motoki, this is starting to get tiring, let's go home. I'm hungry, buy me a night snack?"

"Sorry Liu-*chan*, it's getting good now so can quiet down please? For your whole

life if you can? If possible I'd like you to shut up in the next life as well?"

"It's fine already isn't it. They'll settle the fight whether we're here or not. Sheesh, some battle this is"

"Just shut up already and cheer for Montavo …"

"Can I boo at him?"

"Out of the question"

Ignoring Liu's noisy booing, I watched Montavo.

His situation was rebounding.
As if the earlier battle was a mistake, Montavo's movements became better.

He was somehow liberated by the fact that I approved of his real self.

His way of fighting was infuriating, full of feints and tricks — but that's how Montavo was.

"I suppose he's fine like that …"

I had, for a time, tried to make Montavo into an honest human being like Phryne did.
But there might have been no need to force him to be that way.

Even a very human, cowardly scoundrel could be a protagonist depending on how the story goes.

The two danced in the arena.
They looked like long experienced pair dancers.

The sparks from the swords, the flaring of life, they adorned these two's dance.

I want to keep watching it.

I wanted to watch, but — "the sword …"

There was something strange with Montavo's sword.

piki …
There was an ominous noise.

It looked like his blade was beginning to crack.

“I knew it …”

My fears hit the mark.

Montavo had been growing splendidly well into a protagonist, but there was just one problem.

He did not have a sufficient weapon.

A heroic character would invariably have a named sword.
Montavo didn’t.
He still couldn’t handle one.

… What to do? Should I throw in a random sword?

But would Montavo be able to equip it?
Liu had failed to use any of the swords in the experiment the other day …

No, but it might be possible for Montavo now —

Then which sword —

“……”

Well, at times like this the right thing to do would be to have him succeed his master’s sword.

I looked to my waist.
There was Kai’s Ghulcyut there.

Even though it’s a replica, the sword that was given to Kai directly by a goddess was strong beyond compare.
Montavo probably wouldn’t be able to use it.

— but it’s not the case that he would certainly not be able to use it.

This was a demon sword that contained magic power, and on Montavo’s neck hung an anti magic treasure, the Sacrament Cage.

With the Sacrament Cage that annulls magic, Ghulcyut’s power will be drastically reduced.

“… but you see”

But even so, Ghulcyut was strong.

Too dangerous, I didn't even get Liu to touch it.
That was how dangerous a reincarnator's weapon is.

If the Montavo right now were unable to hold Ghulcyut and fainted — Phryne will naturally kill him.

And that —

"— well, whatever. Let's deal with it when it happens"

I have already made up my mind.

Let's stop thinking difficult things.
Let's believe in my disciple.

"— Montavo! Take this!!"

I took the handle and swung, and the demon sword Ghulcyut stabbed the ground in between Montavo and Phryne.

— BOOOM …!!

The moment the sword hit the ground, a heavy sound rang throughout the place, and clouds of dust danced in the air.

"Take it and conquer it Montavo!!"

Don't lose to a mere reincarnator's sword.
If we reincarnators could use it, then you could too.

You who grieved and went through hardships, you who knew evil, and yet chose to continue walking, you, more than any reincarnator, are worthy of the title —

— "Protagonist"

| |

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1. TN: I've always liked the sound of the word *samidare* for some reason. ↩

58 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 21

«TN: It was brought to my attention that releasing too many chapters at once breaks the feed, so I'm going to publish a few at a time again. Besides, this chapter felt like a good place to stop»

Montavo recalled a story Phryne read to him a long time ago.

A story about a sword who chose the King.
The person who was able to pull that sword out of the stone would be granted the title of King.
The moment he did, he was transformed into a protagonist.

There were many stories similar to that.
It was probably one of the basic patterns of a story.

Young Montavo read all those stories and longs for it.

— I will some day get my hands on the best sword, too.

That was a transient dream of his youth, and would not normally come true —

But now — the chance to seize the dream was in front of him.

"This sword, for me …"

In the arena grounds, the sword Ghulcyut Kai threw and told him to use stood.

Montavo held his breath in the face of the overwhelming aura the sword possessed.

Now that it's in front of him he understood, that this was a weapon that surpassed all others in the world.
The materialized mana of the sword wrapped around the blade like a snake.

It scared him.
But he wouldn't even have a chance of winning against Phryne if he didn't take this sword.

When the dust from when the sword was thrown in settled, Phryne would sure rush in to attack.
Then before that happens he had to be ready with the sword.

"— I'll pull it out"

Isn't it cowardice to be using Kai's sword, he thought for an instant — but he thought again, *no, it's not*

Meeting with Kai was one of Montavo's experiences.
Then the weapon that Kai told him to use is a part of him too.

Without hesitating, he gripped the handle.

"— tsk…!"

The magic power in the form of a snake coiled around and crept up along Montavo's arm.
The dense energy made his consciousness faint —

— Riiing …

A bell-like sound brought Montavo's consciousness back.
It came from the Sacrament Cage hanging on his neck.

The Sacrament Cage vibrated as if encouraging its owner.

It frantically tried to whittle down Ghulcyut's magic power. Fighting it together with him.

This rare magic item was one that Montavo gained with his own strength.
Because Montavo earnestly proved his strength, his father gave it to his third son.

My life has not entirely been in vain —!

He held his breath and opened his eyes wide.
He didn't remember living a life that would lose to some sword.

He lived and was treated as dirty.
He lived every day fighting other people like animals.

His masters were Phryne and Kai.
He was raised by the two most excellent swordsmen in the world.

There was no reason for him to lose to the likes of a magic sword.

That definitely won't happen.

He believed.

For sure.

"———!"

He exhaled and pulled out the sword.

He gripped the handle strongly in both hands and pulled.
Phryne's sword came in soon after and he parried it away.

The power of the demon sword even threw Phyre's body back — no she jumped back on her own.

Phryne didn't show even a speck of agitation seeing her disciple hold a demon sword.

This kind of unexpected thing was surely within Phryne's expectations.
She had long understood that there's no such thing as preestablished harmony in a fight.

Phryne jumped in again and again.

Her sword clashed against the demon sword.
Montavo's thoughts from living as a humand and Phryne's heart that walked the straight path of the sword butted heads against each other.

They each enhanced each other.

Power and speed rose up without limit.
Eyes could no longer follow.
Sounds came after the sense of touch.
It was a dance free from thought.
Thoughts came after.
Their bodies move half automatically.
The "Self" fused with the world.

The vivid image suddenly appeared in Montavo's mind.

— An endless expanse of land, forests continuing every which way.

— Great trees with trunks like rocks, and the divine horned creatures that lived there.

— The great sea splashing up spray, galleons plowing over the surface.

— A land covered in sand and the scorching sun.

"＿＿"

That was surely the sight Montavo should have seen.

If that day Montavo fulfilled Phryne's wish and indicted his family — He would have left Coura and travelled the worldand saw these scenery.

Probably, together with the master he healed from poisoning.

"— I wanted to see it …" said Phryne while swinging her sword at high speed, "the sight of *bocchan* … becoming stronger with the strong people of the world … by your side …"

Large drops of tears fell from her eyes.

"Why … why … why … — why didn't *bocchan* choose my story …!"

For the first time, his master's sword was strained.
Its path wavered.
The deep sadness.
The wailing.
It all reached him.

"Yes … I didn't choose you. Because I was weak, I didn't choose you …"

His cheeks became hot.
Seems he was unable to completely block his master sword and was cut.
He was happy.
Now when he looks in a mirror, he will be reminded of her sword.

"— I didn't choose you … and I have always regretted it"

He disliked her, but he was fond of her.
He disdained her, but he respected her.
And while he hated her, he loved her with his whole heart.

He never forgot about Phryne even for an instant.

“But I have accepted the story of my past where I remained in town — and with that, I’ll redo my story!”

As he put his resolve into words, Montavo swung Ghulcyut down.

He cut apart the story that should have been with the demon sword.

One blow from Ghulcyut struck Phryne’s sword —!

— *Kiiiiii* — ……

The long reverberating sound melted into the night.

Montavo and Phryne were facing each other and heard the sound.

They relished the world’s most beautiful sound with all their five senses.
Letting it infuse into their souls.

— Ah … it’s over …

When the sound stopped — something happened to Phryne’s thin sword.

Her sword was cut in half and fell to the ground.

“— *bocchan* … no, Montavo. It’s your win”

＊＊

“Phryne …!”

The moment the match was settled, Montavo stabbed the demon sword on the ground and embraced his master.

She was hard and thin — his poisoned master had no meat on her body.

This hardness was proof of Montavo’s sin.
He had always been running from this.
He was not running.
He was facing her head on.

It was a mistake not to apologize just because he wouldn't be forgiven.
He dearly, dearly embraced his sin.
Telling the one he threw away, *I love you*.

"— *bocchan*, you," Phryne whispered to his ear, "you have found a wonderful story"

"— ah …"

His master now approved of him as he is.

His body trembled, and tears flowed.
Those were the words he had always wanted to hear.
He had always suffered because he never heard them.
Anguishing every night and every day, always, always —

sshh… the chains wrapping his soul disappeared.

"You spinning your own story, it's so —"

Phryne said that and suddenly kissed Montavo in the mouth.

His master's lips were very youthful for an old woman —

"— eh"

When their lips parted what he saw was a beautiful woman he's never seen before.

Gallant and divine.

The woman that was almost like a goddess was wearing silver armor.
He only understood that she was Phryne.

"Montavo, live proudly on this world. — let's meet again when your time comes"

Phryne said so leaving a beautiful smile — and she turned into sand.

* *

"Wha …"

When Phryne kissed Montavo, she transformed into a beautiful woman.

Rejuvenated …? No, that was a complete transformation.

Phryne transformed into something completely different, just like my Mirror.

“Transforming with a kiss … I see, Phryne was an *ubakawa* [1] heroine”

“*Ubakawa* …? Ah, yes, that one. Yes, I know that one”

Liu-*chan*, pretending to know.

“If you already know then I don’t need to explain”

“I’m very sorry I’ll dip myself in boiling water so please teach me”

“Well, no need for the boiling water … — it happens a lot in stories that heroines were transformed into ugly forms. When they fulfilled certain conditions with the Protagonists, they would get their original forms back. Like, being loved, or exchanging a kiss. So the ugly forms they had before getting their beauty back is called the *ubakawa*”

If Montavo set off on a journey with Phryne — she would certainly have gotten that form back and they’d travel through the world getting all friendly like.

They would probably get married and have children.
Montavo … you have it too good.

However, Montavo didn’t choose Phryne. Which was why she died ugly.
Then only after she died she was able to successfully throw off her disguise.

Because she and Montavo opened their hearts to each other.

— Which means, that just now were the echoes of the story Montavo didn’t choose.

“But then it’s really something like a ghost, huh …”

How did it materialize …?
Who or what gave Phryne a body —

Well, whatever … let’s think about that later. Now, we should —”

Rejoice.
Because I have finally obtained what I wanted.

I looked at Montavo who had become strong, collapsed on the ground.

After being given my sword, Montavo splendidly used it.
He won against the trauma that was his “greatest enemy”.
Having received a deep wound from his master’s sword in his face, he gained a “stigmata”
He had also encountered the goddess that was Phryne’s true form [2]

I had no complaints with this.

Montavo’s now a fine —

“Congratulations, you’re now a Protagonist”

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1. TN: *Ubakawa*, or *The old woman’s skin* : a classic Japanese story archetype, where a girl has to disguise herself as an ugly woman. ↩
2. TN: This refers to the *Meeting with the Goddess* event in the Monomyth. Not necessarily a literal goddess. ↩

59 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 22

«TN: Another small update »

"CHECKMAAAAAAAAAATE!! — How is it, my complete victory? Weell, I'm really a genius aren't I, even I'm scared of my own ingenuity, it won't be long before I reach the hand of god is it. The talentless *lolikko* should just try again next time. Shoo shoo shoo"

"Uu … Liu-*neesan* is too cocky after calling backsies 240 times *nodesuyo*! Kirisha wants to raise an objection to this match!"

Kirisha flailed her arms with her hands balled into fists, protesting against Liu who was seated opposite of her.
They were playing a board game. It's *so nice* of you two to be *so peaceful*.

"Oh, is this what they call a poor loser? *Lolikko* kids don't know when to give up, do they. You've already lost when you let your opponent take backsies you know"

"B, but … Liu-*neesan* even did a *dogeza*, so … a *dogeza* is like an attack *desuyo*! It's not fair! It's cheating!"

Kirisha continued objecting.

But Liu stopped up her ears and stuck out her tongue going "lalala I can't hear you"

Even looking from outside she looks so irritating I really wanted to beat her up.

"Uuu…" Kirisha finally began to tear up.

"Uncle—! Liu-*neesan* is bullying me *desuyo* — …!"

As she cried, Kirisha clung onto me in the guise of the old soldier.

I gently patted this angel, I mean, Kirisha's head.
"There there little lady, don't cry. Liu's a heartless person. A crazy person who lives by throwing away all her dignity as a person. Please forgive her, she'll self-destruct later anyhow"

“Kirisha has some life experience but this is the first time Kirisha ever seen a person like Liu-*neesan* … she even hit her head on the floor when she did a *dogeza* …!”

Today I called Liu to the detached house to keep Kirisha company.

I was worried whether Liu who was mentally a child could get along with Kirisha — and just as I thought she bullied her.
Well … Kirisha seemed to enjoy talking back to her so all’s good.
The fact that she could object was proof that she valued herself.

Me, Ruby, Liu.
Little by little Kirisha’s friends in town increased.

By relating to people she would come to want to take root in this town.

While I was patting her head, Kirisha soon stopped crying and made a smile in my arms, “ehe—♡”

Lovely— ♡

Aah … so cute.
I want to cherish her and raise her.

I’ve been going all out raising Montavo lately so I think I’ve come to enjoy the fun of teaching.

But in that case, there was one problem —

“Hm? Uncle, you’re having a faraway look? Anxious for your old age? Don’t worry *desuyo*! Kirisha will one day set up a gentle pension system!”

“No, well, that’s what you do while you’re young, so … no, I’m not really thinking of pensions … was just looking at you and thought, ‘the young lady sure is cute'”

… would I be able to get aroused at such a cute Kirisha.
Her innocence levels are going all out already.

This is bad … I have to do it and yet I’m getting these feelings.

Ah, I suppose I can’t do it as an old man.
If I turn into a young man again — well, let’s cross that bridge when we come to

it.

Let's just do what I have to do for now.

There's just a few more things to do before the festival.
I had to make just a few more preparations.

I want to welcome the day I overcame all obstacles and get to leisurely watch Montavo beat up Yuutarou.

＊＊

"Then all I have to do is leave this paper laying around?"

"Yeah. Just leave it on a table at the bar or so and make it look like something a customer forgot. Now go, go!"

I pushed Liu's back away.

"Sheesh, you're rough on your underlings. You've been neglecting your legal wife and BLing with Mon just yesterday. But I wonder why, when remembering Motoki and Mon going 'Aah—!' my heart, like, feels …!"

"STOP IT, don't turn rotten, and don't make my and Montavo's master student relation into something dirty"

"By the way Ruby already began writing a novel with a Motoki×Mon couple. She says she was going to publish it in town to get back at you for before"

"You women … — just go!" I said, chasing away Liu with the flyers.

Carrying the same, I went out to town.
After a bit of walking, I reached the circular plaza at the center of town.

"The ground was still gouged out, huh …"

The scars from the Montavo vs Phryne fight last night was clearly left there.

Recalling the heart-stirring fight between the two, I got up onto the audience seating surrounding the arena.

Here and there on the wooden seats, I left several sheets of the paper I brought with me.
If someone took the paper and turn what's written inside into rumor a few days

later — my scheme will be a success.

"Ah, that's right"

I jumped down from the seats to the arena.

I approached where Phryne turned to sand last night.
And there were mysteriously sparkling sand here and there.

Since it's might be a clue someday, I collected it.

… but I wonder who did it, bringing Phrine back to life.

I looked up at the night sky.
I asked the goddess who resided there in my heart.

Euva, was it you? or maybe some other —

No, no use asking now.

If they don't get in the way of my plans, then I don't mind who they were or what they were doing.

"*If* they don't get in the way, that is …"

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60 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 23

While being rocked about on the coach, the Lord of Coura, Grischa La Coura, thought of his wife.

Irene — The wife who earnestly supported himself as a Lord.

One year after his previous wife died, Grischa married his current wife Irene.
For Grischa, she was a better woman than his previous wife was.

The fact Grischa who wasn't talented by any means inherited the Lordship was thanks to his wife.
His wife can see through the world.
There were never even one occasion that he went wrong with following what his wife said.

The one who took care after the Orcs attacked Coura three years ago was mostly her.

When he offered his daughter Kirisha's hand in marriage to the local noble, the Gingaits, just as his wife said — they immediately silenced the noisy townspeople.
Sure enough, he can't go wrong doing what his wife said.

The one who decided Montavo to fight Yuutarou was also his wife.
For the Lord Girischa's family, this feat had no demerits at all.

If Monavo won then Kirisha would marry into the Gingaits as planned, and if Yuutarou won, there would be no problem either.

Yuutarou.
He was the currently popular reincarnator, bringing down Orc fortresses one after another.
He would surely win fame as a great hero in the near future.
If his daughter joined Yuutarou's party — he would be able to gain fame for the family.

Which was why he didn't care who won.

By the way, the one who decided the match should take place on the last day of the festival was also his wife.
Religious authority had been weakening in Coura lately so they had misgivings

about even holding a festival — but by having the top grade entertainment of a hero's match, the townspeople became excited right away.

His wife was a genius. Irene was the best of the best of women — that was what Lord Grischa believed.
However —

"……"

Grischa was right now having trouble with regard to Irene.

He was suspecting Irene of adultery.

It had become the talk of the town.
Irene was gallivanting with men.

He was told, she was hunting for men at a high-class tavern.
She herself called out to a man at the counter, and the two disappeared into the night.

There were no end to the eyewitness reports. Not just one or two saw his wife walking with a man.

Among them, there were some who saw his wife strip naked in public.

Grischa found it unbelievable.
That good wife and wise mother, to be cheating —

"Impossible …"

Sure, he did allow Irene a certain amount of freedom.

But to gallivant about night in and night out, was logically impossible.
But there were too many rumors, Grischa couldn't help distrusting his wife.

Currently, Grischa was forbidding Irene to go outside and locked her up in her room.
At the entrance, he set up a maid to stand watch.

Irene was shocked at this treatment and said, "why do you even need to suspect me who loves you so …"

However, Grischa couldn't be calm unless he did this.
There were too many rumors

“— master, we’re here”

While the thoughts ran through his mind, the coach arrived at the mansion.

“Hm?” Grischa felt something amiss.

Even though the coach had arrived, no maids came out to greet him.

He thought it impossible, but he opened the door himself and entered the mansion.
When he did, a maid who happened to be there opened her eyes wide in surprise.

“M, master!? Why … didn’t you come home just earlier …”

“What the hell are you saying …!?”

— something’s not right.
Grischa scrunched his eyebrows.

“…… tsk”

Grischa had a bad presentiment and went to the second story bedroom.

The maid who should have been standing watch by the door wasn’t there.

“Irene!”

Grischa jumped inside the room.

And what he saw there was —.

“———”

His wife Irene was on the bed.
She seems to be asleep.

And sleeping next to her — was a butler who had long served the house.

Grischa couldn’t believe the scene in front of his eyes.

“M, master!? T, this is not what it looks …!”

The butler got up in a fluster — but soon looked as if he had resolved himself.

“… no need to make excuses anymore, huh … actually, ever since the day Lady

Irene came to this house, we have been having this kind of relations. Everyone in the house knows of this, only Master doesn't"

"W, what did you …?"

Grisha's whole body trembled …

Not only his wife and butler, everyone in the house betrayed him —

However, it all makes sense now.

Even though he was absent, there was no way his wife could so grandly sleep around with men.
But if everyone knew and stayed silent —

"——"

Grischa's sight wavered.

Who, who could he believe.
Not his wife, not his butler, not anybody in the house.

At a time like this he could only believe in family. Only his daughters Yuyu and Lala — no.

— were Yuyu and Lala even actually his daughters?

Irene had been sleeping with the butler since the day she came to this house. It couldn't be —

The butler continued.

"Lady Irene was such a slut. With just some incitement from me she easily opened her legs. But on this point, your previous wife Lady Maron was tough … there was no gap to use in her. Such a chaste woman. So different from this slut sleeping next to me — Well then, excuse me!"

With that said, the butler ran to the windows and jumped.

Left behind, Grischa felt like the world had collapsed around him.
The maids came running after hearing the commotion and seemed to be saying something, but it didn't enter his ears.

Where could he find someone to trust—

Then a face popped into his head.

That's right, only her—

"Kirisha … where's my Kirisha …"

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61 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 24

"Montavo, you helped my son the other day didn't you? Thank you, really"
"Montavo, thanks for the advice the other day! My shop's getting back in the black somewhat!"
"Montavo, make sure you win against Yuutarou, okay. Everyone's rooting for you!"

Montavo who was practicing with his sword in the plaza was called out by the townspeople.
This was how it's been recently.

Ever since he was released from his trauma with Phryne, Montavo had been actively helping people.
With the high specs he was born with in full swing helping people, Montavo's popularity boomed.

The people that until recently had been going Yuutarou this Yuutarou that were now infatuated by the noble's third son.

I understood their feelings well. The Montavo right now had charm.
This bearing that exudes aura belongs to a story Protagonist.

"Yes, I'll do my best! I'll devote all my strength and challenge the reincarnator Yuutarou!"

Sunlight shone on the scar on Montavo's cheek.
The mark that said *I am the protagonist*.

"I don't need to worry anymore, I suppose"

Transformed as Kai, I muttered.

Today the training ends.

All that's left is to watch the two fight.

＊＊

The practice continued until sundown, then I judged Montavo to have fully mastered training.

Since you're now a Protagonist, there's nothing more I could teach you, I told him.

Montavo bowed to me deeply with tears in his eyes.

"Thank you very much …! If I hadn't met with Kai, I would surely have walked the path to ruin! I have you to thank for everything!"

"No, it's alright, you don't have to say that"

"It's not alright! I am really grateful to you. I will be your disciple for life!"

"… do what you like"

As you'd expect, it's awkward when you get thanked straight like this.

I only trained him for my own sake …

"… I say whatever, but don't lose to Yuutarou. Make sure you win against that chuuni"

When I said so Montavo had a complicated expression.

"Well, about that, Kai … Is Yuutarou's and my battle going to happen …?"

"Hm? Ah, of course it's going to happen, right? You can't stop it this late"

The truth is, there were lots of doubts about the festival this time.

The reason was that the Lord of Coura, Grisha, had gone insane.

According to the rumors, Grisha claimed that his wife had been sleeping with men in town and his own butler.
He even tried to put his wife and butler to the sword.

Not only that, he even added that his house employees had conspired to cover up his wife's infidelity — he wanted them all put in prison.

Punishments and fines were actually the prerogative of the Lord.
However, his claims this time was too unfounded so the Quira and Euva churches joined hands and stopped him.

Milord, that was all your own persecution complex, they said.

The Lord Grisha only allowed his daughter by his previous wife, Kirisha, near him and shut himself in his room.

Sheesh, so weak minded. That's why the idiot's always been dominated by women.

Lord Grisha would probably be unable to continue his married life with Irene any more after this.
He's surely going to chase her away soon.
What about the twins Yuyu and Lala? Will they be chased out together with her?

— well, let's just see how things go.

Incidentally, it should go without explaining, but the one who cornered Grisha this far was me.

As Irene, I played around in town and fanned rumors, casting a shadow of doubt on Grisha's heart.

Then, when Grisha was away I transformed into him. I entered the mansion and went into the bedroom Irene was kept in.
I then transformed into the elf and used magic to paralyze Irene.
Finally, I transformed into the butler and waited for the Lord to come home.

If Grisha only thought a little then he'd notice something was amiss, and yet he crumbled much easier than I expected. He's truly a small fry.

"— well, you don't need to think too much, just focus your mind until the day of the fight. See ya"

I said as much to Montavo and turned away — but then

"U, um … Kai!"

"Hm?"

I was called to a stop and turned around, Montavo had an unusually serious face on.

Oh no, is he going to confess to me? I tensed, but there's no way that's going to happen.

Montavo quietly said.

"Kai, I am really really thankful to you. I will forever be. So — whatever you're going to do from now on, I will never begrudge you. Please remember that. My ties with you will last a lifetime"

“＿＿”

I think I still underestimated him.
Montavo was having suspicions.

That I was scheming something.

Not only did he notice, he also would accept whatever happens—

“Yeah, I’ll keep it in mind. Our bond is forever”

＊＊

There were lots of people tonight.
Everyone was waiting for the festival that was going to take place starting tomorrow, every shop was full.
There were temporary misgivings about the festival, but it began peacefully.

“But these decorations are weird …”

Fantastic art were placed in town here and there.
They were made of excess crops and animal bones.

The harvest festival was probably something close to hallowe’en.
Every culture holds festivals like these when the season changes.

There was the sound of music playing from somewhere.
The collaboration of the strings and percussion felt mysteriously good.

“＿＿”

I stood up in the middle of the throng.

As I did, the people’s smiles were baked into my eyes.
Depending on the situation, I might end up destroying this.

This scene might well disappear —

“……”

I disrupted the relations between the Lord, Irene, and the butler in order to save Kirisha.
In order to distance the Lord from Irene and her daughters and get him attached to Kirisha.

— But not only that.

I planned on weakening Coura itself.

By removing the Lord's brain Irene and the butler, I will destabilize the town. — That was the biggest goal of yesterday's act.

The reason the foolish Lord Grisha could become Lord was because of his wife and butler.
As long as they're there, the town won't be disturbed in any big way.

And when Coura is peaceful — reincarnators will come here one after another.

The initial town for reincarnators have an inseparable relation with them.
As long as Coura and Sephro hadn't been captured, the problem won't be cured.

Even as I racked my brains over Yuutarou, it was no more than a coping measure.

I weakened the Quira church when I handled Miria's case, and now the central pillar of the town, its Lord, was shaken.
And now if just one more disturbance happened —

I left the main road and entered an alleyway.
When I did, a lone girl walked to me from the other side.

She looked like an Elf — but she's really a High Orc.

I acted as if passing her by and handed her a letter.

"Send this to Luna"

This game with Yuutarou will soon be over.

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62 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 25

"The *lolikko* hasn't been coming over lately, hasn't she. And I thought I've finally got the chance to teach someone some life lessons. Like how to do a brilliant *dogeza* or how to take the panties off your noisy friends"

"Those things are only useful for you. But I'm interested in the taking off panties things, can you please teach me?"

"Oh, are you interested? That's a philandering dick for you, always keeping ahead on technology. That desire to improve is one of the reasons I let you get more sex friends, Sleazyki. — I don't mind teaching you but there will be a catch. Let me borrow some pocket money. I don't have cash. I can't go buy things at the festival like this. Give me money!"

"Um, didn't I just give you some the other day? How did you waste it all so fast? Because your existence is itself a waste?"

"Well, I invested it in this"

What Liu showed me was a bundle of paper that looked like horserace betting tickets.
All the tickets had the name Montavo written on them.

It seems she spent all her money on Montavo's win. You scum …

"Well, Montavo's gonna win, right? He's gonna beat Yuutarou down with Motoki's underhanded tricks, right? Heh he, I'm actually a small time capitalist at heart you know! I refresh myself with a bathtub of copper coins!"

"So both your heart *and* body are dirty … so how's the betting rate looking?"

"Yuutarou is bigger but there are quite a lot who bet on Montavo. That noble's got quite the reputation"

"Hmmm"

It was obvious but the audience will be cheering for their bet.
I shouldn't underestimate the voice of the crowd.
In all sports, the home team with the louder cheers going for them have the overwhelmingly bigger win rate.

Ideally, I wanted the crowd to be split fifty-fifty, but —

“Well, I suppose I should be glad he gets any … — It’s about time Liu, let’s go out”

Liu and I together set out to town on the opening day of the harvest festival.
There was nothing in particular that I had to do, so I genuinely went out to enjoy the festival.

“Ah … Garba, Motoki! Liu-*chan*!”
We met up with Ruby at the meeting place in front of the shopping street.

I felt like she was calling me names as soon as she saw me, but let’s not sweat the small things.

“Ruby, yaaaay! How are your novels going? Have you reached the part where Motoki gets raped?”

“Mm … it’s going well. My grudge against Motoki’s giving me plenty of motivation …”

“Yes yes, I know that feel. When it’s done this Liu-*chan* is going to take responsibility and spread it around!”

“……”

I thought I heard an improper talk, but let’s not worry about it.

While buying these two some things from the food stalls, I nonchalantly led them to a quiet place.
Towards an abandoned building.

“Hey wait up Motoki, why are we heading to a deserted place? The stands are that way”

“Hm? Well, you see, it’s a festival”

When it’s a festival, isn’t there something you have to do?

“Um, I don’t see how this relates to the festival … uh, why are you eagle-gripping my and Ruby’s boobs …?”

“Well, you see, it’s a festival”

“Like I said, why do you have to let out my and Ruby’s boobs just because it’s a festival! Um, people are going to come …!”

“Well, you see, it’s a festival”

“Are those the only words you know!? … ah, no … don’t pinch …”

“Give it up Liu-*chan* … Garbageki won’t stop once he’s like this …”

Unlike Liu who’s been protesting, Ruby had already given up.

Ruby made no move to resist and only stared at me in embarrassment and heavy breathing.
She had accepted the fact that her breasts are out in the open as a normal thing.
The result of her training.

Ruby was so gallant and great I ignored Liu and focused on her.

I’ve already developed her this far so I knew these breasts like the back of my hand.
Both her breasts had my kiss marks at all times.

“Uuu— …”

Liu started kicking me, but let’s leave her be.

Humm — but you know.

“……”

I’ve done it with these two several tens of times already, so, how should I put it …

Frankly speaking, I’m a little bored …

I might have gotten too pampered to be able to say this in front of two beauties half-naked in public, but I can’t help being bored.
I have to change things around.

I grabbed both their hands and started walking.

“Eh, wa … Sleazyki?”

“H, hey Garbageki … there’s people over there …?”

We went to a place we were more in danger of being seen than the one earlier.
We could hear the bustle and the sound of footsteps from right next to us.

The two frantically tried to cover their breasts with their arms.
Good, thanks to the tension I feel myself springing with *tension*.

Also …

“Hey, Deadki … why are you tying me up …? They’ll see, they’ll see us …!”

I used Ruby’s clothes for rope and tied both her hands behind her back tightly.

If someone were to come now Ruby won’t be able to hide her impressive breasts.
Ruby frantically tried to twist her body and face the wall but I held her shoulders and stopped her.

Flustered, Ruby’s eyes teared up — Mm, this is good.
I’m getting aroused.

“M, Motoki … why only Ruby …! Your legal wife is here! No, I don’t mean I want to be tied up but I still can’t accept it!”

“Well, if I tied you up you can use your Thief skills to set yourself free right?”

“U … uuh …”

And thus I neglected Liu for tonight and concentrated on Ruby.

This big breasted girl’s been cheeky lately, so I decided to up on her discipline.

“Ah … ! No don’t pull it down …!”

I pulled her skirt and panties down, making her completely naked.

“Now then …”

I then laid Ruby down on the ground.
Then I used the skirt I stripped off Ruby and bound her feet.

“Garbageki … why my feet too? I can’t move, I can’t move …!”

Ruby, buck naked, with both hands and feet tied.

In that state, she was laid down on the surface of the ground.

“Then see you later Ruby”

With Ruby naked and unable to move, I left her there with Liu and left the place.

“Eh …!? H, hey …! Don’t leave me …!”

I ignored Ruby’s pleas and turned the corner, then waited.

Ruby would be on tetherhooks about now. If someone came and saw her like this —
They would see her big breasts, they would ravish her —

After waiting a while I went back to Ruby. She was glaring at me with a red face.

The sophisticated neglect play brought her anger to the top. She wasn’t even able to speak and only trembled in rage.

“Sorry, sorry …”

I gently patted her head and untied her feet.

And then we —

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63 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 26

«TN: WordPress says this is my 200th post…»

The Lord of Coura, Grisha, had locked himself in his room these few days.

What in the world happened to him — not even Grisha himself knew.

His wife commited adultery.
With men in town, and with his butler.

Grisha saw it with his own eyes.
Everyone at home should know it too.

He wanted to pass judgement on them. These insolent fools who made fun of the Lord.

However, there was no proof.

Investigation by the Church showed that both his wife and the butler had alibis. Unable to find evidence of his wife's infidelity, she said to him with a smile, rumors will be rumors.

— Impossible … I saw it myself …

Lord Grisha was in distress. Was he going crazy. No, that's not possible.

He couldn't believe anything.
He couldn't trust anyone.

Until now, whenever anything like this happened, he left it all to Irene.

But now, Irene herself was the cause of the turmoil.

Then how about his cute daughters Yuyu and Lala —
But those girls, he still couldn't be sure they were his own daughters.

The world became uncertain —

But there's just one.
Grisha could only believe in his daughter Kirisha, she stayed by his side.

His daughter by his previous wife was the only one he was sure was her daughter.

Even now, Kirisha was by his side.

“Papa, are you alright …?”

Kirisha worriedly hovered over her father who was collapsed on the bed.

The clear eyes of his daughter — they were very beautiful.
He smiled despite himself.

Then he heard cheers from outside the window.
Grisha stood himself up and looked down from the window.

“Ah … the harvest festival is starting …”

There were lots of people.
Footsteps and laughter repeatedly overlapped —

Then he remembered, a memory floated onto the Lord’s mind.

“Kirisha … do you remember? There was this one time you wanted to go to the festival so you dressed as a commoner and the two of us went out to town … it was exciting wasn’t it?”

“Kirisha never remembered anything like that, so maybe it’s Yuyu or Lala *desuyo*, Papa!”

“I, is that so …? Not good, the Lord made a mistake. What to do, we should rule [1], or not”

“Papa, your Lord jokes are back *desuyo*! Kirisha is relieved!”

“Ooh … you liked it. But, this is not good. To crack jokes in my position, I’m practically ordering my underlings to laugh. I’m a marquis [2], though”

“Papa, you’re on a roll *desuyo*! You’re the best!”

Kirisha burst into laughter, slapping her hand on the floor.

Right, she was always the easy one to laugh.
Nobody but Kirisha ever laughed to his Lord jokes, so he rarely ever told them anymore.

Kirisha was still rolling in laughter by the bedside.

— ah, this is bliss.

He suddenly thought.

Even though he had such happiness being near Kirisha, why did he throw that happiness away.

Thinking back, there was no particular reason.
It just happened one day.

The one who made it happen was —

"……"

Grisha deeply regretted.

Soon, this lovely daughter would leave his side.

Either to Yuutarou or to Montavo.

How did it turn out like this.

It was all none other that —

"Because I was weak …"

＊＊

"Welco — oh my, have I seen you before …?"

I was entering the Euvan bar, I mean, church when Miria greeted me.

In bartender getup, Miria saw me not as the "little lamb", and tilted her head in doubt.

This was the first time I met Miria in my own form.

But even though I'm in another form, after doing it with me day in and day out, Miria felt something.

I was sipping on liquor at the counter, and Miria stared at me, "*jiiiiiiiii*"
Too close …

“Little lamb’s big brother …? But you don’t look alike at all … but you’re somehow alike …”
jiiiiiiiiiii … Miria stared at me so close her nose was going to touch me.

“U, um … who is this ‘little lamb’ …?”

I feigned ignorance and asked.

“My my! You want to hear about me and little lamb? What should I do I wonder, I don’t normally want to talk about this to men … but I somehow feel like it’s okay to talk to you”

“Ufu,” chuckled Miria.

“All right, I’ll tell you. My and little lamb’s dazzling sex days …!”

Then Miria began telling the story.
The story about the days of her seedy days doing all kinds of things with the little lamb.

“And you know, little lamb is an incredible pervert … just the other day he put Rania and me upside down and did us both —”

“…”

While listening to Miria, I waited for the chance to talk.

I wanted to say, *I’m the little lamb*.

Miria still didn’t know that I was the little lamb or that I could transform.

It’s not like there would be any problems keeping her like this — but I felt I should tell her soon.
That’s what I thought, for some reason.
I don’t know how it’s going to be after the festival is over.

Now is the time, I’ll tell her now, I waited for the time, but —

“and then, the little lamb … of all things … dived under the counter, and licked me while I was serving guests … geez, I thought I was going to leak a voice … such a naughty boy …”

Miria wouldn't stop talking.
Only my and Miria's liquor decreased — and finally.

"She fell asleep …"

Miria fell flat on the counter and started breathing regularly.

This woman's full of freedom too.

I lent Miria a shoulder to get her in the back room.
But then —

"Little laaaaamb … my, you've grown big haven't you … if you're this big, then we can do lots and lots more things … I'm happy …"

Miria sleeptalked and mistook me for the little lamb.
Or rather, she saw through me.
Exactly because her consciousness had become dull that she could forgo reason and conclude that I'm the same person as the little lamb.

Miria circled her arms around my neck and kissed me. Then she said "I wanna do it"

"Alright …"

I picked Miria up and carried her in a princess carry.
She asked me, so I'm not about to say no.

"And since we're doing it anyway"

It'll be boring to do it on the bed. I want the thrill of doing it outside.

I left the church into the back alley through the back door.

I took Miria's bartending clothes off, stripping her naked.

I casually put Miria's beautiful body down on the dirty alley, the gap was great.

"But, not enough …"

There's still room for improvement.
Miria had recently been trailblazing through sexual experience, merely doing it outside won't be enough for her.

I smeared some nearby dirt on Miria, dirtying her skin.

I then wrote some indecent words on her thighs with mud.

Yes yes, this is good. Let's add more.

I wrote everything that came to mind on her face and body.

And finally, I made her do a peace sign with both hands.

the *Double Peace*

"Alright…!"

Preparation complete.
I took my clothes off too.

In front of me there was Miria with indecent words written all over her body.
And doing a double peace too.
Oops, forgot to put her legs in the M shape.
I made her as sluttish as I could.

Now the preparations are complete.

I normally do it with Miria in the shape of a child so it was refreshing to be able to do it as an adult.

With my adult body, I hung over Miria.

And then we —

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1. TN: What to do = doushimashou (dou + shimashou); let us govern = doushimashou (doushi + mashou) ↩
2. TN: to give an order = kyuuhaku (suru); Lord of marque = henkyuuhaku ↩

64 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 27

Final day of the Harvest Festival.
The day Yuutarou will be fighting Montavo.

The morning of that day, Montavo woke up earlier than usual.

His head and body felt fresh, he didn't sleep again but left the bed.

He opened the shutters and bathed in the day's still faint first light.

In the cool light, he shut his eyes.

— Am I afraid?

A question meant for his own self.
The answer came immediately: No

His enemy was an unparallelled reincarnator, even backed by a goddess.
But there was no fear in Montavo.

He had spent every effort for this fight, and most of all, he was no longer fixated on the idea of winning.

Not that he didn't want victory.
He was staking his whole body and soul to try and defeat Yuutarou.

But that's not for the sake of fame, nor for a reward.
All Montavo wanted was the greatest fight with the strongest opponent.

He wanted to know — whether the sword arts he trained his whole life would be of use against a reincarnator.

To clash life with life, elevate each other, to present a beautiful sword dance.
That will be his repayment to Phryne, and also to Kai.

"……"

If he could, he wanted a confrontation with Yuutarou in the wilderness with nobody around.

With no obligations, just an exchange of swords —

"— Mon, are you awake …?"

The door to his room was opened and his sister entered.

"Good morning, sister"

"Huh, Mon, you've stopped being loudmouthed …? I don't really care … — but say, Mon … I've made the invitee list to your wedding … I'm calling the Lord of Sephor, and the guild higher-ups … you have anyone else you want to invite … ? Ah, maybe your girlfriends …? I wanna see a catfight …"

Montavo's sister already began his wedding preparations.
The one with the Lord's daughter Kirisha —

Yes, that was how this all began.

The engagement between Montavo and Kirisha that had been arranged for several years — and Yuutarou calling for a stop to it.
[Kirisha will go on a journey with me! If you have a complaint, then fight me!], he said.

An obstruction by a reincarnator — but the Gingaits utilized even that.

They proceeded talks with the Lord's wife, making the fight a spectacle, and get a cut of the earnings.

To rise again even when they fall. No, the Gingaits don't possess the notion of stumbling to begin with.
To pick up gold from the ground where they stumble — that was the way of the trader.

And if Montavo won against Yutarou and obtained Kirisha as planned, everything would be perfect.

"Big sis … um, about the wedding …"

"Yeah … I'm looking forward to it … the Marquis' blood you know … the marquis …!"

His sister raised both hands and spun around.
Her face looked so happy.

"……"

Montavo wasn't interested in the Kirisha girl.

Only, she seemed so pitiful.

It was the way of the world that the daughters of the strong would marry against their wishes — but to marry into the Gingaits, what will become of her.

She will be used, that's for sure.
To suck dry all value out of anything that had value.
That is how the Gingaits are.

He wanted to win against Yuutarou, but if he did, an unrelated young girl would descend into unhappiness.

— if it comes to that …

＊＊

The morning of that day, Kirisha woke up on her father's bed.

She was still sleepy.
Her father next to her was still in dreamland.

She had been listening to her father's Lord jokes until late last night.
Kirisha continued laughing, as if she had returned to the past.

Since her mother died, her father seemed like a stranger.

He had a gloomy face, and did not tell a single joke.

His change was finalized when his new wife Irene came.

He was captivated by his wife's charm, and became a yesman — never deciding anything without her say so, completely becoming an imbecile.

His father mercilessly raised fines from the people — his reputation gradually worsened.
But as long as his wife loved him, he was happy.

Kirisha's father who obeyed his wife was like a machine, and in the eyes of Kirisha who knew what her father used to be like, he looked vaguely fearful.

He was afraid to displease his new wife, so he treated Kirisha like she didn't

exist.
He ended up focusing his love on his wife and her two daughters.

Kirisha didn't begrudge him for that. He probably didn't have any other choice.
People change — that was what Kirisha believed.

"……"

Yesterday, Irene went back to her parent's home, and Kirisha's father loved her even more dearly.
Her warm father had come back.

She was happy.
But Kirisha saw the situation with cold eyes.

"He will change again anyway"

Kirisha looked over the town from the window.
At the activity of the people that change day by day.

— I wanted a place that doesn't change.

She wanted to leave on a journey with Yuutarou and find a place she can be at peace.
An absolutely unchanging utopia.
A place without the fear of change —

Her father would be sad, but Kirisha wanted to see her dream come true.

Only —

"Uncle …"

When she was reminded of the Uncle, Liu, and Ruby, her chest tightened.

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65 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 28

"So here, use it well. Well, it's going to be a big deal if it broke, though"

I transformed into Kai and formally gave Montavo the demon sword Ghulcyut in front of the arena entrance.

Ghulcyut seemed to have already considered Montavo as a master, so it didn't struggle anymore. In fact, it seemed happier than when I was wielding it. Damn slut of a sword ….

"Thank you very much. — I will make sure I show you the best fight that won't be a shame to the sword"

"Okay, good luck"

Having curtly said that I separated from Montavo.
There's no more to say now.
The sword knows all the important things.

Having done my duty as his master, I got up to the audience seating on the coliseum-like arena.

"Ooooi— Motoki! This way! This way!"

Liu who was sitting on a back seat waved her arms at me.

"This transcendently multitalented early-rising Liu-*chan* had properly tagged seats! Well, it was harsh you see, I had to wake up in the morning you see. Ah, I think it's worth praising, it's worth giving me some more pocket money"

The broke Liu stole glances at me. I ignored her and looked around.

The audience, eyes bright in anticipation, cheered so loudly it hurt my ears.

Even though the match hadn't yet begun, the arena was already enthused.

Well, it's that good a match, after all.

The reincarnator who had a goddess' protection and the swordsman Montavo whose fame was heard all the way to the continent.
People obviously would want to know — which of them was the stronger one.

At a glance, it looked like the Yuutarou fans had the greater numbers but Montavo's had the louder cheers.
The adventurers Montavo saved all put their whole might into their cheers as if to make up for their inferior numbers.

Everyone was wild with enthusiasm.

"It's amazing though. So it's really because there's gambling involved"

"Really, they should be enjoying the match elegantly, I say. Someone highborn such as I only — URAAAAA MONTAVO!! I'M BETTING ALL MY MONEY ON YOU SO YOU BETTER WIN OR ELSE!!"

As Montavo entered the arena, Liu furiously shook her knife.
I was really embarrassed but since it's good that there are more voices cheering for Montavo, so I let her be.

Then, I sent my gaze towards a certain place in the stadium.
The Lord was there.
Next to him was Kirisha.

Kirisha worriedly gripped her father's hand tight.

＊＊

In the middle of the jam-packed venue.

Montavo was standing in the middle of the arena.

Yuutarou still hadn't entered.
Normally, the lower ranked person should be the one enter first. By all rights they should have entered together.

But Montavo as the challenger wanted to challenge Yuutarou.
This order of entrance was what he wanted.

— there's no need to stand on ceremony.

Vanity will only get in the way in the fighting ring.
It doesn't matter who thought what.

Only the clashing of bodies matters.

Casually, Montavo surveyed the arena grounds.
There were faint traces of the death match with Phryne.

Because of that fight Montavo became an adult.
Kai praised him, saying [You've come to be more of a protagonist, haven't you]
Nowhere in the world would there be greater praise than that.

— I wonder if I could grow some more after fighting Yuutarou.

He had expectations.
What kind of talk would they have through the sword today.
A sword fight is like a dialogue.
Iron clashes with iron, exchanging life views and experience with each other, elevating them both.

Montavo could not wait for the fight to start and simulated the fight that was about to begin in his head — however

"……?"

He tried to bring Yuutarou's face to mind, but he couldn't.
Even though they had met many times, he for some reason couldn't remember the look of the reincarnator.

Why —

Just then.
The arena was wrapped in a loud cheer.

Yuutarou had entered.

Montavo raised his head and gazed at the boy he was about to fight.

"———"

— Ah, I see.

The moment he saw him, Montavo understood why he could not remember Yuutarou's looks.

His existence was just too light.
He knew that Yuutarou posessed great strength. But he had no depth.

He didn’t need to cross swords, he understood that with one look.
Yuutarou was a child beyond helping.

He was sure Yuutarou hadn’t experienced anything.
Never saw the dark side of life.
And yet, he had acquired power.

— how pitiful …

Yuutarou entered and shouted.

“Oi bastard! You promised you won’t marry Kirisha if I won, right! I definitely won’t hand Kirisha to the likes of you! I’m going to protect her!”

Yuutarou gave Kirisha a glance.
He was drunk with himself.

Montavo wanted to look away from such a Yuutarou.

He looked too much like how he himself was.

— I want to save him.

Montavo became angry.
Not to Yuutarou, but tho the person behind him.

When a child makes a fool of himself, there will undoubtedly be an adult smiling in joy behind him.

— Today I will make Yuutarou see.

He hardened his resolve.

And thus the battle began.

“I’ll show you my power!”

Immediately, Yuutarou produced a fireball over his upturned palm.

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66 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 29

"Guys with cheats, seriously …"

I muttered in the audience seat.
In the ring, Yuutarou immediately went full-power.

Fireballs, waterballs, balls of earth and lightning, light and void — Yuutarou fired off elemental balls one after the other.

All his balls contained great amounts of magic power.

Why did he have that much magic power, where did he train — I feel like an idiot just for asking.
This was what cheats are.
If you have the backing of a goddess you can use as much magic power as you like, and you're exempt from training.

It makes you feel stupid for working hard.

"But he's still that strong, huh …"

Up until now I successfully took two of Yuutarou's girls.
I also weakened the Quira church in town.

I should've whittled quite a lot of his power — but Yuutarou was still this overwhelming.
If I transformed into Kai and challenged him, I probably wouldn't last 10 seconds before being killed.

Every time Yuutarou launched an attack, the audience cheered, "Waaa!"
The brilliant and impressive elemental light caught everyone's eyes.

— however.

"Unhurt, huh. Alright"

Montavo wasn't hurt at all.
He took all the elemental balls and stood there like nothing happened.

The Sacrament Cage hanging from his neck was able to protect its master from

the reincarnator's attack waves.

Sacrament Cage — such a wonderful item.
Its origin was not really known, but I'm sure it must be a goddess' handmade item.

For now, at least this means the first stage of the fight was over.
The magic cheat Yuutarou was unable to win with magic — objectively speaking, this situation benefits Montavo.

But reincarnators aren't so easy they'd just stop there.
The *real* fight begins now.

In the ring, Yuutarou stopped launching magic and said to Montavo, "You bastard, I heard magic don't work on you, but it's really true, huh! But even so, I'm not gonna lose! I have shed blood practicing with my companions in order to defeat you! And I've learned the way of the sword!"

Yuutarou took out a sword from his waist.

"I will fight to protect Kirisha! I definitely won't give up! We fight with the sword now!!"

Yuutarou's declaration made the audience erupt in cheers. Their voices caused a rumble in the ground.

A hero, declaring that he will fight even at a disadvantage to protect a woman — sure, that'd make him look cool.

I looked at Kirisha in the Lord's seat.
After Yuutarou said that, did she fall for Yuutarou again —

But Kirisha's eyes were cold.
She was staring at the arena with an annoyed expression, the lights going out of her eyes.

I, I know those eyes…
The cute girls in class have those when they look at a chuuni yelling out loud in class …

… scary.
I recalled the things that happened in my past and gripped Liu's arm next to me without meaning to.

"… Say Liu, look at Kirisha's eyes. Why are girls so cold to chuunis? Sure, he may be annoying when he said he was going to protect her, but wouldn't she be at least moved?"

"Weell, if he really was fighting hard for her sake then she'd be a little moved, I guess. But you see, when he's just making her into an excuse so he could show his own great skills she'd obviously look like that. *Don't you just want to fight in public and get people to say you're amazing. Aren't you just trying to say 'I'm cool, I can also fight with the sword', then say it like it is and fight for fun*. Something like that. *Don't get me involved, creep*"

"……"

Women are scary…

＊＊

Montavo unsheathed his sword and stared at Yuutarou.
Not focusing his sight on a point, but widened his vision and looked at every part of him.
Gathering information about his opponent.

— The very image of inexperience.

One's skill with the sword is reflected in how one stands.
Where one puts one's feet, how one hold one's sword, how one's joints are positioned — Yuutarou completely failed in all counts.

Yuutarou was currently telling the audience what kind of hard practice he's been doing — but he probably wanted to learn a showy killing move.
Real sword training is hopelessly plain and a very long term thing.

Endless repetition.
Maddening humiliation.

Learning a technique to get you a leap forward will surely make you fall behind later.
Which is why there's nothing to it but steady advance.
No, not just the sword, all practice is like that.

Yuutarou did not know that. He didn't know at all.
Which means, he did not know life at all.

— This goes beyond pitiful …

Montavo had tried to run away from the ordinary path once, so he might not have the qualifications to call others out on it.
But still, Montavo chagrined at himself for that.
He hated himself who ran away — he used that anguish as nourishment and here he stood now in this place.

Yuutarou never anguished.
Then that means, his life amounted to nothing.

He grimaced despite himself.
He wanted to release this clown, no, puppet called Yuutarou as soon as he could.

— however.

That would probably not be easy.
His opponent was a reincarnator after all.
A person who trampled over people's efforts ignoring reason and logic.

"I'm coming at you, you bastard! Watch my sword!"

Yuutarou suddenly stepped forward.
Not even a bow at him who waited for him to unsheathe his sword.
The worst manners.
But that's how children are.
Montavo wasn't angry.
There was no room for him to have superfluous emotions.

The attack came like rushing wind.
Fast.
He dodged by a hair's breadth.
Some of his hair was cut.

Two blows
Three blows
Four blows
Five blows

Thrusts came one after another.
He dodged them by reflex.
His eyes couldn't see them.

"URAAAAA!"

He received Yuutarou's sixth blow, a thrust aimed straight at his torso, with the demon sword.

"……!"
What dreadful power.
Unable to bear it, Montavo's body was pushed back.
It made tracks in the ground.

The seventh blow, a thrust to the face, he dodged by twisting his neck.

He took the eighth, his body was pushed back.

He took the ninth and thought he was going to be blown away.

Another thrust followed.
Yuutarou continued thrusting his thin sword.

The speed and power was overwhelming him.

If he lost focus for just one moment, that moment will decide his defeat.

Receive, receive, receive, receive —

He received them by reflex.
He entrusted the movements all to his body.
His consciousness merely followed after.

Montavo felt like an outside observer, watching his own movements after the fact.

Receive.
The moment he took the blow, he twisted the demon sword and parried it behind him.
His body did this all on its own.
I see, that makes it easier to fight

Receive, parry.
Receive, parry.
Receive, parry.
Receive, parry.
Receive, parry.
Receive, parry.

Every move had his life at stake.

The moment he made a mistake, that moment everything will end.
There would be no chance to recover.

He brought his focus to its limits, sharpening his five senses.

— Ah, I can hear the voices …

Even though here he was, staking his life, the voices from the audience reached his ears.

There were lots of cheers for Yuutarou.
The successive high speed thrusts excited the audience.

— Why can't they all see that Yuutarou's way of being is strange.

Just like a child who couldn't see what practice would lead to, showing technique that surpasses others.
It's obviously strange, isn't it?

Why do people praise him, "amazing, amazing"
He's just a child swinging a given power around, why did they so honestly praise him.

So long as he had power they'll praise and lift him up high — isn't that the reason why this child's still empty thus far.

He's allowed anything since he's a "Good Guy"
Killing enemies with a power he's merely given, gathering women like dolls, but so long as he put on a pretense of being an ally of justice, everything was forgiven.

Stop kidding me.
There's no way that's okay.
Isn't that going to make him rotten.
And all who saw it is going to become worse and worse.

Somebody, scold this stupid child —!

"— HAAAAA!!"

Montavo swept away Yuutarou's thrust.

Yuutarou's body was pushed back.
Receiving his first blow, Yuutarou looked terribly disturbed.
The cheat owner Yuutarou had likely never experienced being unable to take an

enemy’s blow.
Having never fallen into a predicament, his mind was weak.

Montavo’s eyes glittered.

I’ll teach you, I’ll scold you, and I’ll definitely not lose to you.

— I have to bring this child’s humanity back.

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67 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 30

"GOOOOOO! Right there! Beat 'em up!! Do your best my dividend, I mean, Monta!! Work hard for the sake of my pocket money!!"

"Say Liu, will you shut up for a copper coin?"

"Yahooo! I'll shut up for my entire life!"

"You have a cheap life …"

She went to buy beer with the coin I gave her, apparently Liu didn't possess the notion of savings.
Since the idiot disappeared and it became quiet again, I went back to watching the arena.

Having shifted to attack, Montavo assaulted Yuutarou.

He's less powerful and agile compared to Yuutarou, but Montavo had experience.
They differed in the amount of experiences they went through, and thus their mental strength.

He was pushed back at first, but having gotten used to it, this was what happened.
It developed just as expected.
Montavo wasn't so easy an opponent that he could be pressured by a difference in status value.

"Humm, Monta's quite good, isn't he. Yes yes, that little scoundrel's grown up. It was worth raising him"

Nodding to herself, the idiot Orc chugged her beer down.

"Oi Liu, didn't you say you'll keep quiet for your whole life?"

"Ah, I was born again just now. I'm Liu-*chan* ver 2 now. Nice to —"

"I want my money back"

"I already drank it —"

… I'll deduct the copper from her pocket money later, first, Montavo.

Montavo firmly occupied his flank, backing Yuutarou down with standard sword moves.

Yuutarou fought back every now and then — but Montavo properly dealt with him.

He took Yuutarou's thrust with the flat of his blade and deflected the shock behind him.

"Yuutarou's swordfighting is weird, isn't it. He keeps thrusting like it's a spear"

"Yeah, he's probably imitating Lugindall"

Lugindall — The main heroine in Yuutarou's narrative, a swordswoman.
She used a rapier-like thin sword, and fought using thrusting moves.
Since Yuutarou had a brilliant swordswoman by his side, their fighting styles should of course be similar.

I expected Yuutarou to imitate Lugindall's sword moves to an extent and made proper countermeasures.

I transformed into Lugindall again and again, instructing Montavo in that form.
After being attacked with thrusts thousands of times, the way to counter them had been carved into Montavo's nerve pulses.

Thrusts are attacks that only work the first time.
You'd be instantly killed if you're not used to it, but if you are, it's not worth much.

Well, I never expected Yuutarou to copy Lugindall's sword moves verbatim — but this was a good development for us. Easy to handle.

"……"

In all likelihood, Yuutarou doesn't have much of what he say to be himself.
Since he had nothing to aim for, he tentatively copied the great person next to him, Lugindall.
That's all he could do.

There are kids like that sometimes in theatre.
They had nothing of themselves, so they could only copy the acts of the people around them wholesale.

Never doing anything but that.

Strangely, those kids invariably, as if on purpose, made the same mistakes.
Repeating the same mistakes, the same injuries.
They had nothing of themselves, so their sense of self is thin.

Since they never thought anything on their own, once they fall they crumble down far.

Yuutarou in the ring, too, monotonously thrusted and thrusted at Montavo.
And Montavo easily dealt with them.

He could just change his approach if this one doesn't work … but since he had never fallen into a predicament, he was definitely lacking in coping power.

"But still …"

Yuutarou wasn't so easy as to go down with just this.

The most fearsome thing about reincarnators is their luck.
Or should I call it the power of fate … the power that attracts opportunity. It's scary.

When cornered, they would conveniently awaken their "True power" and turn the tide of battle.

Montavo had awakened to be a Protagonist, too, but how far could he oppose Yuutarou's opportunism —

"Take this"

＊＊

— the strongest, and yet the weakest.

That was how Montavo saw Yuutarou.

The sword skills the goddess gave him was overwhelming but he doesn't understand the subtleties of battle.
His physical status was at the counter-stop but his mental strength was in tatters.

Only getting hold of a high power value by chance and swinging that around, just like a child.

“HAAAAA!!”

“— tsk!”

Montavo raised a yell and Yuutarou panickedly jumped aside.

That was an obvious feint, Phryne would never have fallen for it.

— He was strong, but his weaknesses were much too weak.

Montavo recalled something Phryne told him long ago.

“*Bocchan*, you cut a chain by the weakest link. The weakest part is the strength of the chain. People are the same. No matter how overwhelming their power is, if there’s any rotten parts on them then that part is their durability. No matter how strong the rest of them is, you can cut them there”

Montavo decided to shake Yuutarou’s weakest part — his mental strength.

Small feints, “flank”, “counter” — enticing him with small tricks.
Toying with Yuutarou who’s not used to competitions.

“Damn you cowardly bastard …!”

Yuutarou criticized Montavo as if he had nothing to blame himself.

“This isn’t cowardly, this is a fight”

How to block the enemy’s strong point — that’s the essence of fighting.

To begin with, “technique” is the tactics of the weak.
Underhanded acts so that the weak could triumph over the strong.

Sure, he did some things that shouldn’t be done.
But to make so much noise over just this, doesn’t that mean he couldn’t do anything.

“Damn you, are you a man …! I’m not giving Kirisha to the likes of you!!”

Yuutarou couldn’t bear being stuck in a situation where he couldn’t do anything.
Just like a child throwing a tantrum.

Unmanageable, like a child when it's fired up.

If this went on, Montavo would be able to win against Yuutarou.

However —

"I, … I'm not going to lose!!"

UOOOOOO ———!!

Yuutarou took a jump back and roared like a beast.

A cloud of dust danced from the touki he burst out.
A belt of power flowed like a torrent.

In an instant, Yuutarou transformed into someone else entirely.

"Oi bastard … dirty coward. You've gotten really full of yourself haven't you. But it ends here. I'll show you my true power!!"

"Even though it's not *your* power …"

That was something given.
It wasn't something he won on his own, but how could he be so proud of it.

"……"

Montavo had power given to him by other people, too: the Sacrament Cage and Ghulcyut.
But he didn't receive it for free.
He obtained it by walking the path on his own two legs.

Which was why he could firmly declare that it belonged to him.

He wanted to teach this child.
That joy.

Therefore

— I won't lose to the likes of a goddess' power.

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68 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 31

"UOOOOOOOOOOOOHHH—!!"

Yuutarou roared and rushed in like a chariot.
In less than a second, the reincarnator was already right in front of Montavo.

— fast …!

"EAT THIS YOU BASTARD!!"

He launched a thrust.
BOOM the ground shook from his powerful step.

"————…!"

Montavo received the thrust with the demon sword blade right away.

There was a loud boom.
Then a shock he's never felt before.
His arm numbed and his consciousness nearly flew away.
A *WAAAAAAAAANNNN* sound rang inside his ear.

His body flew backwards.
His feet scraped the ground, and he somehow remained in the arena.

— It was like a meteorite …

A normal sword would be destroyed by that.

"…… Haa … haa …"

Montavo exhaled.
He was sweating all over his body.
His stamina was drained with just one hit.

— That was too abnormal no matter how you put it…

The power of Yuutarou's sword was much higher than before.

He heard how reincarnators gain power ups in the middle of battle.

But he never would have imagined that it could raise by this much in such a short time.

"……"

The power of the sword normally don't rise that easily.
It takes a long time forging your footing, building your foundation, and then continuous practice swings.

Continue that for years and your power will rise just a little bit.
There are those whose power don't rise. Most of them, in fact.

A human's growth is that kind of thing.
Which is why life is interesting.

However —

"URAAAAAAA—!!"

The power of Yuutarou's sword rose and rose.

"I WILL DEFEAT YOU FOR SURE!! I WILL SAVE KIRISHA!! I WILL BE THE STRONGEST!!"

Yuutarou never thought there was a problem with him growing so quickly.

Effort would obviously be rewarded.
With strong conviction, people could reach anywhere.
That's what he beleived.

— Such a small world …

A world where effort is always rewarded is hell.
That's why he's forever a child.

Effort that was spent in vain is what makes people grow.
If you don't know defeat, you won't ever be an adult, right.

If when you closed your eyes, no regrets appeared behind your eyelids — that means your life is meaningless.

"URAAAAA —!!"

After repeated thrusting blows, Montavo's body was thrown about in the ring

like a piece of scrap.

His vision and consciousness already went hazy.
It felt like the reincarnator's haphazard strikes were going to erase his existence itself.

But still, he couldn't give up the fight.

— Because I'm an adult …

Montavo who was practically flying in the air, somehow got his two feet back on the ground.
He had already lost his sense of balance.
The ground felt unsteady.
The moment he lost focus he will likely tumble down onto the ground.

Even so, he won't lose sight of Yuutarou.

If Montavo lost sight of Yuutarou, nobody could find him anymore.
He will only become a peerless plaything.

— I'm not giving up on you …

Montavo stared at Yuutarou. He looked at the reincarnator's face.

Sharp eyes, a crooked smile — he looked like a devil.
And yet, only his eyes were clear.

— The face of a child in a quarrel, huh …

Children fight for their own desires.
Pure like a beast, a squabble without substance.
For a child, that's fine.

But adults can't have it that way.
A fight between adults should be a clash of ideas and positions.
Otherwise there's no meaning to growing up.

But Yuutarou couldn't do that.
Because Yuutarou is empty.

There's nothing about Yuutarou, besides [A child who came from another world].

No history, *sans histoire*.

Nothing.

— too light …!

“What did you …!?”

Yuutarou widened his eyes and had a look of shock in his face.
He looked like he couldn’t believe Montavo took and stopped his blows.

“… reality … is heavy you know …”

Montavo pushed on Yuutarou’s sword and pressed forward.
Slowly but surely, Yuutarou was pushed back.

“… U, UOOOOOOOOHHHH —!!”

Yuutarou launched another thrust.
Recklessly unleashing another blow.

Thrust and blow Montavo away somehow — but

“……!!”

Montavo endured it.
The blow with the goddess’ blessing behind it, he repelled it with his sword blade.
This is what he wanted to tell him.

Adults, reality, aren’t things that you can easily make disappear.

“What … why, won’t you go away …!”

Yuutarou fell into confusion.

Looking from their conditions, Yuutarou was at an overwhelming advantage.
Montavo was all in tatters, but Yuutarou’s body was still uninjured.

But Yuutarou’s mind was already on the verge of breaking.
He can’t win easily, there’s a chance he might lose.
It seems like he couldn’t accept that.

To Yuutarou, a fight is merely a place to show off his greatness and his large-heartedness—

“A fight isn’t something so frivolous …”

Montavo continued pressing forward.
He hardened his resolve to not be blown away for a second time.

“A deathmatch … is not supposed to be something you can take so lightly …”

His experience, anguish, and weight of memories became a tangible mass — and stopped Yuutarou’s blows.
Though meagre, Montavo was still a Protagonist.
A man who could change the world, even by a little bit.

And then —

“HAA—!”

Montavo swung his sword.

The counter-blow slashed Yuutarou in the right arm.
For the first time, Yuutarou received a blow.
But it was shallow.
It wouldn’t be enough to decide the match, right —

“Ah ———!? Blood …!”

Yuutarou grimaced seeing the blood flow from his right arm.
It was only a tear on the skin, but he acted like he was gravely injured.

“……”

Seeing the disgraceful sight of his battle opponent, Montavo wanted to look away.

To a warrior, this kind of wound is an everyday thing.
They wouldn’t be shaken by this in any way.

However, it wasn’t the case for Yuutarou.
Even though he had killed many, this reincarnator never ever received even a tiny injury.

— So you don’t even know pain, do you …!

69 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 32

There are several basic structures to a story.
The stories people come up with are the same throughout the ages and places.

People's brains, although they have some differences, were basically similar in structure. It follows, then, that the stories they make are similar to an extent.

One of the basic structures of stories is called the [leaving and returning]
Heroic sagas are mostly structured in this way.

This is the general gist of it:

1. There was a peaceful world and a child born in that world, the world was destroyed and the child was forced to set off on a journey.

2. They met with the "Mentor" and trained with them.

3. At the end of training, they would receive a weapon or a killing move, and would be reborn as the strongest existence.

4. They would continue on their travels, gathering "Helpers", defeating all kinds of enemies, and grow.

5. Finally, they would obtain the "McGuffin" — the objective of their journey.

6. After many twists and turns, they would return to their original world.

They differ in the details, but most follow along those lines.

Even reincarnation stories popular on the web in Japan also follow this form.
It was not necessarily done consciously, but before they knew it, it became like that.
A human's thoughts are free and yet they are not.

— However, webnovels possess a certain characteristic.

The protagonists, tempted by the goddess to go to another world, never return to Earth.

They never return to Earth. They never even thought about returning to Earth.

I once thought, why?
Then I came to a conclusion.

— It's because they never grew up.

In stories, the greatest goal of the journey was growth.

The reason why reincarnators never returned was because they never achieved the goal of growing up.

… Because they had been given cheat skills by the goddess from the start, the webnovel protagonists' growth was stunted.

They were always wrapped in their overwhelming power — like a baby in its mother's womb, or a chick inside an egg.
They were isolated from the world.
Thus no matter what events they experienced, they would never accumulate *experience*.

Always, always a child.

Rather, their attitudes became worse and worse.
They were praised, "amazing, amazing", even though they had no substance, and they no longer considered that a problem anymore.
Finally, they became a token "Character".

"So in order to save such an idiot … has to be that way," I muttered, looking down onto the ring.

Montavo chased after the fleeing Yuutarou.

"Blood … wai … time out, I'm bleeding …"

Even though he wasn't greatly wounded, Yuutarou was shocked by the exsanguination.

He was all flustered, holding down his arm.

"It's only blood!! Deal with it!!"

Cutting Yuutarou off, Montavo closed his distance.

If he rushed in now he could do a great deal of damage, and yet Montavo only unleashed the minimal degree of attack.
… he's in teacher mode, is he.
Sheesh, what a softie.

"It's hot …!? IT HURTS…!!"

Having his left arm cut off, Yuutarou cried miserably.

Because it hurt.

"That's right, it hurts when you're wounded. Remember that stupid brat" I muttered

He felt pain, he felt the fear of death.
Montavo taught him that.

— Montavo is trying to bring Yuutarou back to humanity.

In order to bring a reincarnator protected by the goddess back to humanity, they had to first know that the shell is not perfect.

They won't gain anything if they stayed in a perfectly safe place.
To grow, one needs to understand pain — and thus they would have to understand a human's pain.

"……"

Reincarnators are terribly cruel things.
Even though they were born in peace on Earth, the moment they came to another world they committed mass murders.
They forgot their own pain because of the powers given by the goddess, and thus forgot other people's pain.
They lacked the power to emphatize.

People who stand in an inviolable space would be the most cruel.

"It hurts, right? It's painful, right? *This* is what you've been doing to Demihumans"

Be aware of your sins.
You slaughterer, murderer.

I looked over around the audience seats.
It was wrapped in a strange atmosphere.

The once boisterous arena had now gone rather quiet.

Only Yuutarou's companions were shouting loudly.
The main heroine Lugindall and the supporting cast were shouting for Yuutarou to somehow stay calm.

"Yuutarou, take some distance! Calm down! Ready your sword!"

But the voices didn't reach him.

A child, once brought to such confusion, won't regain their calm so easily.

Finally, discouraged voices started streaming down from the audience.

'What the hell's that … so shameful'

'What's he fussing about, it's just blood …'

'He looks like he's going to cry'

The discouraged voices soon turned into jeering.

"Fight properly!" the mean voices said.

They splendidly changed their stance.

"Well, humans are things like this"

There's no one more untrustworthy than those who are attracted to power.

They were simply beaten down to submission.

Such a worthless bunch.

Their voices surely reached Yuutarou.
I wonder if he heard the true nature of humans.

I'm sure Yuutarou had been pampered ever since he came to this world.
Since he had power, people were gentle towards him.
Because they treated him kindly, Yuutarou decided to treat them kindly as well.
He used his power and protected them.

— However.

Now that he’s being jeered at, what will become of his mind.
He’s seen the ugly side of humans with his own eyes, but will he still think of saving people.

“If he doesn’t”

— Then you’re a fake, Yuutarou.

| |

70 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 33

— What is wrong with this mood …

Montavo noticed the change in the arena.

The cheering for Yuutarou stopped and horrible derision took its place.
Some of the people showered Yuutarou with jeers mixed with hate.

'Some reincarnator *you* are!'

'Worthless!'

'Is your big mouth all you got!'

The pressure against Yuutarou was strong.
They attacked the fighting reincarnator like he killed their parents.

Even though they didn't fight, such a disgrace.

But Montavo understood their feelings.

— They're envious, aren't they.

Everyone held envy towards the reincarnator Yuutarou who was given cheat skills by a goddess.
They can't help but want to trip him up.
Of course they would, nobody wouldn't feel anything when someone who had what they don't was right there next to them.

While thanking him and calling him "Sir Hero", with their mouths, their hearts always held hatred, saying "don't get cocky you damn brat …"

But they had never publicly criticized him until now.
Yuutarou was too strong and too much of a good person that they couldn't find a gap to take advantage of.

But now, Yuutarou was having a hard fight in the arena.
With a warped expression like a normal person, struggling.
The Protagonist began to return to being a human.

The audience probably thought, *if we want to jeer at him, it's now or never*

If there's a leg where their hands could reach, then they'd trip it with all they've got. That's how humans are.

'Damn brat! That all you got after all huh!'

'Must've been coincidence you beat those Orcs up until now!'

'Lying bastard! You're actually weak aren't you!'

Yuutarou was bewildered.
While pressing down on his bloodied hands, he looked around with his brows in a /\ shape.

Why, why, Yuutarou made a soundless shout.
After all the help I gave, after all the requests I've made come true, why do you attack me when I'm having it hard—

Montavo saw Yuutarou's expression and cast his eyes down.

— To be confused with just this … this child is too ignorant of "Humans" …

Yuutarou didn't know this, but people are such beings to start with.

They quickly forget their gratitude and keep holding on to grudges.
Even though they became envious all on their own, they strike against the one they're envious of. Always playing the victim.

They're beyond help.

The people of this town aren't particularly horrible.

Humans, the masses, they're the same anywhere in the world.

There are those who lost hope against the wretchedness of humans.
There's no reason to help these idiots who are lower than animals. That is true, too.

— However

If you knew the wretched nature of humanity, and yet you still want to give them salvation, then you have the heart of a Hero.

— Yuutarou, what will you do?

Montavo continued to stare at the young boy in front of him.

Yuutarou is being tested now.
If Yuutarou could continue loving humans even when faced with the true nature of the masses — this boy would have climbed up a level.
If that's the case, Montavo doesn't want to win anymore.

In that case, it'll be fine.
To quietly watch the birth of a true hero — Montavo had the resolve for that.
However —

The light disappeared from Yuutarou's eyes.
His mouth gaped wide like the knot of a tree and he didn't even so much as twitch.

Looks like his thought processes had stopped.
Meeting the true nature of people for the first time since he came to this world — it was too much to take.

It was clear that Yuutarou's mind was weak.

He probably thought of the people around him as devices made to offer thanks to himself.

— There's no way that's the case …

There's no person in this world that doesn't have pride.
Not a single human in the world would be satisfied just praising other people's awesomeness.
Nobody would be kind to you forever just because you helped them once.

Because he always saw other people as mob characters, he came to that misunderstanding.

'Yuutarou you fake!'

'How much did you pay the Orcs off you dumbass!'

'Your fake magic's the reason I lost my job you idiot!!'

'Go home, brat!'

‘Go back to training again!’

The mood in the arena was that of rejection against Yuutarou.
The ill will swallowed the reincarnator like a whale.

It was advantageous for Montavo.
If he rushed in now, victory would conveniently fall to his lap.

— but is that alright?

Montavo asked himself.
He thought back, what was the reason he stood here in this arena.

Was it for his family’s fame? His own fame? To have Kirisha in his hand? — no, none of those.

All Montavo wanted was the best fight.
To have a clash of iron and will against a boy blessed by the goddess — a supreme dance, a heroic song.

A sight that he wouldn’t be ashamed to show a certain woman somewhere —

That’s right, then there’s only one thing to do.

Montavo took a deep breath and raised his voice at the audience.

“— SHUT UP YOU LOWLY PEASANTS!!!!” he roared, and the audience’s jeering stopped.

“DON’T RUIN THIS FIGHT WITH YOUR DIRTY VOICES!! YOUR FACES AND HEARTS BEING DIRTY IS ENOUGH!!”

Montavo rained abuse on the audience. Insulting them.
Montavo was really angry at them.

It’s true that Yuutarou was an idiot.
Boasting the power he merely was given by the goddess, got cocky, and massacred many of his enemies.
He was flattered, got carried away, and dirtied the field of battle.
Making a mockery of people’s efforts.

— But it’s also true that he saved people.

Yuutarou’s acts saved a great many people.

His achievements should not be forgotten.
The reason Yuutarou was fighting here now was also to save Kirisha.

Even if he only did it for the recognition — it was still a fine deed.
It's not something you should deny from a safe vantage point.

"You dirty peasants should just go to a church and repent!! Pray to the goddesses that you'll be reborn in the next life with a larger heart!! Even though it may be too much for you!!" Montavo said with a scornful tone.

The audience became irate and started jeering at Montavo.

'Don't get cocky just because you're a noble!!'

'I thought you were nice, so this is your true self!!'

'We were cheering for you, the hell's wrong with you!'

'You rotten noble! The Gingaits can just go under!'

Now the insults rained on Montavo.

But to the merchant Montavo, this much was not a problem.
Picking fights was an everyday thing for him, it was his friends that betrayed him.

The mental strength of a merchant who was bathed in resentment day in and day out was hard like steel.

Montavo raise both his hands and agitated the audience further.
Focusing the hate on himself.

Then the cheering for Yuutarou began again.

They probably judged, better the stupid reincarnator than the corrupt noble.
Flipping their hand is the killer move of the masses. They change their opinion quickly.

"Eh … ah …"

Yuutarou looked around as if perplexed.

The change still hadn't registered in his head.

"— Ready yourself, Yuutarou"

Montavo calmly addresed Yuutarou.

His eyes saying, *I don't have a grudge against you.*

"……"

Even with a puzzled expression, Yuutarou readied his sword as he was told to.

He must actually be an honest kid underneath.

— now then.

Montavo took a breath.

— let's finish this.

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71 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 34

When you swing a sword, what's important is your lower body.

You swing the sword with your legs — that was what Montavo was taught since he was young.

You rotate your spine by bending your heels, knees, and hips.
When you do, your arm will swing the sword by itself.

The better your back rotates, the stronger and faster your sword swing will be, and the less useless movements it will make.
If you have mastered the ideal form, you will finally be able to swing a sword with no motion.

Montavo was still far from that level. He might never reach it in his entire life.

Thus he covered the parts where he was inadequate with other parts.
His talents, life experience, and his master's teachings.

With that agglomeration — he surpassed the reincarnator.

"HAAAAA—!"

Montavo's sideways sweep collided with Yuutarou's thrust.

Sparks flew like lightning.

His hand was numb and he was attacked by dizziness.

His body staggered.

But he gripped the ground with the five toes in his boots, he held his ground.

Yuutarou also held his ground.

That's a reincarnator for you.

He's worth fighting against.

"—— YAAAA!!"

The next blow.

Both swords clashed.

A loud BOOM shook the air.

The ground cracked and feet carved the ground.

Shockwaves spread with the rivaling swords at the center of it.

Both fighters held their ground.

The next blow, and then the next one.

This couldn’t be called a sword match anymore.

It was the best and stupidest fight, like firing cannons at each others at point-blank range.

Nobody moved back.
Neither Montavo nor Yuutarou were willing to take a step back.
They both knew that if they stepped back once they could not step forward again.

They would cast their shadows on each other and fight for as long as blood flowed within them.

There was no talking there.
One of them was much too immature for talk.

That was why they clashed swords.
Colliding weapons, without a word exchanged.

Clash, clash, clash, clash —

— Watch and learn …

Montavo wished as he swung his sword.
He wanted Yuutarou to learn from him at least a little bit.

If he walked the steady path by himself, he will one day gain power equal to what the goddess blessed him with — Montavo wanted Yuutarou to know that.
When that time comes, Montavo will finally be able to talk with Yuutarou.

But now was not the time.

Clash, clash, clash, clash, clash —

The grounds fell silent as death.

Not a single person uttered a word.

They held their breaths and watched the fairytale-like fight progressed — and then.

"——— ah …"

Yuutarou stepped back just a few milimeters.

Montavo stepped forward just as much.

"—— UOOOOOOHHH …"

Yuutarou moved back a few more milimeters.

Yuutarou's expression warped, *I don't get it*.
Their strength was about the same.
But why was his sword being pushed back, he couldn't understand the reason why.

— It was simple …

Montavo and Yuutarou were an adult and a child.

Montavo's body was just a little bit bigger.

An equal match will be decided by physical difference.
The factors that would decide a match were always simple.

A few milimeters, another few, and yet another few.

Yuutarou stepped back.
He was pushed back by the adult's pressure.

"……tsk"

Yuutarou bit his lip.

Why was I pushed back just because he lived longer, he thought.
The likes of an adult.

But just growing up to be an adult is a great thing in itself.
Growth itself can be said to be a heroic act.

— If you don't like it, then grow …

Montavo glared at the child in front of him.

Burning away your life when you're still a child is idiotic.

I will end that fake story that will stop your growth right here —!

"— NOOOOOOOOOO——!"

Montavo's sword sent Yuutarou's sword flying.

Yuutarou became unarmed — but the boy still didn't give up.

"UOOOOOOOOOOHHHHH…!"

Yuutarou created an elemental ball in his hand and recklessly threw it at Montavo.

But Montavo wasn't perturbed.
He knew the Sacrament Cage will prevent magic from working against him.

He won.

It was Montavo's complete victory.

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"ALL RIGHT —! It's Monta's win —! I'll buy meat and booze and gems and go travel —!"

Liu wrapped both her arms around my neck and jumped.
She was already deciding on what she was going to use the winning money for.
Counting her chickens before they're hatched …

Montavo was holding a sword, while Yuutarou was unarmed.
The outcome was clear.

The audience simultaneously cheered and the arena became rowdy.

Everyone raised as much voice as their lungs could, cheering for both combatants.

While pushing Liu's face away, I looked towards where Kirisha was.

How does the Lord's daughter react to Yuutarou's defeat —

"She's strong"

Kirisha paled and was shaken, but she kept her cool.

Montavo's victory meant her marrying into the Gingaits.
She can't hope for happiness.
She won't know how they'll be using her.
But still, she accepted that life.

I'm sure Kirisha knows.
Such is life.

Happiness is an illness you can only catch while you're young.
Once you're past that phase, all that awaits you is deterioration — that was Kirisha's view on life.

While speaking about hope and expectations on Yuutarou, she had already given up —

— but right that moment.

"Uoooh!? What's happening!?"

Liu gripped me stronger.

Of course, it was because there was a strong wind.

Even though the skies were clear, the arena was wrapped in a typhoon.

And because of that, something impossible happened.

"What …"

Yuutarou's sword that Montavo had sent flying danced in the wind — and rested back in Yuutarou's hand.

The weapon came back to Yuutarou's hand.
Which means, Yuutarou can still fight.

The match continues.

"…… hey hey"

It was so tragically convenient.
If this happened in a shonen manga, the readers would go into a riot.

A match that looked like it had ended began again because of a deus ex machina.

The audience didn't seem like they knew what was going on and was at loss for words.

Even Yuutarou himself watched the sword fall back into his hand in disbelief.

Montavo hurriedly prepared to fight.

The match begins again —

"Goddess Quira, huh …"

… Say what you like, but she was exposing herself too much.

The goddess was desperate for Yuutarou to win.
She couldn't let him lose.
Because her progeny's defeat meant her own defeat.

"Hold on HOLD ON! This is way too horrible no matter what you say! You can't just do whatever you like just because you're a goddess …!"

"Calm down Liu"

"Like hell I can calm down! If they're allowing this then anything's allowed …! If the goddesses can just do anything then there's no meaning to us struggling …!"

"Calm down … — well, at least we know this now"

I heaved a sigh and calmed my heart.

Yes, this was not outside of my expectations.

Rather, it was completely within my initial plan.

In a normal fight, Yuutarou with the goddess' protection won't lose.

That was the absolute law about reincarnators.
An inviolable precondition.

Montavo couldn’t have won.
He could come close to a reincarnator by being a Protagonist, but still, victory would go to the other side in the end.

I understood that.
I understood that, but I still had hope somewhere.

Because Montavo had become such a fine man.

But — it’s useless after all.

No matter how many times Montavo beat Yuutarou down, he will conveniently rise again.

Montavo will exhaust himself and be cornered to defeat.

Therefore —

Before that happens, I need to proceed with the plans.

“Montavo —”

I once again gazed at Montavo who was fighting fate.

What is he to me?

A disciple? No.

A pawn? Not that, either.

Probably —

“Then, Montavo”

You are my one and only

“friend”

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72 – The Lord's Daughter Longs for the Wide World 35

«TN: Trigger warning: contains mild gore»

In front of him stood Yuutarou who had gotten his sword back.

He should've blown the sword away and decided the match already —

Montavo was confused, but he somehow got his breathing back in order.

— This was within expectations…

Anything can happen in a fight with a reincarnator — Kai told him that.
At least to the extent that the fight starts again.

The arena fell silent.
Nobody could believe what just happened before their eyes.

Even Montavo couldn't believe it, but even if he didn't, he had to fight.

He filled his limbs with fighting spirit again.

Then, a fight unfolded just like before.

"ORAAAAAAAA …!!"

Yuutarou thrusted, Montavo sideswiped —

"…… ugh …"

Montavo let out a groan from his throat.
Yuutarou's sword strength increased again. The goddess' protection kept on increasing.

Everytime their swords clashed Montavo was pressed and pushed back whether he liked it or not.

It was beyond a level he could reasonably oppose already.
Yuutarou was heading towards a predetermined victory. Fighting that was like opposing a force of nature.

But he couldn't run away.

He couldn’t lose, for the sake of this child —!

Swords clashed.

“———”

There was a shock.
A comfortable floating feeling.

When Montavo came to, Montavo’s consciousness had detached from his body and was watching the arena from above.
He was being pushed back and Yuutarou was pushing him back.

— what in the world is this …

The boy’s body was wrapped in golden thorns.
That was probably the sign of the goddess’ warped love.
Yuutarou gained power from the thorns, and in exchange, his life became a plaything.

— Kai, this child, I can’t …

“……”

Montavo’s consciousness went back to his body.

Immediately, he received the sword approaching him.
He clenched his teeth and held against the rock-heavy blow.
Blood spurted out from his wounds.
There was a *crack* sound.
He must have broken a bone somewhere.

But I can’t be timid, Montavo reprimanded his own heart.

Even if I had no chance to win, I couldn’t give up.
I definitely, definitely won’t lose.

No matter how many times Yuutarou rose up again, he will knock him down that many times.

＊ ＊

While watching Montavo in the arena, I once again thought about his existence.

Montavo Gilles Gingait.

The third son of a noble.
One of the few prodigies blessed with talent.

I was sure the Narrative Montavo should have gone through went like this:

Being trained in the sword by Phryne, he would separate from his family due to and incident, and set off on a journey with her.
Then he would save people as he fought with the strong ones of the world, and would be adored as a hero.
He would then be bound in marriage with Phryne who received her beauty back.

But his story was set back.

Montavo chose his good-for-nothing family and let Phryne die.

He would then continue to regret betraying Phryne and act the part of a person proud of being bad.

"……"

I thought about it again and again.

Why did Montavo decide to betray Phryne? Did he not want to fall to ruin? Did he not want to follow the Narrative he had at the start?

Becase he was weak? Sure, that's true. That was part of it.

But I was sure that was not all.

— Was it not Yuutarou's influence?

Two Narratives met in a place and briefly fused.
There are cases where the two completely unrelated Protagonists became friends, and there are those where the Protagonist of one Narrative fell to become the enemy of the brighter shining one.

I was sure Montavo was one of those.
When it was decided that Yuutarou would appear on the stage, a change was

introduced in Montavo's Narrative.

The independent Protagonist known as Montavo would degrade into the first enemy in Yuutarou's Narrative, the "Gatekeeper"
His fate was overwritten.

Montavo was now struggling to rewrite his Narrative again — but it seems like it would be futile.

So at least —

"I'll have you defile Yuutarou's Narrative with your life"

I then undid my transformation.

＊＊

"URAAAAAAA …!!"

He no longer knew how many times Yuutarou had thrusted.

Montavo swept aside to stop the thrust —

"—— eh"

The weight disappeared from his hands.
He couldn't feel the handle he was supposed to be holding.
It couldn't have slipped away from his fingers, he wouldn't have made that mistake.
Which means —

— The Demon Sword Ghulcyut had disappeared.

"———"

Unbelieable things had been happening again and again recently — but surely he couldn't have imagined this much.

He had no sword, which meant that he had no way to defend against Yuutarou's.

He was going to die.

He did not understand the details at all, but that much was clear.

— Ah …

Yuutarou's sword, wrapped in a vortex of touki.
Death approached, slowly but surely.
On the verge of death, Montavo's world became slow.

There was no rush.
He couldn't run anyway.
So panicking is meaningless.

If he was going to die, he will accept death.

That is all.

Death was a possibility ever since he stepped out on the arena, no sense in fussing about it now.

— I've heard the stories … but the world really does become slow when you're going to die …

Because time flowed ever so slowly, Montavo decided to think a bit about what was going on.
Why did his sword suddenly disappear.
Did Yuutarou use disarming magic? But in that case, the Sacrament Cage would've cancelled it.

He didn't know how, but he was sure that somebody must have done something.

— Then it couldn't be anyone but Kai, huh.

Montavo had already noticed that Kai had his own personal motive.
He had a hunch that this was going to happen.
He understood that he was probably going to be thrown away at some time.

He knew all that.

But he doesn't begrudge Kai.
Kai gave life to the rotten Montavo.

Just like he promised that day, their bonds were forever.

His gratitude was forever.

Montavo decided to look back on his life again.

He lived an honest life for a while after he was born, but he gradually become clever and piled up evil deeds — but for a little while at the end, he came back to his former self.

He was aware he led a deep life, but when he thought back on it, it was so fleeting.
Almost like a dream.

Within that dream, he had but one regret.

— Phryne …

He didn't lend his hand to her.

They came to understand each other in the fight the other day, but the regret lingered.

He wanted to show her lots of things while she lived.
Only that —

[— What's wrong Montavo, why the long face]

There was a voice in his ear.
Phryne's voice.
In the form of her young self.

It looks like she came to see how he would end.

Montavo honestly spoke out his regrets.

— I couldn't forgive myself for not choosing you …

[Oh, that. Well, I don't mind. I was also too impatient. I wanted to hurry and make you a prince, I wasn't thinking of your feelings. Even though it was your life … Dying as an old woman was my punishment]

— No, all that was … because I was weak …

[Dammit, you're too honest. Well, you did have some disappointing bits about you. I shouldn't be saying this about myself but I'm really a top-grade beauty you know. My body's, like, *boing, slim, boing*, you know. If you went on a journey with me you'd be all dreamy every night. Ahh, such a shame …"

— …… um, since when were you that kind of character …

[You shouldn't ask about character when they're dead, you know. Everything fades. You can have it easier too if you forget all about the past and become an idiot — it was my responsibility that I couldn't teach you that, too"

— … no, that's, I don't want to forget about my responsibility.

[Sheesh, there's no helping you, is there. Well, if you really regret it like you said —], said Phryne, looking amused.

[You could do it over]

— Do it over …?

[Yes, that's right. Narratives repeat themselves. The details change a little, but they repeat again and again … if we ever cross paths again. — let's continue that story]

— Next time … is there … there is, right …

And just with that, he thought he was saved.
He wouldn't go wrong this time.
Whatever he will be, whatever meddling will happen, he will walk his own path next time.

[But you know, that Motoki guy … Lady Euva's progeny are always the weird ones, but he's still a head above the flock. Even when he had feelings he makes clear judgements … he'd make a good assassin. He'd surely give Lady Quira a headache. That goddess gets upset real quick … even though that's the reason Lady Euva always makes fun of her.]

But even so, said Phryne.

[It hurts my chest that all's going according to Lady Euva's trickery. Even though I'm low-grade I'm still a ****. I can at least make little miracles —]

I'll play a little trick.
So said Phryne.

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Yuutarou's fight against Montavo abruptly ended.

Montavo's sword suddenly disappeared and Yuutarou's thrust directly hit him.

There's no way a body will be alright receiving a blow from a reincarnator —

Bits and pieces flew all over the place.

It was such a gruesome spectacle nobody could make a sound.

Some cried.
Some vomited.

Somebody said — [this is not how it's supposed to be]

The much anticipated fight shouldn't have been such a grotesque show.

This is just a murder —

Can someone who did this really be called a hero.

In fact, the fight had been going in a weird way.

Even when he lost his sword it conveniently returned to him, and his enemy's sword suddenly disappeared.

It was a mystery and a conclusion with a bad aftertaste.

With pale faces, everyone left the arena.

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The next day, the town of Coura was in an uproar.

A certain sentence had gone public —

There were voices saying, *The fight between Montavo and Yuutarou was rigged*

«TN: Aaaaaand we’re caught up with the raws»